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MAY 2, 1931

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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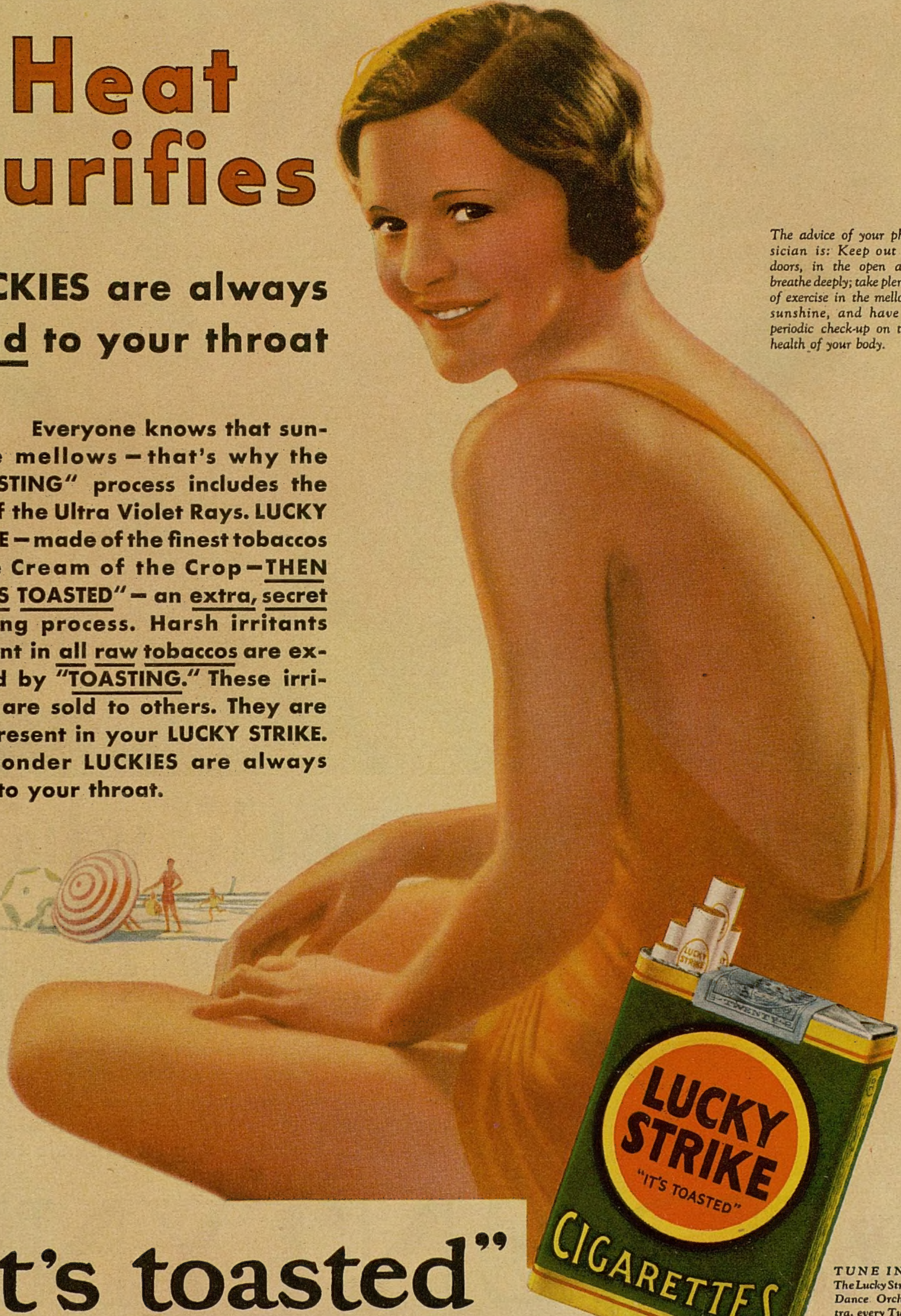
Sunshine Mellows

Heat Purifies

LUCKIES are always kind to your throat

Everyone knows that sunshine mellows—that's why the "TOASTING" process includes the use of the Ultra Violet Rays. LUCKY STRIKE—made of the finest tobaccos—the Cream of the Crop—THEN—"IT'S TOASTED"—an extra, secret heating process. Harsh irritants present in all raw tobaccos are expelled by "TOASTING." These irritants are sold to others. They are not present in your LUCKY STRIKE. No wonder LUCKIES are always kind to your throat.

The advice of your physician is: Keep out of doors, in the open air, breathe deeply; take plenty of exercise in the mellow sunshine, and have a periodic check-up on the health of your body.



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough

TUNE IN—The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N.B.C. networks.

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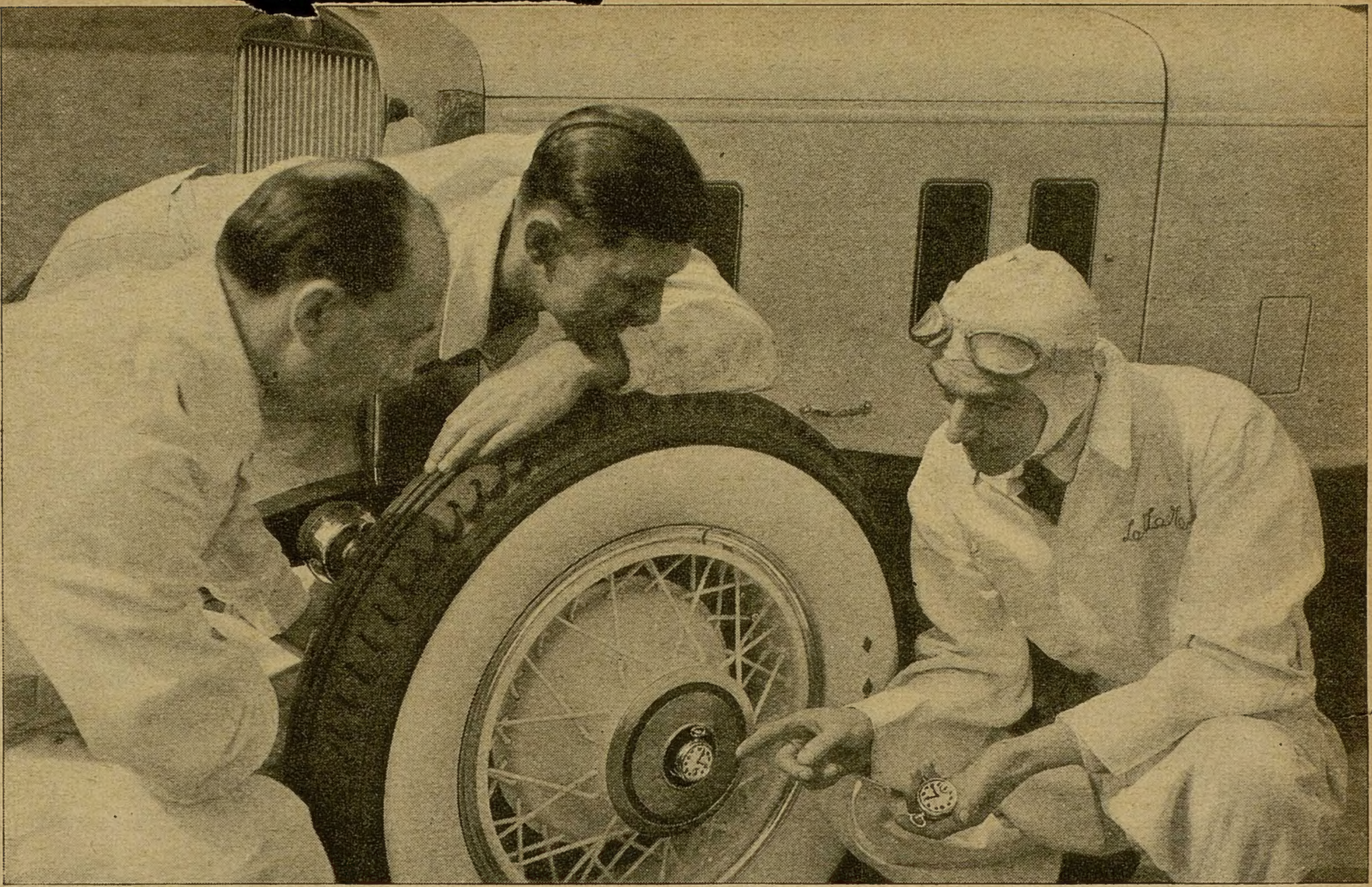


L. L. Corum, Internationally Famous Racing Driver, checks the time on Pocket Ben at the end of the 100 mile "somersault" ride

Pocket Ben turns 1000 somersaults a minute—*and still keeps accurate time!*

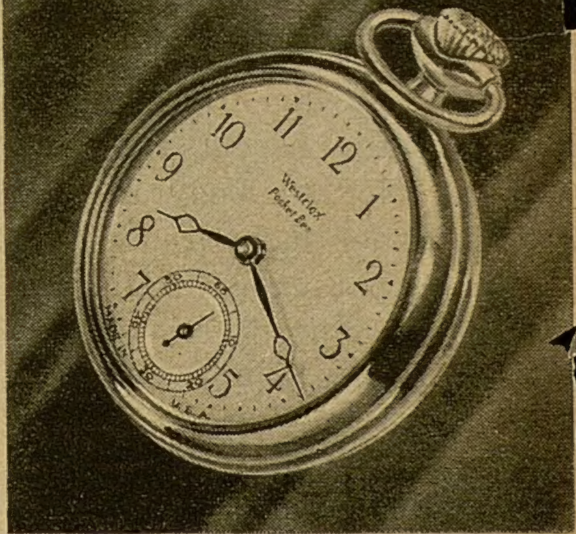
..CLAMPED TO THE HUB OF A STUTZ TORPEDO SPEEDSTER

A THOUSAND somersaults a minute! Here's a new wrinkle in "daredevil" racing!

Securely clamped to a front wheel hub on a Stutz Torpedo racer, his hands pointing to 12 noon, Pocket Ben began his dizzy 100 mile "stunt" ride over the rough brick track of the Indianapolis Speedway. L. L. Corum, former winner of the Annual 500 Mile International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis, was at the wheel. Mile after mile, lap after lap, the white Torpedo roared past the grandstand—80—90—100 miles per hour!

Racing drivers, track officials, and newspaper men watched eagerly as the car flashed by. There was Pocket Ben, still clamped to the wheel, *somersaulting a thousand times a minute!* Finally, Corum turned the last lap and brought his car into the pit. 1:19 P.M. 100 miles in 79 minutes! . . . Despite his breathless ride, despite his more than 64,000 revolutions on the wheel, Pocket Ben suffered no ill effects. He was still ticking away merrily in his usual fashion—his hands pointing to 1:19 on the dot!

This sturdy watch has well earned the right to be called "shock-proof." He's red blooded through and through—handsome, dependable—equally at home in polite society or out where big jobs are being done.



POCKET BEN, $1.50

Made by the makers of Big Ben

A faithful, sturdy fellow, yet no other low-priced watch is smaller or thinner than Pocket Ben. He comes in lustrous nickel, with silvered metal dial, attractive pierced hands, antique bow and crown, convenient pull-out set. He's fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family of La Salle, Ill.

POCKET BEN

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MAY 9, 1931

Liberty

VOL. 8
No. 19

A Weekly for Everybody

Editorial and Executive Offices:
Macfadden Building, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue.
Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Lee Ellmaker, Publisher; Orr J. Elder, President; Harold Wise, First Vice President; Carroll Rheinstrom, Second Vice President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor. Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1931, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved.

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

HOMES WITHOUT DISCIPLINE BRING US THE GANGSTER

Undisciplined homes are a serious menace to the future of this nation. There you will find the modern gangster in the making.

Parents often love their children not wisely but too well, and they neglect to properly control them. They grow up like weeds in a garden, without the direction so essential in character building.

When children are properly trained they usually acquire understanding at maturity. They automatically give due consideration to other people, and they are keenly imbued with a proper respect for their parents. They do not refer to hem as the "old man" or the "old woman." They o not automatically class them as out-of-date—back numbers.

Parental love is a dominating force, but it should be intelligently directed. Too much coddling by doting parents is an evil influence of great import. Neither body nor mind can properly develop under such circumstances.

Loving parents naturally desire to protect their children from hardship. They want them to taste to the full the happiness they may have missed. And they often make the serious blunder of protecting them from unpleasant experiences so important in character building.

The school of hard knocks is said to furnish a superior education. And when a child is shielded from difficulties of all kinds he cannot acquire complete development, either mentally or physically. He will lack the strength of character and vigor of body so badly needed in the struggle for life's great prizes.

When the home has failed to furnish proper direction we find tempers that cannot be controlled, dominating characteristics lacking intelligent guidance, determination to have one's way regardless of the cost.

And such unbalanced characters are heavily penalized for their mistakes. Premature destruction is their fate in most cases.

Faults of this nature should be curbed and controlled in the home.

Mother love is often the source of divine inspiration; but when it is so extreme as to find excuses for outbursts of temper, thoughtless selfishness, and even cruelty, it becomes a devastating force.

There are occasions in training children when one has to be cruel to be kind, when you have to correct faults with a firm hand or suffer from the sins of renegade offspring.

The modern American home has, to a large extent, cast aside the old-time discipline. Much of it should come back. It is sorely needed.

A strong character, intelligently guided, fervently imbued with human sympathies, will find life wonderfully alluring.

But recklessness, selfishness, at times even thoughtless cruelty of some undisciplined characters ultimately bring severe punishment.

It is mental defectives of this kind—greedy, sordid, mean—that are crowding the underworld. They are making us the most lawless nation on the earth.

And it is the crumbling of the discipline of the old-fashioned American home that is to blame for this chaotic situation.

This is a problem that begins in the cradle. It is a problem, therefore, for young mothers and young fathers. Those whose children are just entering upon life must give these things thought—and give them thought now.

IN THIS ISSUE

A Doll for the Maharanee—*A story* . . . . . . GUY GILPATRIC 7
The Fair on the Fairway . . . . GLENNA COLLETT 12
A woman champion confesses that golf's a man's game, after all
There Was a War!—*A story* . . . . LEIGHTON REED 17
Lon Chaney—*Part II* . . . . ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 28
The Lucky Stiff—*A short short story* . . . . REX REGAN 37
Just Kids—*Movie reviews* . . . . KATE CAMERON 38
The Protective Instinct—*A story* . . . . FRED MACISAAC 40
Ladies! . . . . ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 50
German Spies in America—*Part XII* . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 52
$1,000 for Name Anagrams—*Some winners and another offer* 58
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator . . . . . BERT GREEN 64
Money Mad—*Part X* . . . . REX BEACH 69
Can We Believe Our Eyes? . . . . ROBERT BENCHLEY 77
A quite unscientific treatise on optical illusions and such
Editorial (p. 4); Twenty Questions (27); Bright Sayings of Children (57); For the Love o' Lil (59); Vox Pop (60-61); Cross Word Puzzles (62-63) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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Every book listed on this page is a popular copyright. We have distributed many millions of classical reprints, but until June 30 offer the public a great library of popular copyrights. Every book listed on this page is exclusive. You cannot get them in any other form. Considering that they are POPULAR COPYRIGHTS the price of 20 books for $1 is an unbelievable bargain. *Order before June 30!*

On June 30 We Must Quit Selling Popular Copyrights at 20 for $1, and return to reprints of the Classics!

We had a wonderful vision of selling Popular Copyrights at 5¢, but royalties and outrights to authors force us to abandon this plan on June 30.

Your final chance! You may take your pick of the Popular Copyrights listed on this page at the rate of 20 for $1, but after June 30 these Popular Copyrights will not be available! A new list of classical reprints will be issued after June 30. This is necessary in order to save the idea of Little Blue Books at 5¢ each. This chance will never be repeated.

Mail Your Order Before Midnight of June 30

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690 Man's Sexual Life
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697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced

We Planned Bigger Than Cold Business Practice Would Permit!

We hoped to be able to issue a great library of Popular Copyrights, but we must be blunt and admit the bitter truth—the royalties and fees were too gigantic, considering that we were getting only 5¢ per book. Under our old plan we repinted the classics—Shakespeare, Emerson, Poe, Keats, etc., and these works entailed only a mechanical expense. We go back to that policy after June 30. So now we must clear our shelves of these Popular Copyrights. All must be sold. This is a LAST CALL announcement.

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1311 Real Aims of Catholicism
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1440 Can Man Know God?
1442 Facts About Graphology
1445 Wild Women of Broadway
1448 Character Reading from Faces
1450 Do We Live Forever?
1455 End of the World. McCabe
1459 Psychology of Criminal
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1471 How to Become Mentally Superior
1475 Best Jokes of 1928
1476 What You Should Know About Your Sensations
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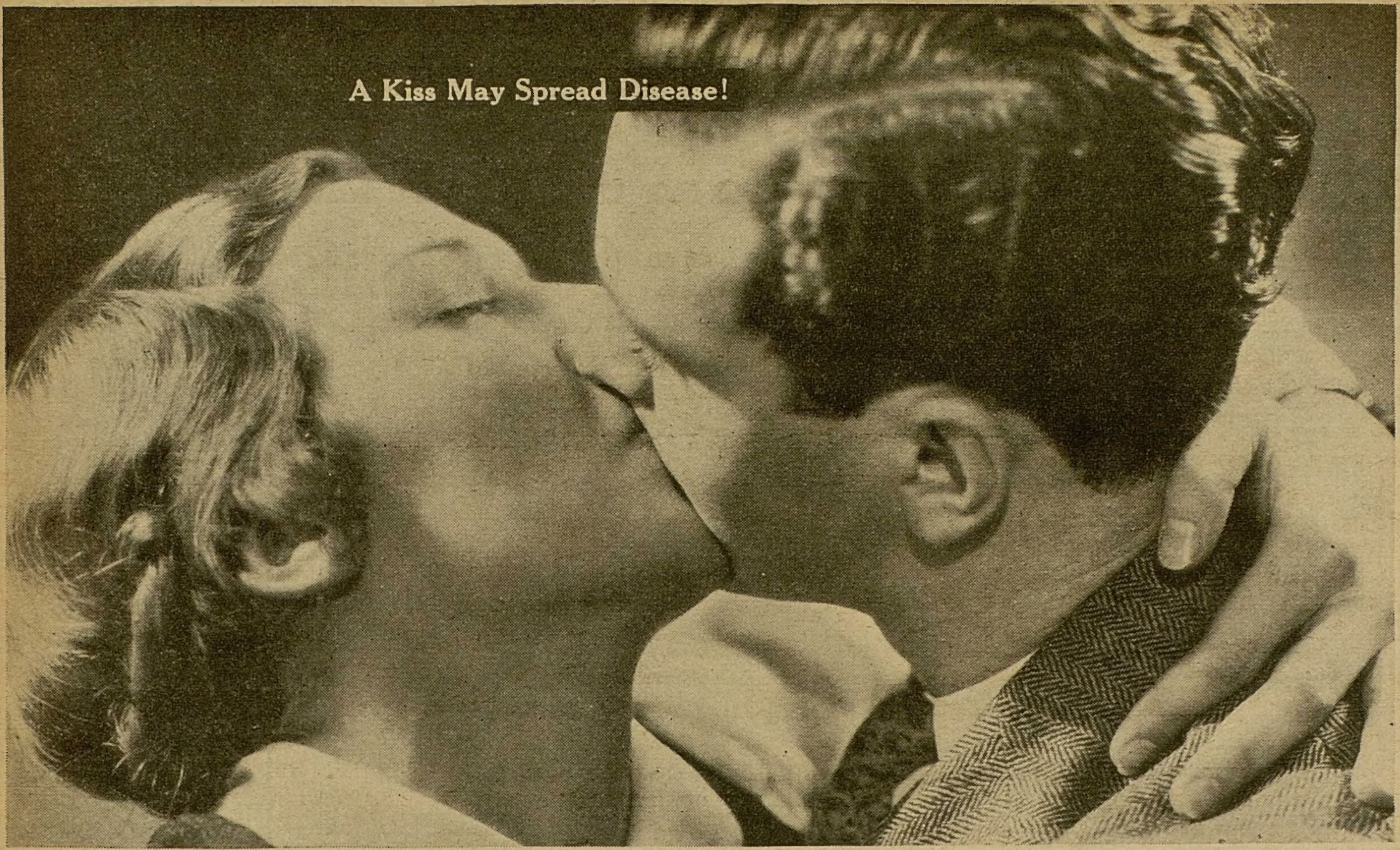

A Kiss May Spread Disease!

Discovered! Pepsodent Mouth Wash checks bad breath longer than leading mouth antiseptics!! 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs!!!

"AGAIN science discovers something new. This time a recent and sensational advance is made in the field of deadly bacteria. A revolutionary mouth wash has been developed that is 3 to 11* times more powerful in killing germs than many other leading mouth antiseptics."

This is the unqualified and official opinion of great bacteriological laboratories, and of individual scientists who have made extensive tests with its new discovery.

From Pepsodent laboratories

This remarkable discovery is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The formula comes from the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories, whose contribution to dental hygiene has won high recognition. Under the label of Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash it is being widely distributed in the public interest.

Cleanses—purifies the mouth

The active agent used in Pepsodent Mouth Wash, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than pure carbolic acid, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Mouth Wash is non-poisonous, safe and soothing.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs in the mouth are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours' time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Mouth Wash kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record — we believe faster than has previously been the standard for other leading mouth washes."

Checks bad breath

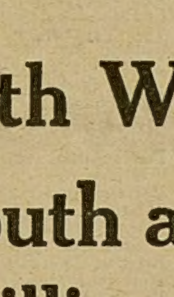
With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Mouth Wash overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

At your druggist's—today

Your druggist has just received this new discovery. Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Consult your Dentist, Physician

In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, excessive smoking. If, after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, seek medical and dental advice to remove the cause.

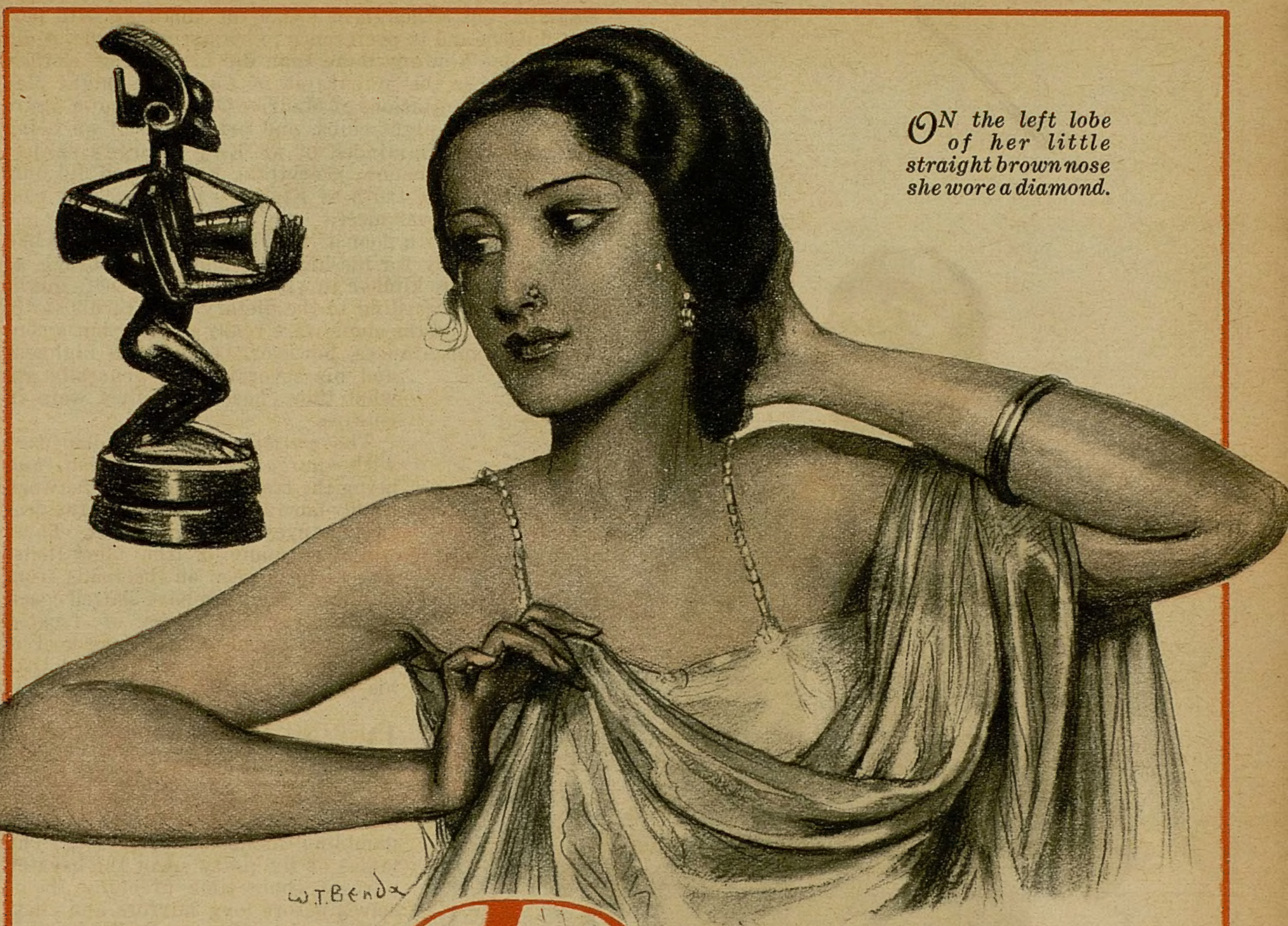


*Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly antiseptic when diluted with several parts of water. Hence, it goes many times as far as many mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by the Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories



ON the left lobe of her little straight brown nose she wore a diamond.

A Doll for the Maharanee

A Story of East and West

By

GUY GILPATRIC

who used to be a professional aviator. In 1912 he established a passenger altitude record which held for several years. He served two years in the war and afterward was in the advertising business in New York, where he was born. He now lives on the Riviera and devotes his time to writing fiction.

Pictures by W. T. BENDA

(Reading time: 18 min. 45 sec.)

THERE are a great many East Indians on the Riviera this winter, as you can tell by the number of robin's-egg-blue Rolls-Royces that flash past you on the road. In the society column of the Eclaireur you read about the Maharajah of So-and-So entertaining in his villa at Cannes, the Nizam of This-and-That attending the opera at Monte Carlo, and the social doings of various jamsahebs, nawabs, gaekwars, and other nobles of strange title, exotic appearance, and staggering wealth.

The Maharajah of Langolore steamed into Cannes on his yacht one morning about a week before Christmas. It was a fine big yacht, with plenty of mahogany and bright work; and before they tied her up, stern to, in the long line of pleasure craft at the far end of the Croisette, they came alongside the coal dock and unloaded three of the usual blue Rolls-Royces.

There were four or five of the maharajah's wives sitting under the awning on the after deck. They wore

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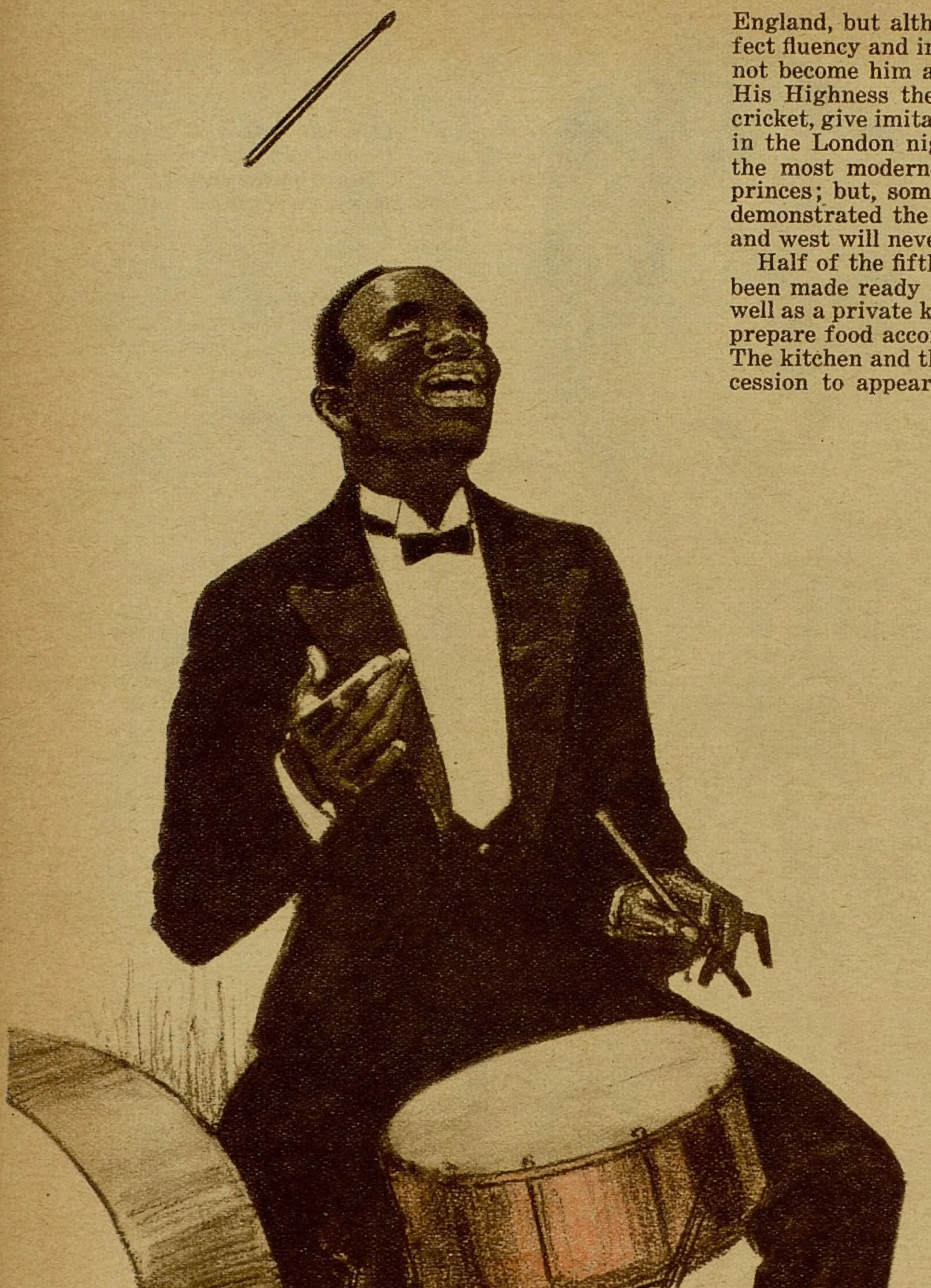


A DOLL FOR THE MAHARANEE
Continued from page seven

white cloths draped over their heads, and wound loosely around their necks were scarfs of bright-colored chiffon. All of them wore rich fur coats of the latest Parisian mode, and all were smoking slim black cigars.

THE maharajah, a tall thin youth of perhaps twenty-three years, was on the bridge while the wharf crane hoisted the cars out of the fore hatch. He was dressed in white yachting cap, blue jacket, and gray flannel trousers, and he was chatting and laughing with the captain. His complexion was very dark, that peculiar dull Hindu swarthiness which looks as though the faintest possible film of powdered charcoal had been dusted over deep brown skin. His eyes were large, and he had a heavy black mustache, the hairs of which appeared to be soft and silky and glossed with brilliantine. Seen from the front, his head was abnormally narrow, while in profile the back of the skull curved out from his scrawny neck like the outline of a question mark. There was something rather birdlike about this, and definitely unpleasant.

Like most Indian noblemen, he had been educated in England, but although he spoke the language with perfect fluency and in preference to his native tongue, it did not become him any more than did his English clothes. His Highness the Maharajah of Langolore might play cricket, give imitations of Maurice Chevalier, cut a figure in the London night clubs, and pride himself on being the most modern-minded of all King George's subject princes; but, somehow, everything he said and did only demonstrated the truth of Kipling's prophecy that east and west will never meet.

Half of the fifth floor of the Hotel Royal-Fabiano had been made ready for his highness and his entourage, as well as a private kitchen in which his Indian chefs might prepare food according to the dietary rules of his faith. The kitchen and the chefs were really nothing but a concession to appearances, however, because his highness and his several wives generally ate what they chose when they were in Europe.

The *purdah*, too, was dispensed with—*purdah* meaning screen, and being the traditional barrier between highly born Indian ladies and the profaning eyes of strangers. Thus, while so many of the blue Rolls-Royces to be seen on the roads from Cannes to Mentone have slatted coach shutters and windows of frosted glass, the broad-minded liege lord of Langolore did not even require that his wives wear veils.

DURING the first few days after the arrival, the maharajah and his aid took motor rides along the coast, lunched where it was fashionable to lunch, and appeared in the various gambling casinos of the region. The ladies of the party spent the greater part of their time preening themselves before long mirrors and chattering with the *couturières* from Chanel, Lanvin, and Boulanger who were making them several hundred thousand francs' worth of clothes.

The young maharanee was particularly anxious to have a pale green evening gown, because his highness, her husband, had promised to take her to a night club on Christmas Eve. She was only fourteen years old, and this was an exciting prospect.

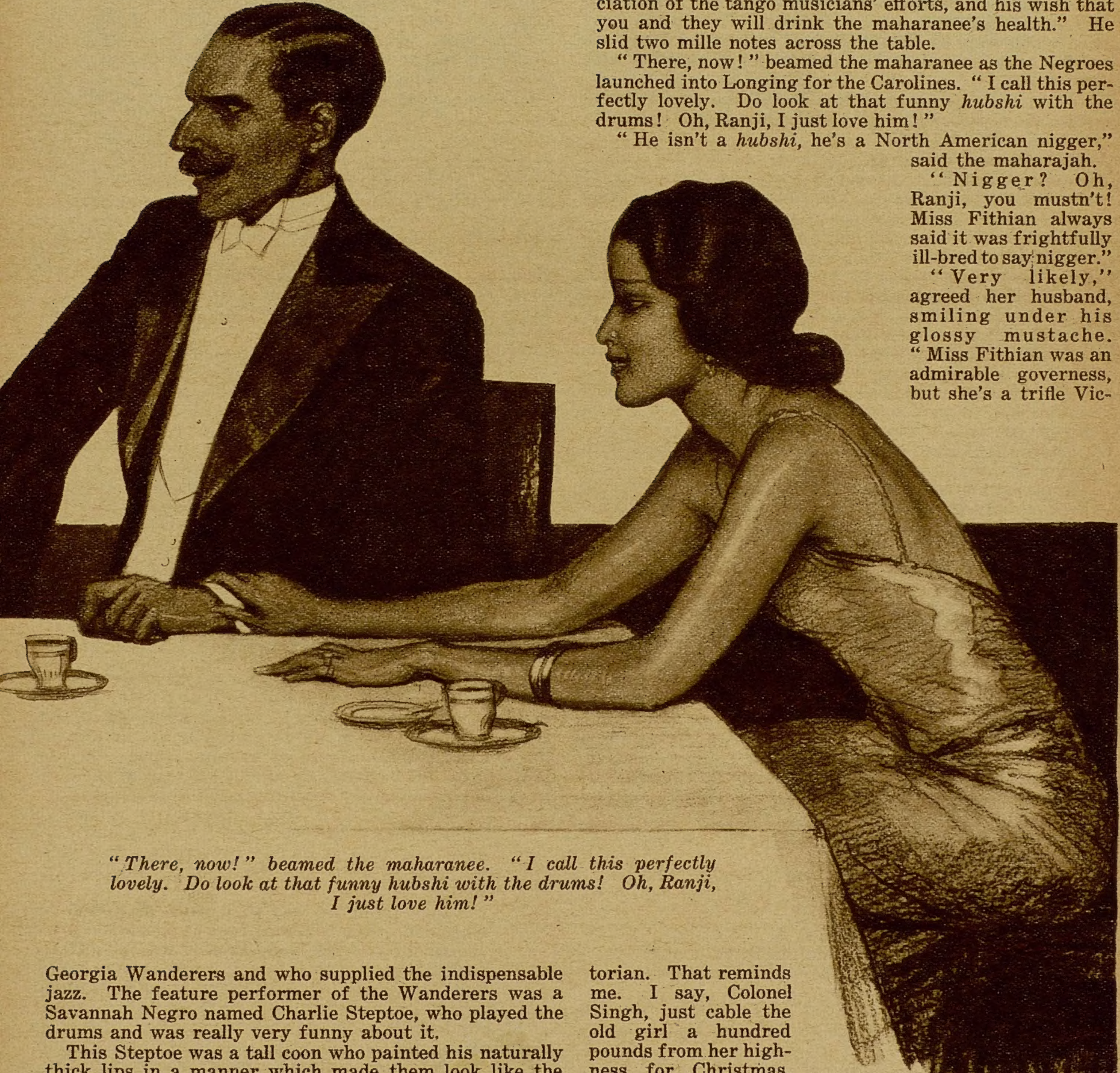
There were three in the royal party on Christmas Eve—the maharajah, the young maharanee, and the aid-de-camp. His highness' evening coat was very English, with padded shoulders which made his narrow head seem all the narrower and long tails which increased his resemblance to a bird.

The maharanee's new green gown became her beautifully, although she looked a trifle like a child masquerading in her mother's clothes. Antoine had waved her hair and silvered her finger nails, and on the left lobe of her little straight brown nose she wore a diamond. She did not like to wear this diamond, but her nose had been pierced when she was a baby and she felt that the jewel looked better than the hole.

The aid was a stocky, saturnine, middle-aged Hindu who wore a short black jacket which buttoned up to his neck and white satin breeches which were cut full to the knee and fitted like gaiters over the calf.

The night club was Le Bœuf sur le Toit, which means the Bull on the Roof. The Bœuf is one of the smartest resorts in Cannes, decorated in the angular, astigmatic, and cross-eyed modern style which seems to have become the accepted convention in night clubs all over the world.

During Christmas week there was an Argentinian orchestra which played tangos in alternation with a band of American coons who called themselves the



"There, now!" beamed the maharanee. "I call this perfectly lovely. Do look at that funny hubshi with the drums! Oh, Ranji, I just love him!"

Georgia Wanderers and who supplied the indispensable jazz. The feature performer of the Wanderers was a Savannah Negro named Charlie Steptoe, who played the drums and was really very funny about it.

This Steptoe was a tall coon who painted his naturally thick lips in a manner which made them look like the red inner tubes of balloon tires. He could make strange faces and weird noises, and his juggling of drumsticks was a sight to behold. When the young maharanee beheld it she laughed with an abandon which would have scandalized her several million subjects in India, but which pleased her husband mightily. She was his newest and youngest wife, and he was very much in love with her.

THREE tables, one in the corner and one on either side of it, had been reserved. This was to provide a certain amount of isolation for their highnesses, who sat in the center. The aid stationed himself at one of the flanking tables and attended to all matters of the ordering. He himself took nothing. He spoke to their highnesses only when spoken to, and he accepted a cigar from the maharajah with a bow that was almost worshipful.

The Argentinos struck up a tango. The maharanee grimaced prettily over the edge of her champagne glass. "Oh, bother!" she exclaimed. "I do wish you'd have the funny *hubshis* play all evening. Those tango people are a dreadful bore."

Her husband nodded to the aid, who beckoned the manager. "Please see to it," he said, "that the niggers of jazz play continuously until their highnesses leave. However, the maharajah commands me to express his appreciation of the tango musicians' efforts, and his wish that you and they will drink the maharanee's health." He slid two mille notes across the table.

"There, now!" beamed the maharanee as the Negroes launched into Longing for the Carolines. "I call this perfectly lovely. Do look at that funny *hubshi* with the drums! Oh, Ranji, I just love him!"

"He isn't a *hubshi*, he's a North American nigger," said the maharajah.

"Nigger? Oh, Ranji, you mustn't! Miss Fithian always said it was frightfully ill-bred to say nigger."

"Very likely," agreed her husband, smiling under his glossy mustache. "Miss Fithian was an admirable governess, but she's a trifle Victorian. That reminds me. I say, Colonel Singh, just cable the old girl a hundred pounds from her highness for Christmas, won't you?"

The aid bowed and made a note in his pocketbook.

"I'm glad you thought of that," said the maharanee. "It was nice of you. She can buy herself a lovely Christmas present with it, can't she?"

"Oh, yes—an umbrella or a bulldog or something; that is, I fancy she can." The maharajah had never bought anything for himself and had only the vaguest notions of the value of money. "If you think we ought to make it five hundred or a thousand, Singh, go right ahead. Use your own judgment."

"That's right, Colonel Singh," said the maharanee. "Send Miss Fithian lots and lots of money. I want her to have a lovely Christmas present."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A DOLL FOR THE MAHARANEE
Continued from page nine

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, I wish you'd make up your mind what you want me to give you," the maharajah scolded her. "Come, now, think hard!"

"Oh, I've thought and thought. But don't worry, Ranji dear, I'll think of something."

The niggers switched into a tricky orchestration of Body and Soul, and the drummer juggled his sticks in his very drollest manner. A number of French and English people were complaining about the sudden departure of the Argentinos, but the maharanee was gurgling with delight.

"Come, Ranji, I want to dance," she said. "And please have Colonel Singh to tell that funny *hubshi* to be funnier."

There was a crowd on the floor, but the aid walked straight through it, handed a thousand-franc note to Charlie Steptoe, and said, "The maharanee commands me to inform you of her wish that you be funnier."

Charlie Steptoe opened his mouth to its fullest extent, and dived headfirst through an imitation bass drum. "Oh, boy!" he shouted, prancing around the floor with the wrecked drum over his shoulders. "Merry Chrismus to de Injun princess! Merry Chrismus to de sweet l'il' gal with rings awn her fingahs an' di'mon's awn her nose!"

Suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his left forearm, as powerful fingers gripped it. The smiling face of Colonel Singh was only a few inches from his own. But Colonel Singh's eyes were not smiling. "Stop the saying such things, you *hubshi* swine!" he whispered.

Charlie's balloon-tire lips closed as he gulped with pain.

Their highnesses danced over through the crowd, and the maharanee's slim little forefinger poked Charlie Steptoe full in the bosom of his starched shirt.

"Funny *hubshi!*" she giggled. "Don't hurt the funny *hubshi*, Colonel Singh. Give him some money and order him to be funnier."

The aid bowed, released Charlie's arm, and slipped another mille note into his pink-palmed hand. "Be funnier, *hubshi!*" he commanded, and, still smiling, he resumed his station at the edge of the dance floor.

"Whoa dam'!" thought Charlie Steptoe, getting down on all fours and butting the drum before him with his head. "Dat tan cunnel wif de white pants is one bad niggah! Ah bet he packs a gun in dem breeches and a twisty Injun razor in his breas' pocket! But come awn, you pretty mille notes—fo'ty bucks mo' fo' Charlie!"

"There!" cried the little maharanee, standing on one foot, clapping her hands in ecstasy. "Buy me him for Christmas, Ranji. Please, Ranji, buy me the funny *hubshi*."

"Well, now, that's a jolly idea!" laughed the Maharajah of Langolore. "I say, Singh, buy her highness the nigger."

Just then church bells pealed in the distance. The chauffeurs waiting outside the Bœuf honked their motor horns. Corks popped. The lights went out. It was Christmas.

His Highness the Maharajah of Langolore drew his fourteen-year-old maharanee to him and kissed her on her full red lips.

"Merry Christmas, old thing!" he said.

"Cheerio, Ranji!" she answered, hugging him with a brown arm thrust beneath his coat. "And thanks, thanks, thanks, for the lovely nigger!"

II

CHARLIE STEPTOE was an excellent chauffeur. Before becoming a jazz drummer he had driven for many years for a family in Savannah; and now, gray-liveried and at the wheel of a blue Rolls-Royce, he was in a sort of nigger seventh heaven. His salary was exactly double what he had earned in the band, and because the mechanical work on his car was attended to by one of the Hindus, his duties were light. Charlie drove their highnesses whenever they went places where there was dancing, and Colonel Singh always arranged with the management for him to do his stuff with the drums.

The maharanee was delighted with him. He was the most amusing toy she had ever owned. She laughed at everything he said and did, even when he was not trying to be funny. Charlie had the soul of an actor, and such easily earned approbation was as welcome and as warming as the sun.

She usually addressed him as *Hubshi*, because Steptoe was such a funny name that she went into gales of laughter whenever she said it. Thus she saved the saying of it for special occasions, as when she felt like having an extra good laugh or wished to share a capital joke with her husband. At such times Charlie would grin and shuffle his feet in mock embarrassment which only added to her merriment.

Charlie's ideas about the maharanee were much confused. He was sure that she was extremely young; and yet she was old enough to be married to a man described by the Eclaireur as "one of the richest princes in the world." While some of her actions were those of a child, others were sage and mature.

AS to her race, Charlie was equally uncertain. He had heard that East Indians were considered white; but none that he had seen, even the maharanee herself, could have ridden in the front half of a Jim Crow street car. True, the Hindus did not have Negroid features; but, after all, Charlie believed, it was color and color alone that determined racial differences. And so he finally concluded that the maharanee was a colored girl. Not just high yaller, mind you, but really truly colored.

For some reason it gave him pleasure to think of her as being colored. She was so young, so pretty, so pleasant, and—colored. She wasn't coarse and raucous, like the colored girls at home or those he had known in Harlem; no, she wasn't even like Josephine Baker or the pretty colored chorus girls in the Paris reviews. Her highness was a lady—that was the difference; a mighty fine, mighty elegant lady. A lovely lady.

Gradually, to his surprise, he found that it was becoming more and more difficult to be funny for her. He knew that she expected him to amuse her, but somehow the thought of always acting the clown was hateful. After all, he was a man, and not a monkey for maharanees or anybody else to laugh at.

For the first time in his life Charlie was self-conscious and vaguely troubled by a sense of dignity. He realized, though, that he would have to force himself out of this frame of mind or he would lose his job. If he lost his job, he would see no more of the maharanee. At the prospect he felt a sudden twinge of fear. And not until then did he realize what had happened to him.

"Why, you dam' fool!" he said to himself in amazement. "Do you know what you gawn an' done? You've fell in love with de l'il' culluhd ma'ranee! Oh, you dam', dam', double-dam' fool!"

Charlie Steptoe was so greatly disturbed by what had befallen that at first he was bitterly resentful of it. He knew that it was all utterly foolish, but, just the same, it was upsetting. Yes, and if he couldn't choke it off right quick, it would jest natchally spoil everything. He tried to force it out of his mind, to joke himself back to normalcy, to scoff at the emotion, and to deny, even, that it had ever existed. But always it swept over him again, stronger than before.

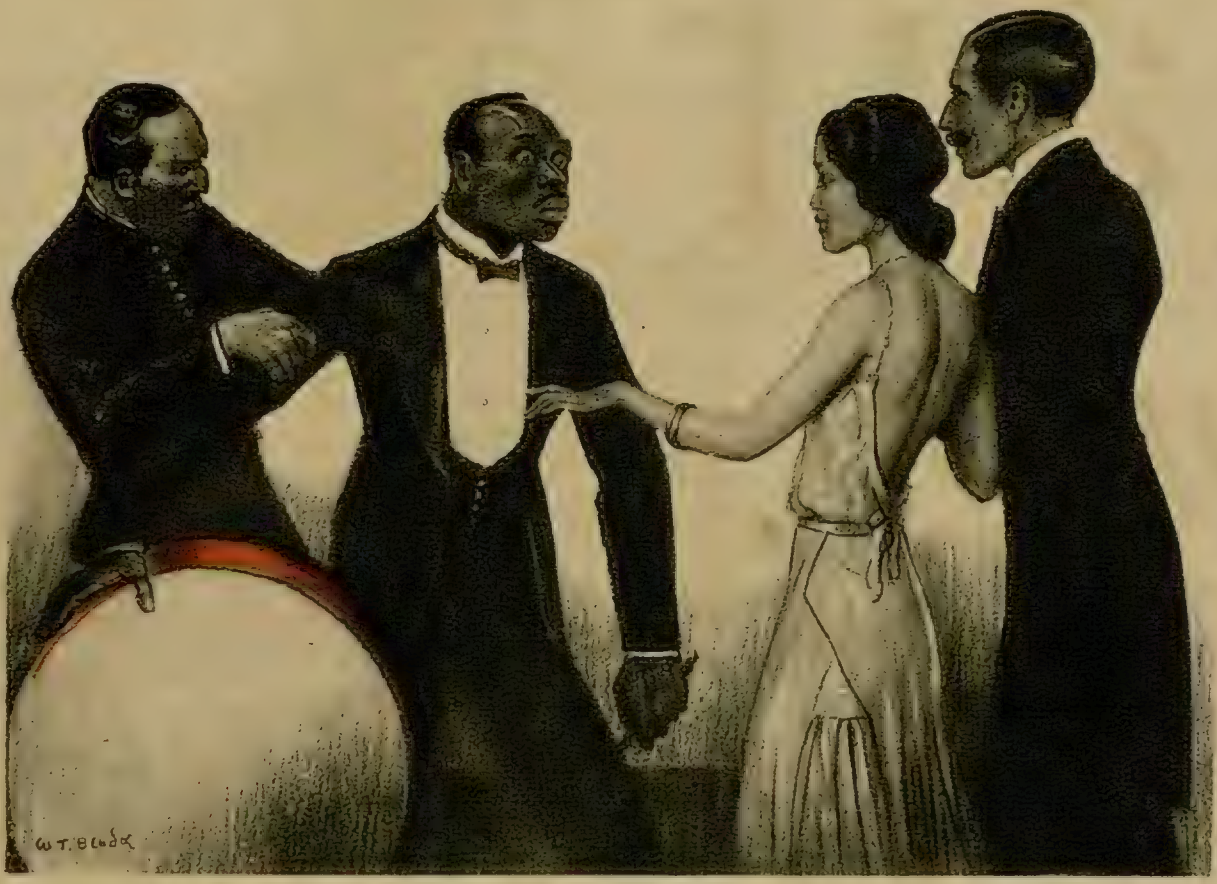
In the days that followed he thought about her all the time. When he was alone in his little room above the hotel garage he liked to imagine that she was with him. Then he would pretend that he had married her and taken her back to the States. He would act out the whole scene of introducing her to his mother. "Mammy, Ah wants you to kiss yo' l'il' Injun princess daughter. We's married, mammy, and we's gwine to set up housekeepin' down on South Wheeler Street."

How the other coons would stare when they saw her—especially at that earring in her nose! "Uh-hmmm, hot dam'!" they'd exclaim. "Look a' dat sweet l'il' princess Charlie Steptoe's done married. Charlie's sho one lucky boy!"

Of course he couldn't buy her a blue Rolls-Royce, but he could afford a nice blue secondhand Chrysler. He could get a job in an orchestra right in Savannah and make good money. He could . . . but then, in the midst of his imaginings, he would recall himself to reality, groan at its grimness, and curse his own insanity.

"Lay off, lay off!" he would mutter. "Stop it, you double-dam' black niggah fool!" Once he even kicked himself savagely on the left shin.

One evening they were in the Palais de la Méditerranée in Nice, and Charlie, by royal command, was doing his turn with the drums. He had just finished rolling a cymbal along his left arm, across his shoulders, and down to his right hand—a feat which always amused the maharanee mightily.



"Funny hubshi!" she giggled. "Don't hurt the funny hubshi, Colonel Singh. Give him some money and order him to be funnier."

He looked toward her to see her laugh, but she was not laughing. His highness was talking to her, but she was not paying attention. Instead she was staring at Charlie. There was a strange misty look in her eyes and on her lips was a faint, puzzled smile. It was as though she had just seen something that she did not recognize and thought of something which she did not fully understand.

Her expression made Charlie feel weak and dizzy. Nobody, not even his mother, had ever looked at him that way before.

He saw Colonel Singh glance very casually from the maharanee's face to his own, and he recalled himself with a start. "Thump-thump-clink-thump!" he pounded the bass drum and whacked the triangle.

Although he was very funny for the remainder of the evening, and although the maharanee laughed at him, Charlie felt that she was disturbed and unhappy.

It was, he told himself, a terrible mess.

III

IT was nearing the end of February now, and the maharajah was talking about moving along to Pau for the fox hunting. Charlie Steptoe, hearing this, remembered that fox hunters sometimes broke their necks and had horses fall on them; and he half hoped that some such mishap might overtake his highness. But then he realized that such thoughts were as wrong as though he himself were planning the maharajah's murder, or at least trying to wish him to death, like the nigger witch doctors in the Everglades who killed people merely by thinking of it.

Even if the maharajah should die, what good would it do? Charlie couldn't kidnap her highness, and his own calmer judgment told him that she would not go away with him voluntarily.

He had never been alone with her; and although he believed that he saw great tenderness in her eyes, and although he was sure that once or twice she had deliberately touched his hand with her own when he was helping her into the car, he did not know definitely how she felt toward him. Why, the maharanee was so very young that she probably didn't know herself!

And she was a queen, a queen; while he was only a coon. Still, she was a coon, too! Why couldn't he kidnap her? And how could he be so sure that she wouldn't run away with him of her own free will?

The more Charlie thought, the more complicated everything became. It was, he realized, the sort of thing that sometimes caused colored men to drink large quantities of corn whisky and to rush through the streets slashing at people with razors until the police arrived and dragged them, screaming, to the calaboose. He hoped it wouldn't get that bad with him. But, just the same, he wouldn't take any lip from anybody, particularly from Colonel Singh. Though Colonel Singh had always been coldly formal, Charlie didn't like the way he looked at him. Colonel Singh was one bad guy; but—well, he'd better lay low if the cutting started—yas, lay low, 'dat was all; jest lay low!

CHARLIE'S musings about what he'd do to Colonel Singh were interrupted by the *chasseur*, who shouted up the garage stairs that the car was wanted at once. It was only a little after six, so Charlie assumed that they must be going clear over to Monte Carlo for dinner. One of the Hindus had been working on the car, and it was as sleek and dustless as new.

Colonel Singh was standing on the steps under the *porte-cochère*, an envelope in his hand. He seemed nervous.

"Steptoe," he said, "this note must reach Mr. Cole-Rutherford, in the Hotel Ruhl at Nice, as soon as possible. Drive like the devil!"

"Yassuh!" said Charlie; and slipping into low, he swung the great purring car around the circular flower bed and headed eastward along the Croisette. A little speed, now, would make him feel better.

. . . . .

Her Highness the Maharanee of Langolore was very sad indeed when they told her about Charlie Steptoe's body being found in the wreck of the blue Rolls-Royce. Of course she did not hear the talk about the left steering knuckle having been filed half through; in fact, as Colonel Singh told the *commissaire de police*, his highness the maharajah, happy to have escaped what was evidently an attempt to assassinate him, preferred that the matter of the filed steering knuckle be hushed up.

The *commissaire* was a polite man; and, anyway, he had received special instructions from high quarters covering maharajahs, nizams, jamsahebs, nawabs, gaekwars, and all such diplomatically exempt personages as might stray from the paths of righteousness while within his jurisdiction.

Therefore he did not embarrass the colonel by pressing the point, or by inquiring how it happened that the dead chauffeur carried in his pocket an envelope containing nothing, addressed to a person who did not exist.

A few days later the royal party moved along to Pau. The maharanee was so busy trying to decide what she wanted for her birthday that she didn't have much time to think about the poor funny *hubshi*.

It pleased and thrilled her to think that on this birthday she would be fifteen whole years old.

THE END

The Fair on the Fairway

In Which a Woman Champion Confesses That Golf's a Man's Game After All

By

GLENNA COLLETT

who is pictured above, holding one of her trophies. She is the women's national golf champion and has been for the last three years. She won her first national title in 1922, when she was nineteen, and her fifth last October, when she defeated Virginia Van Wie at Los Angeles.

(Reading time: 12 min. 1 sec.)

THERE are 75,000 women golfers in the United States today. There are millions of men addicts of the game. Out of the 75,000 women, I feel sure there is not one who could beat Bobby Jones. I know I cannot beat him and most of the other national players have had a try at him and failed. Even with our handicaps we cannot. Bobby would have to shoot par or above, and we would have to break par to conquer him. But invariably when we break par Bobby breaks par too, thereby spoiling our chances with his dazzling sixty somethings or other.

Fortunately for us, there is only one Bobby Jones. With the rest of our golfing brothers we stack up more effectively, provided we are approximately in the same flights (classes) and have our allotted handicaps. *But we must have our handicaps.* This is why.

In the first flush of my youthful enthusiasm concerning golf, I thought women eventually would be able to meet men on an equal golfing ground. In fact, in my book, Ladies in the Rough, I said as much. I argued that women held their own and even excelled in other sports. Why shouldn't they in golf? I have quoted the fact that two women in an open trap-shooting event at Maplewood, New Hampshire, in 1928, finished in first and second places, ahead of the men. I have given examples of great horsewomen who took blue ribbons in many open events where driving or riding figured. I have said that what woman could accomplish in one field of sport she could in another. And I have meant it. But now, after more years of experience on more and more golf courses, I feel that we are definitely limited. That, unless some Amazon appears within our midst to bring about a miracle, we will never be matched up equally with men golfers. Some of us will beat them on their off days, in corresponding mixed flights; but usually we will take to a trimming only those who are not in our same classes.

This does not mean that women have not continually improved their golf game since the first women's championship in 1895, and improved it startlingly. For that first tournament was won by Mrs. C. S. Brown with a score of 132 for eighteen holes. Last year at Los Angeles, in the finals of the Women's Nationals, my score in the morning round against Virginia Van Wie was seventy-six. Five under women's par and four above men's. But it will be noticed—*four above men's*. I suppose the question is now, if in the course of thirty-five years fifty-five strokes can be reduced from a woman's score in national tournament competition, why in the course of another ten years will we not be able to at least equal men's par?

Despite tremendous strides in improvement, I still answer, no. If the fault lay entirely within us, I would not write this article. I'd be loyal and keep still. But I feel no disloyalty where Nature herself has thwarted us. Physically we are handicapped to produce on men's golf courses the kind of golf men can produce. We have not the strength—the strength that produces distance and pulls off telling results.

I have often sat on clubhouse porches, watched the four-balls turn at number nine, and it was easy to see what makes men beat us time and again at this game. *Mainly brute strength.* A perfect dub may be driving. He tops his drive, yet enough force was behind that shot to send it a hundred yards or more. If a woman misses her drive, usually it barely trickles off the tee, and she is forced to make her second shot from almost her original starting point. The same hindrance occurs from the rough. A man can pick a buried shot out of a difficult lie by the strength of his wrists, but a woman, unless she has been rigorously trained to make that particular shot, usually must whack her way out, bit by bit. From the very start, there is nothing in her which can get the consistent results from her clubs that a man can get.

Acme-P. & A. photo

Miss Collett (left) with Joyce Wethered, the best of women golfers and the peer of almost any man on the links.

I DO not think, as a class, she looks any funnier than a man on the golf course. I think that even though she be a dub she looks better. Certainly from a clothes standpoint she has the edge. If you concentrate on the costumes affected by the average week-end male golfer, *there* is something to look at. The summer hats of duck perched on the peaks of bald heads; then the thin shirts clinging wetly to the body, with neckties straggling forlornly down the fronts; and the plus fours which, barely struggling across the plump stomachs, hang down in great bags almost to the tops of high shoes.

Really, I defy any woman to wear a hat as funny as those male duck sunshades; and if there is a man alive who can produce a woman golf player wearing high black shoes, I'll concede the putt or whatever else is necessary.

But this matter of strength, strength that produces distance—distance that must be had on men's golf courses in order to bag the longed-for pars. We haven't it and we probably won't have it in this generation. Maybe in the ones to come we shall—and then the handicap story will be a different one.

As to needing distance for scoring, you have only to talk to any of the great golf architects, men like Devereux Emmet, Donald Ross, or Wayne Styles. They will tell you at what disadvantage the women are. With the exception of the Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, at Glen Head, Long Island, no golf courses have ever been designed primarily for women. On men's courses that women must use, the holes are long and demand steady driving of 250 to 300 yards, if par is to be threatened. But there are few women who can drive that distance. An average of 200 yards is unusual in women's golf. The result is that in a mixed match you will usually find the man playing his second shot with an iron, while the woman farther back must use her woods.

WOOD gives the greater distance, but is not so easily controlled as an iron shot. Therefore, a woman is forced either to play her woods gambling on her accuracy, or, if she prefers to play safe, play two iron shots, because she cannot get the distance that a man does with his greater strength.

This is bad business, for it means a woman in a mixed match will press her drives constantly, gamble on her second with a spoon, or use two irons for safety. Thus she will have had, in all probability, three strokes to his two, when she reaches the green on a man's par 4 hole. This leaves her one putt for a 4, while he has his fair allotment of 2.

Now enters the place where I must admit our weakness, outside of Mother Nature's province. If we are gifted in games where strength is not required, why have we not perfected our game in golf where strength is not needed? Why are we not exceptional putters, and why, when we lie 3 to men's 2 on the green, do we not march up and, with the true eye of the woman trapshooter, drop that needed putt for a masculine tie and a par 4? I cannot answer that positively. I used to claim that women were better putters than men. I no longer assert it, for it is not true. Among our champion women players there are some outstanding putters, but if we were matched against a corresponding male group, I know they would outputt us.

This is having to admit that in the matter of concentration in golf we are inferior, for good putting is elaborate concentration. My theory is that our nerves are not as steady as they should be. That by the time we have reached the putting point, after those three exacting shots of getting to the green, we have less composure than men to execute the purely mental shot. The toot of a train near by, the catcall of a bird, the movement of a caddie can upset us without an effort.

Why don't women practice putting and be able to putt well mechanically, without having to tax their nerves in a crisis? They do. They slave at it. Look at any practice green around a clubhouse. Women are bending religiously over their balls, stroking them tirelessly, and sinking them too. But when they get to those

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

actual greens, if anything is at stake I feel they are very apt to be tense and nervous, unable to mow down their male opponent's advantage of one stroke by producing a crisis 1 putt.

This is not saying that at times women have not had the greatest calm, and come through brilliantly. But I am making an analysis of the way things stand in general.

Last year, American women were put to the putting test when they played the English women in team matches at Sunningdale, in England. Eighteen of us had crossed the ocean to compete in the spring matches and test our skill against the English women. We had with us the best there was to offer in United States feminine golf talent. Virginia Van Wie from Chicago with her many Southern winter victories; young Billie Hicks from Hewlett, Long Island, with the Women's Canadian Open and New York State championships to her credit; Mrs. Hill from Kansas City, Women's Western title holder, and Maureen Orcutt, one of our most brilliant players. In fact, all of the eighteen had proved at some time or other that they had ability and courage in tournament play. As I looked at our crowd the morning of our first matches, I was proud of them. I knew they were game and would fight to the finish.

Picture by R. B. Fuller

If you concentrate on the costumes affected by the average male golfer, there is something to look at.

But when the results of those team matches were finally analyzed, we had fallen to our English friends, chiefly because of our putting. We simply could not adapt ourselves to those fast-as-lightning greens. Of course, there were other elements.

We had had but one day of practice before the tournament started, as we landed only the day before. The weather was bitterly cold, and, with the exception of me, no team member had ever experienced playing in it. But even after those matches, when we had had experience with fast greens and piercing weather, and had gone to play in the British Ladies' Amateur Championship at Formby, most of us were still in despair over the greens.

On the other hand, our American brother golfers, members of the Walker Cup Team, have withstood the weather onslaughts and mastered the unfamiliar type of green, to come off many times winners in their matches in Great Britain.

THIS comparison between our American women's first try against British women and the Walker Cup victories is not a fair one, for with us it has only been an experiment so far, not tested by time and experience. However, up to date I feel that all members of our team acknowledge they had a great deal to learn from their English cousins, and hope to go back another year to learn more.

In her article Lady Birds in Liberty not long ago, Alicia Patterson spoke about the lack of definite technical knowledge exhibited by American aviatrices.

I feel that that in a sense is true of us American women golfers. As a whole, we do not know the technical side of our game, just how to execute certain shots at the proper time. If we make a shot once, we may not be able to make it again.

On the other hand, observing English women players, the champion qualifiers are more apt to be real shot makers. But still, even with that skill they must ask for their six bisques (extra strokes) from their men golfers. They too have that natural handicap, lack of strength, just as we American women have.

However, as a shining light among them they can point to one woman who has beaten the men outright. She is the girl who Bobby Jones said gave him without a handicap more trouble than almost any man. He meant Joyce Wethered, the greatest woman golfer of her time—or of any time, for that matter. It has been estimated by experts that if this girl were to enter the British Men's Amateur Championship—without handicap, of course—she would go through to the semifinals at least. She is the nearest thing to genius on the golf course that women have produced so far in the game.

BUT even with Joyce Wethered we have to admit her physical handicap, for the nervous tension she suffers during tournaments has forced her to abandon competition entirely and retire to the country near London, where she lives quietly with her sport-loving family.

When it is considered that the greatest of us all must leave golf because of physical handicaps, what can be expected from us lesser lights, who have so little of the background and training for sports that Joyce Wethered had?

The English people as a race have been in sports for centuries. Week-end parties have evolved around outdoor games and sports in which women participated heartily. Woman's eye was trained to shoot. Her muscles were steadied at tennis and later at golf. Her nerve was forced to the last ditch at riding. She was a creature of combat, if not in as strenuous a way as man, at least in a milder way. No wonder when she goes in for golf now she has only one real handicap—the physical.

Her other powers have been trained throughout innumerable years of outdoor life. Concentration, muscle coördination, nerve control—she possesses these to a good extent.

Corresponding to these women in our country are our men. They were hunters, fishermen, horsemen, football, baseball, tennis, and golf players, long before our women even considered entering sports. The present generation of male college athletes has the advantage of hereditary sportsmanship. But with our college girls, except for horsemanship, this is not true to any large extent.

Thus our present sportswomen are almost pioneers in games—learning for the first time the basic qualities needed for muscular excellence.

When they conquer these in golf, they will then have been glancing around par far more frequently than they ever have before.

However, I still claim, when concentration, muscle coördination, and nerve control are entirely theirs, they will still have that one insurmountable difficulty for stacking up against their men opponents—*lack of strength.*

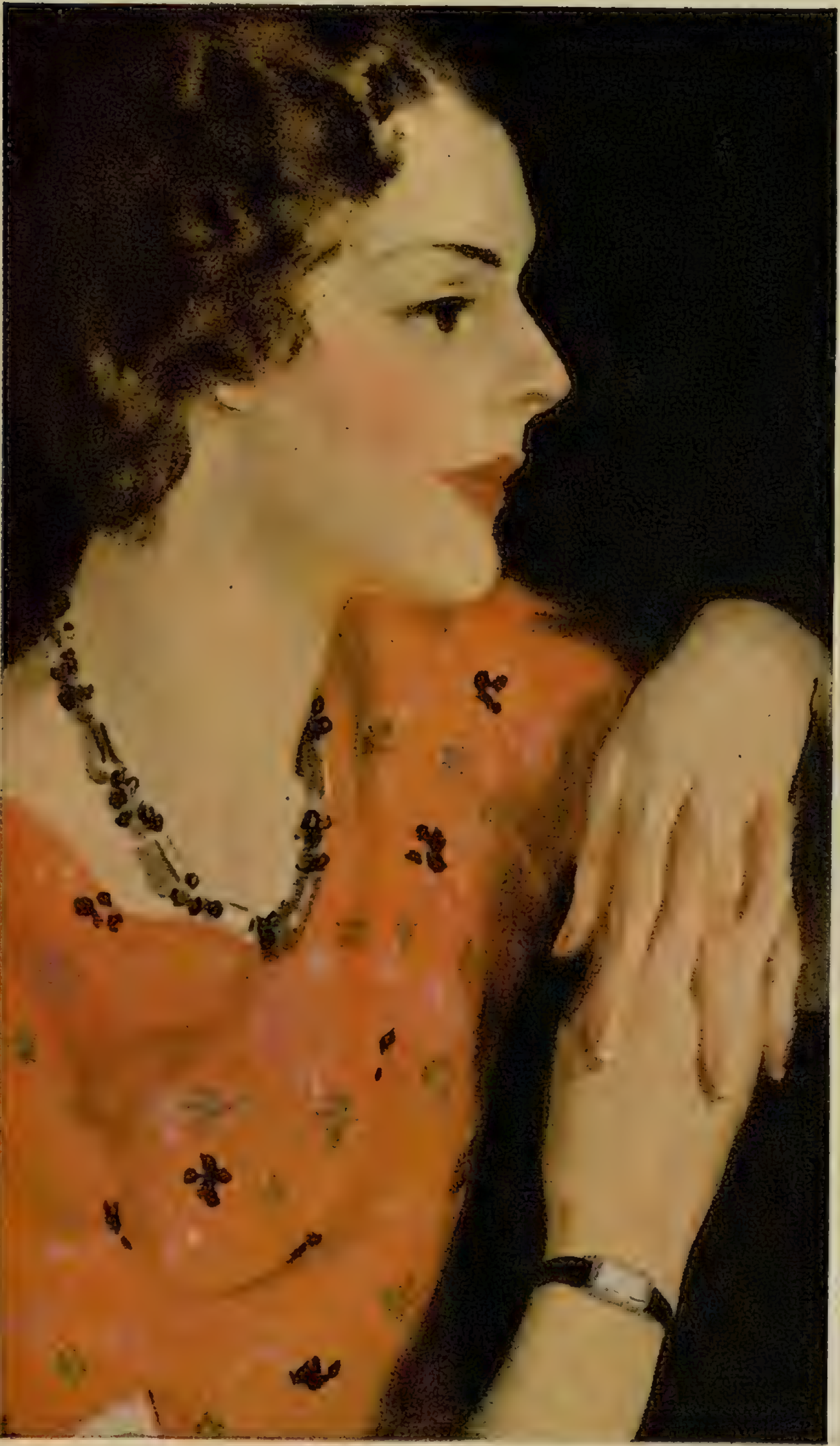
Unless some superhuman physical race of women appears upon the scene, I feel it will always be so.

We can beat the men in our corresponding classes, yes, we can beat them, *but don't forget the handicaps, please.*

THE END

I made a speech to 468 girls

and gave them the five rules of complexion beauty...



Camay has been tested and approved by 73 eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval.

I DON'T often go in for stump-speaking. With my magazine and newspaper writing and my radio talks, I have my hands full.

But I made an exception this one time. The dean of a women's college wrote, asking me to help her convince her students that simple, natural beauty is the smartest, as well as the loveliest kind.

So I packed my five rules for beauty into my bag along with a creamy cake of my favorite Camay. And off I went.

Here are the rules I gave—rules every one of you should take to heart, if you want a lovely complexion:

1. **Cleanliness**—This truly is the first and most important step in any beauty treatment. Dermatologists say so—and they are *the only* real authorities on complexion care, you know. To dermatologists, perfect cleanliness means washing with soap and water. And they say the soap is *very* important.

2. **Proper Diet**—eating simple foods that you like and that agree with you.

3. **Sleep**—an average of eight hours.

4. **Exercise**—walking, golf, tennis, a daily dozen—anything active (this includes sweeping, don't forget that!).

5. **A Happy Frame of Mind**—throwing off your worries and keeping the corners of your mouth turned up.

The first rule—cleanliness—is so important that I want you to remember it *particularly*. For, when I consulted 73 eminent dermatologists, I found that these physicians prescribed a thorough cleansing with a gentle, mild soap as the first and most important item in complexion care.

And now for the soap. These same physicians examined a chemical analysis of Camay and made exhaustive tests of Camay's effect on all the different kinds of skin. As a result, they gave Camay their unanimous approval as exactly the kind of soap they would recommend for even the most delicate complexions.

The dean writes me she has already noticed an improvement in the college complexion. With this assurance and the recommendation I just gave you, do you need any more convincing proof that here is the perfect soap for *you?*

Helen Chase

Face Your World with Loveliness is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-51, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

What is a dermatologist? The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

Wm Allen Pusey M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)

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Camay [Called Calay in Canada] is a Procter & Gamble soap—10¢ a cake

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SPUD

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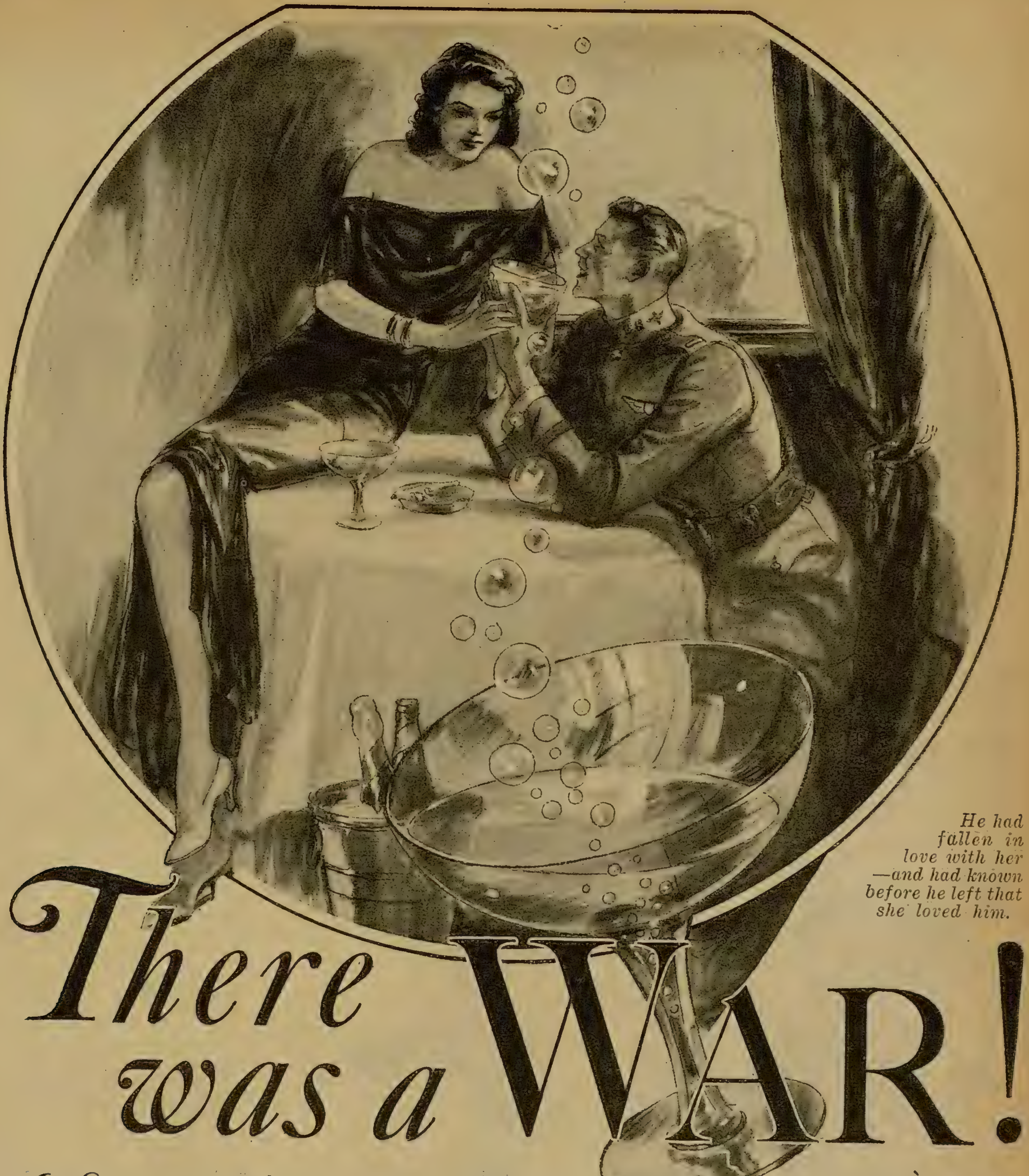
*In our recent interviews with hundreds of America's 2,000,000 Spud smokers we found that a large number of them smoked continually from the minute they got up till they went to bed. They said they could do this with Spud because Spud always left their mouths moist-cool *and comfortably clean* . . . The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.



He had fallen in love with her—and had known before he left that she loved him.

There was a WAR!

A Story of Wings and a Woman

Pictures by
Clayton Knight

(Reading time: 37 min. 55 sec.)

By

Leighton Reed

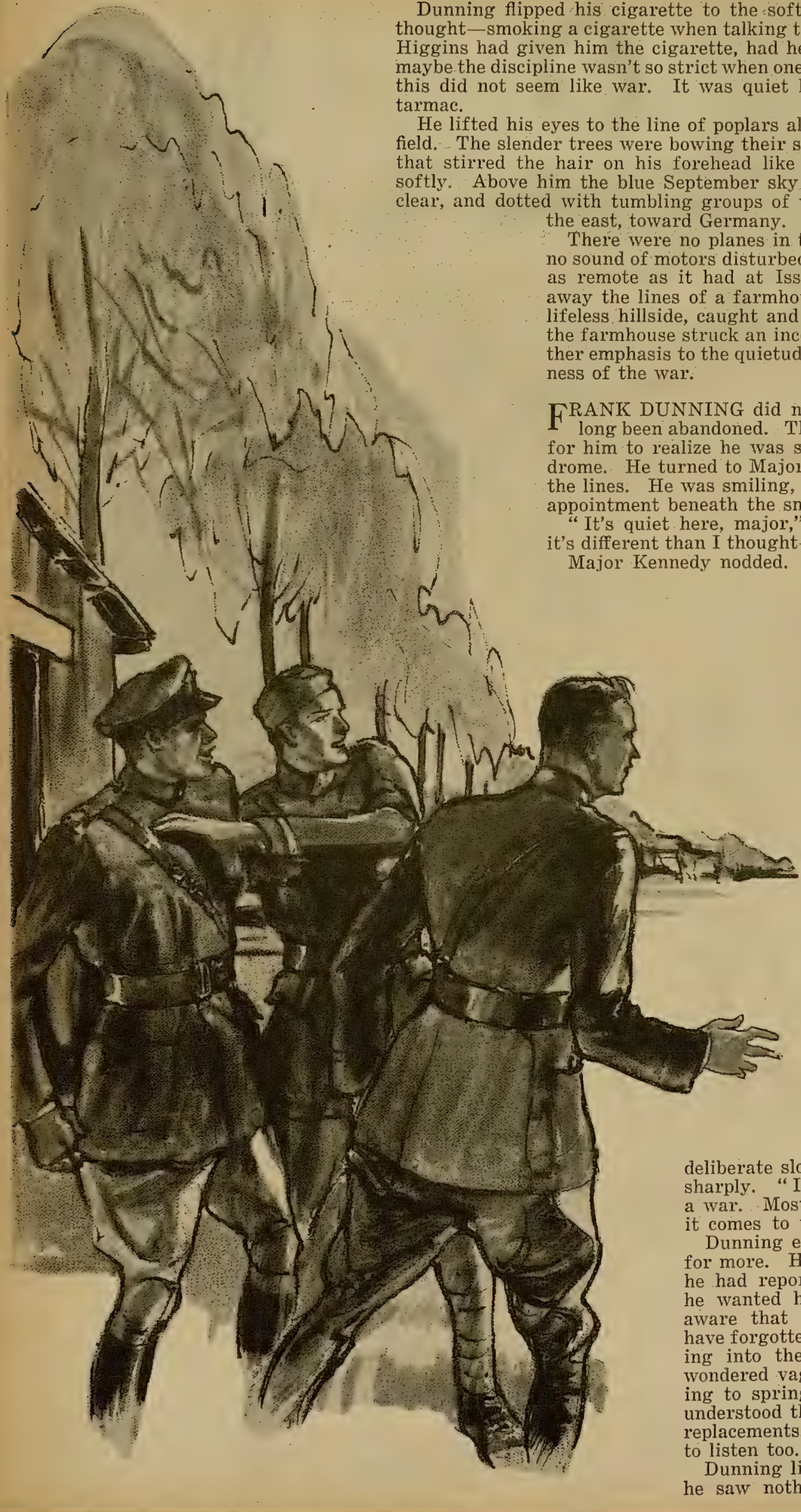
who was born in Iowa, is twenty-five, and enlisted in the navy at seventeen. He began to write during off watches at sea. He has been field engineer and boss rigger for a construction company, an engineer and oiler on freighters, and a magazine editor. His home is at Aix en Provence, France.

NEWLY up from Issoudun—Lieutenant Frank Dunning's uniform would have stamped him as that even had he not betrayed that peculiar excitement and animation common to most replacements in their first few hours at the front. He was young. His uniform served to emphasize his youth, clinging to his lithe figure, bringing out in sharp, square lines the set of his shoulders, tapering to the polished Sam Browne belt.

He was talking to Major Kennedy, the C. O., and to Captain Higgins, to whose flight he had been assigned. His bearing was jaunty and a little nervous. Everyone was nervous when they first arrived at a front-line airdrome. The major and the captain sensed an underlying tenseness in Dunning's words—a tenseness of which he himself was probably only dimly conscious.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE WAS A WAR!
Continued from page seventeen



Dunning flipped his cigarette to the soft ground. It was funny, he thought—smoking a cigarette when talking to a superior officer. Captain Higgins had given him the cigarette, had held the light for him. Well, maybe the discipline wasn't so strict when one was really in the war. Still, this did not seem like war. It was quiet here—on the Seventy-first's tarmac.

He lifted his eyes to the line of poplars along the road paralleling the field. The slender trees were bowing their spirelike tops before a breeze that stirred the hair on his forehead like unseen fingers, whispering softly. Above him the blue September sky stretched away, bright and clear, and dotted with tumbling groups of white clouds moving toward the east, toward Germany.

There were no planes in the sky. And on the ground no sound of motors disturbed the quiet. The war seemed as remote as it had at Issoudun. It was quiet. Far away the lines of a farmhouse, drably dark against the lifeless hillside, caught and held his eyes. In his mind the farmhouse struck an incongruous note, adding a further emphasis to the quietude and to the seeming remoteness of the war.

FRANK DUNNING did not know the farmhouse had long been abandoned. The intense quiet made it hard for him to realize he was standing on a front-line airdrome. He turned to Major Kennedy, gesturing toward the lines. He was smiling, but there was a hint of disappointment beneath the smile.

" It's quiet here, major," Dunning offered. " It's—it's different than I thought—not like war."

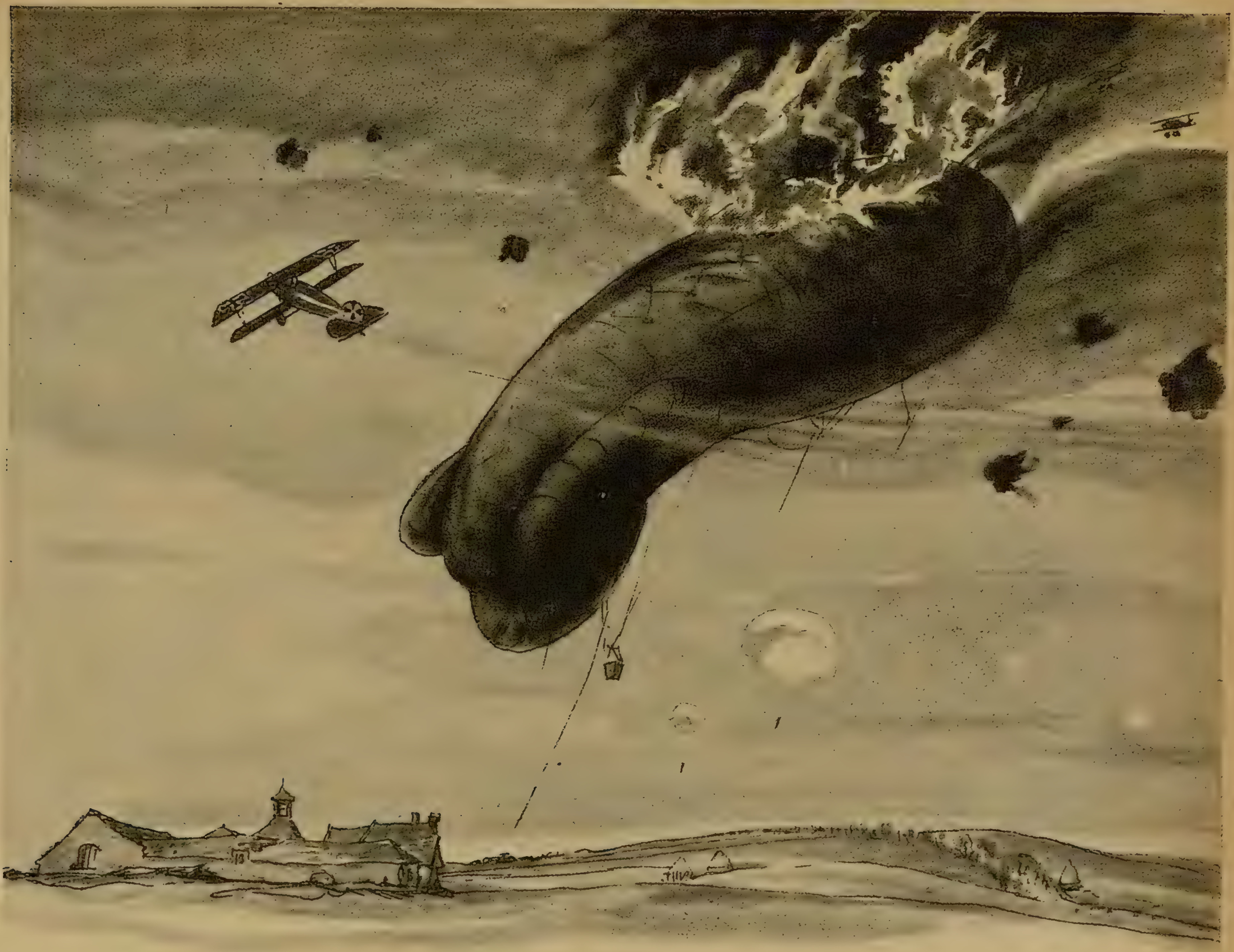
Major Kennedy nodded. Others had come—and had gone. They had remarked the quiet also. It had been just the same when he first arrived at the front all those months ago. But it was a deceptive quiet that gave place to deadly struggles with startling suddenness, without much warning. The whir of motors, the keening of wind on diving surfaces, the quick snarl of enemy guns—then quiet.

The major regarded Dunning's sharp profile steadily. He looked very young, he thought. There was a boyish appearance about him—about the way he stood, and the way the wind rumpled his hair, so that he shook his head to toss it out of his eyes. There was something very young, too, in the clear gaze of the wide-spaced blue eyes and in the thin, well muscled jaws.

" Yes, it is quiet." Major Kennedy spoke with a deliberate slowness that caught Dunning sharply. " It's quiet, son—but there is a war. Mostly we go to it. Sometimes it comes to us—but it's war."

Dunning expected more, was listening for more. He had liked the major when he had reported a little while ago, and he wanted him to go on. He became aware that Major Kennedy seemed to have forgotten him. The major was staring into the east, listening. Dunning wondered vaguely if the major was trying to spring something on him. He'd understood they often did that with new replacements. Captain Higgins seemed to listen too.

Dunning listened—heard nothing, and he saw nothing when he searched the



The balloon seemed to ripple with red and black flames across the swollen ridge of its back.

sky. He sensed something, but it only puzzled him. Then someone touched him on the shoulder. It was Major Kennedy. The major's low tones were in his ear, quiet and slow as before.

"See that captive balloon over there—to the left? Yes—well, it isn't far away. Three-quarters of a mile—just a bit over a kilometer. Watch it; there is a war, son!"

Puzzled, Lieutenant Dunning watched the balloon. It was big and looked very close. He thought it looked rather like a lumbering elephant, the way it wabbled and swayed in the air. Then he realized suddenly that its ground crew was pulling it down. It jerked and bobbled frantically.

DUNNING'S eyes swept the bright blue sky, seeking the reason. He heard it before he saw—a vibrant drone that reached his ears faintly at first, then swelled rapidly in volume. He saw it finally—a lone plane. It was flying low, coming out of Germany. The roar of its engine grew louder, deafening almost in pitch. Straight toward the captive balloon in an unswerving line of flight. Its pilot seemed either unaware or contemptuous of the curtain of high-angle machine-gun fire the gunners on the ground threw about the balloon.

On Dunning's face wonder fought with admiration as the lone plane held its course. A little white, his face, and his eyes grew wider. His whole body was tense, and his back prickled in a queer shiver as the mushrooming bursts of gray smoke told him the antiaircraft batteries were ranging the enemy plane. The rest was quick—bitterly sudden—and there was a deadly note in it that didn't quite escape Dunning's senses.

The air about the descending balloon was gray with smoke that swirled in eddying blooms against the sky. The breeze brought the whanging cough of the batteries to Dunning's ears and the snapping crackle of the high-angle guns. The rumble of the lone plane's engine rose and fell with each freshening gust of the breeze that flicked the hair on his forehead. The plane swept over the balloon with a flash of sunlight on silver wings, banked away like a darting dragon fly.

The balloon seemed to ripple with red and black flames across the swollen ridge of its back. It was a bloom of dull red suddenly. A pillar of black smoke mounted to the sky. To Dunning's ears came a sighing whoosh, like the wind through a giant tree. The balloon dropped behind a tree-covered knoll like a piece of paper fluttering to earth—in flames.

The enemy plane started to climb. Then more planes entered Dunning's vision. They shrilled down from the blue dome above, their motors beating in fivefold diapason. They were Spads. The enemy plane was cut off. Dunning felt a twinge of disappointment shoot through him—not disloyalty. He couldn't have analyzed it. The enemy pilot had been a brave man, and he hadn't shot at the observers going down with their parachutes. Five Spads were too much. Dunning's cigarette smoldered in his fingers, forgotten. His eyes burned brightly and there was a tightness about his lips.

The enemy plane did not bank away. It continued its zooming climb, straight toward the diving Spads. Unexpected—that maneuver—straight toward them. It caught the Spad flight leader unaware. He had signaled his flight to dive to right and left in echelon. Only the flight leader himself was in the middle. The enemy

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THERE WAS A WAR!
Continued from page nineteen

plane rolled wide, recovered, was gone—straight through the middle of the Spad flight. The roar of his motor diminished rapidly. His plane was a dwindling speck when the Spads had all flattened out from their dive.

It was glorious, sudden, breath-taking—that much Dunning sensed. What he did not feel was the grim reality of it—the bitterness of the deadly struggle that lone plane, flashing, striking, then gone, had symbolized. There was a war. Well, he'd seen a sample of it.

The sky was clear now. Quietness had settled once more. The Spads were gone. The whole thing might have been unreal, so rapidly had everything been done. Yet Dunning knew it wasn't unreal. He had seen it. There was a war. Major Kennedy had told him that, and it hadn't sounded superfluous or facetious. He'd known there was a war for the better part of four years—at Kelly Field, at Issoudun—even in Paris. He had seen his first glimpse of it, but it remained external.

The war was not a full-blown reality in his mind yet, not seriously. He was smiling when he turned to Major Kennedy and Captain Higgins, but they were not smiling. Their faces were tight-lipped and grave. They knew the war—the major and the captain. Major Kennedy touched Dunning on the arm and spoke.

"All right, son," he said. "Come along and I'll show you where you bunk—sleep's an important thing at the front."

Major Kennedy moved across the tarmac. On the other side a row of tiny huts nestled the edge of the field. They served the pilots as quarters. Dunning and Captain Higgins followed the major. Captain Higgins smiled as Dunning told him of Paris, of Issoudun and its instructors. He wasn't boastful or rowdy, but there was a youthful enthusiasm in his voice that made Captain Higgins wince. He wasn't much older than Dunning—Captain Higgins—not in years. But the war had taken his youth, had lined his face deeply, fringed his temples with fine gray hairs. Young Dunning's carefree words struck him deep—made the war seem more real and more horrible to him.

Major Kennedy stopped in front of one of the shacks in the long row. He pushed open the door and laughed at Dunning.

"Well, here's where you live, son. Not much in the way of home comforts, but you've a bunk, a chair, a table, and a stove. Lieutenant Carson's your bunkmate. We eat at seven. You'll be there and meet the gang. See you at dinner." The major held out his hand. Dunning took it, smiling.

"Good luck with the bunk, kid. Don't let 'em bite too hard." Higgins grinned as he turned to follow Major Kennedy. Dunning watched them across the tarmac, watched them enter the operations office. He liked them both, liked it here at the front, too. A few minutes later Dunning stretched and flopped on his bunk, grinning up at the corrugated iron roof. Dawn patrol—that did sound good. He found it hard to suppress a desire to let out a whoop or two.

ALMOST a month went by—a month of dull, uneventful dawn patrols. Little had been seen of the enemy, and the dawn patrol had had no encounters. Twice the enemy had been sighted, but too far away to offer opportunity for engagement.

The bat patrol had had two slight skirmishes with enemy flights. Two men had been lost—down in flames—and one new victory was credited and confirmed to Seventy-first. It went to Captain Martin, flight leader of the bat patrol. There had been one enemy air raid, but no damage. Quiet and dull routine marked the existence of the squadron—rain and bad flying weather. The war seemed more remote than ever.

Dunning was restless, fretful. He squirmed mentally under the long inactivity. It wasn't war, he told himself. He'd come up to the front expecting to enter into the war. He found it quieter, less marked by rigid discipline, than Issoudun—and it irked him. Dawn patrol every morning—nothing. Another patrol now.

The sun, rising from behind the clouds gathered in the east, painted the wings of the three Spads with a golden glow. Dunning watched it rise, watched its shafting light dissipate the purple shadows that still clung to the earth far below. Captain Higgins was in the front of the V formation. Carson, Dunning's bunkmate, flew right wing. The three Spads rose and fell in a leisurely motion on the barely shifting air currents. The engines rumbled and droned in strange rippling crescendos. At first it had thrilled him. But soon the continued inactivity had robbed the morning patrol of its thrill—made it dull and boring.

Captain Higgins wagged his wings briefly, pointed his nose down. The three Spads dived down into the cloud bank below them. It was a big cluster of clouds. For a moment they were blanketed with swirling white streamers that flowed weirdly back from their props. The heavy vapor deadened the roar of the engines. Then they were through. A shaft of sunlight, slanting from a rift in the clouds, struck their wings, painted in scintillating colors the myriad drops of moisture that clung to the doped surfaces. The dark blue of the September sky grew lighter with the climbing sun.

Dunning shot occasional glances at it through the opening clouds. It was bright and clear. Far below he could see the lines that slashed like zigzag fences across the earth—the thinning mists in the swales and valleys. It looked like waves of smoke—and might have been. He would not have known. It wasn't war down there. The war was up here—in the air—and there wasn't any. Not just then—but there was a war.

A RIVETER'S gun stuttered in Dunning's ears and feathery white lines leaped in front of his eyes. Something snatched his goggles from his head. He swerved abruptly, instinctively. What happened then was quick—almost too quick for Dunning's stunned senses. The roar of engines doubled and redoubled, rumbling only short of hellish. The slower, steadier stutter of the enemy's Spandau guns blended with the finer snap of the Vickers guns on the three Spads.

It was war. To Dunning the air was filled with diving shapes, shadowy. Bewildered, stunned by the sudden din, just comprehending the deadly bitterness that had long escaped him, he was unable to marshal his air sense—to avoid the leaping white lines his reason told him were tracer bullets. Vaguely, as from the void of some unspanable distance, he was conscious of the terrible struggle about him—new and unknown. His eyes seemed unable to identify friend from enemy. A plane spun out of the fight in flames—past him. It was khaki. Red, white, and blue cocardes glinted through the flames—a Spad.

Blind, unreasoning fear gripped Dunning's heart, and an overpowering panic swelled into his throat. It was the fearful feeling of a little child to a sudden noise in the dark. The acrid fumes of burned castor oil and gasoline from the engines, the crisp tang of expended powder stung his nostrils.

Then suddenly he was alone in the sky, his own plane fluttering earthward. He was dazed. It took him several minutes to realize he was alone. There were no enemy planes in the sky—and no Spads. He was alone.

It had been sudden, the death that had swirled about him in a mad dance, grim and very real. Dimly he sensed that, and found it hard to connect it with the blue sky above him, with the brightness of the sunshine, and with the slow awakening of the earth below. He had an uncontrollable desire to laugh long and loudly. But when he slumped back in his cockpit and headed his Spad toward his home drome, he felt steadier. His nerves had quieted.

It was a different Dunning who reported the flight to Major Kennedy—a harder Dunning, more white of face, and with a certain wariness in place of his former jaunty bearing. The major felt the loss of Higgins and Carson very keenly, but he was glad to see young Dunning back. He noted the change in Dunning thoughtfully.

a farewell
to thirst

Across the Country Club bar . . . at the roadside barbecue . . . over the ice-box back home . . . wherever thirsts are to be quenched . . . there you will hear demands for Orange-Crush—the natural *fresh* orange beverage . . . Made from the rich, fresh juices of the whole orange, including the tangy flavor of the golden peel, sweetened with pure cane sugar, sparkling with carbonated water . . . Orange-Crush is praised everywhere for its delicious flavor. No after-thirst . . . No other orange drink is Orange-Crush. So to make sure you get it, be sure you say *one word more*—say Orange-CRUSH. On sale wherever thirst is quenched. In the *krinkly* bottle or at all the better fountains

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MADE FROM *fresh* ORANGES

That night Dunning got confirmation for his first victory. He didn't know it. An artillery officer at the front had phoned it back. The artillery officer had witnessed the battle in the air—had seen the last Spad left send an enemy plane to earth in flames. Dunning's had been the last Spad in the sky—his victory.

He hadn't been conscious of it. He just nodded the next day when Major Kennedy told him about it. The war had entered his mind now—meant the changing of his whole mental outlook. He was trying to adjust himself to it, and he was finding it hard.

TWO weeks later Dunning got his second confirmation—and a five-day pass for Paris. Major Kennedy had thought Dunning looked a little under strain. He had insisted Dunning go to Paris, had recommended a good club to him. Dunning had gone. He stayed his five days, and a little before midnight of the fifth day the squadron tender dropped him in front of the major's office. There was a light burning in the office. A yellow glow filtered through the blanketed burlap that shielded the window. Dunning entered.

"Hello, son!" Major Kennedy looked up, grinned. "Have a good time in Paris? You look good."

The major liked Dunning's answering grin. He did look good. There was a firmness about him that had been lacking when he first arrived at the front. His gaze had always been clear and frank. Steadier it was now, more direct. There wasn't any gray in his hair, but the stamp of the war was there. It had bent him to its mold, had taken from him something of his youth, and in return had fused into him some of its own hardness. Major Kennedy noted these changes—and approved. He lit a cigarette and tossed the pack in front of Dunning. Dunning took one.

"Mitchel's gone—crashed over Rembercourt." The major's words were jerky, short, and a shadow seemed to cross his features. "Pardue's flight leader now. Remember Higgins and keep a sharp watch in the morning, son. Sometimes Paris makes a pilot forgetful."

Dunning's knuckles whitened at the news of Mitchel's death. But the war was no longer new to him. He nodded, said nothing. For a long time neither spoke. They didn't need to speak—Dunning and Major Kennedy. Then Dunning said good night and left.

Long after Dunning had gone the major sat at his desk, staring at the squadron roster—at the list of names crossed to the enemy's credit. They didn't often lose many men at a time in the Seventy-first, but the passing months had managed to roll up a long list of casualties.

The major had known them all, every mother's son. He wondered if he'd lose Dunning as he had lost Mitchel and Higgins—and so many

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Ugly Yellow and Stain Easily Brushed Away

MON.
TUES.
WED.

Teeth Whiten

3 Shades in 3 Days

There's no reason now why your teeth should be stained, yellow, discolored or prey to decay—why your gums should be spongy and tender. For science has discovered the way to destroy millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath and attack teeth and gums. It's the way to make teeth gleaming white. It's called the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.

Start using this technique—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush. Overnight you'll note an improvement. In just 3 days your teeth will look whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums will feel firmer and look healthier. Breath and taste will be clean and sweet.

Kolynos is unique.

The very moment it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated dental cream becomes a refreshing FOAM which permits the use of a dry brush, thus making Kolynos 10 times more effective.

This penetrating FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice. Kills millions of destructive mouth germs, 190 million in the first 15 seconds. Erases tartar and stimulates the gums.

THUS TEETH ARE QUICKLY AND EASILY CLEANED AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED—RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY.

Now if you want sound, dazzling white teeth, and firm, coral-pink gums start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Buy a tube of Kolynos.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

THERE WAS A WAR!
Continued from page twenty-one

others before them. Every time he had to write to some boy's mother it took something from him—more than just the writing of the letter. He hoped he wouldn't lose Dunning. Not the letter—not that. But he liked young Dunning more than he would have admitted. He had known Dunning had been unaware of his first victory, almost a full month ago. He had liked the way the boy had received the news of his first confirmation—quietly, with just a nod of his head.

At the moment Major Kennedy doused the lantern in his office Frank Dunning was sitting on the edge of his bunk looking at something he held cupped in his hands. It was a photograph of a girl's face, rather larger than a snapshot. The hooded beam of the lantern streamed over his shoulder, touching the photograph with soft yellow light. Dunning stared at it steadily—at the laughing eyes that looked up at him. It was a pretty face, with short straight nose and delicate lips that were more than just provocative. A wealth of curling hair framed the forehead and temples, adding to its attractiveness.

Irene—that was her name—Irene Hilton. She was one of the hostesses of the club the major had recommended to him in Paris. He had met her there, had fallen in love with her almost immediately—and he had known before he left that she loved him. She had been very quiet the day he left, and rather wistful. Her eyes hadn't been so laughing, he remembered. He looked at the photograph again—"*A mon homme*, with all my love—Irene." She had called him that in Paris—My Man—and she'd scrawled the inscription on the bottom of the picture just before he left. He hadn't noticed her start of surprise at the *gare* in Paris when he told her his outfit was the Seventy-first; would have thought nothing of it if he had. He was back at the front now—and the war. Paris was behind him. Dawn patrol in the morning.

Dunning looked at his watch. It was two fifteen—patrol at four thirty. He tossed his tunic across the back of the chair, kicked off his boots, and turned in.

MAJOR KENNEDY had made a point of dropping in on young Dunning for a chat now and then, but it was three days after Dunning had returned from Paris before he found time to call. He stopped in front of Dunning's hut on his way to the repair hangar. The door was ajar. He rapped smartly with his knuckles and entered. Dunning wasn't there.

A photograph tacked to the wall at the head of Dunning's bunk took the major's eye. He turned to go, wondering why a photograph should catch his eye. All the men had photographs. It struck him that he was really wondering what sort of a girl the lad had paired off with in Paris. There was something familiar about the photo.

He stepped across the room for a closer look. It was familiar. Irene—Irene Hilton. The name burned into his eyes. His girl—his Irene. The girl he loved—the girl he lived for from day to day, on whom he had pinned all his affections with the single-minded intensity of a man who may find death his lot at any moment. For almost a year he had loved her and lived for her, fought his own battles carefully with her face always before his eyes. Always his every act had been tempered by the fullness of the love he lavished upon her—a love that amounted almost to despair in its intensity. It had been his guide, his one safe anchor in the horror of the maelstrom in which he lived.

Irene's picture here—in Dunning's hut—and tacked to the wall. His mind was stunned, burning. Comprehension was slow in coming, then he understood. The club—he'd recommended it to Dunning. The boy had met her there, had made love to her—his boyishness.

Major Kennedy had liked Dunning's boyishness—and he understood Irene might have liked it too. But Irene would have told Dunning she was engaged to him. Dunning had discounted that, had cut him out deliberately. War and women! No—they didn't mix. They didn't know how to be faithful—women.

Major Kennedy's jaws were clamped tight when he left Dunning's shack. Tiny bunches of muscle rippled and furrowed his leathery cheeks. His stiff gray mustache was crisp over thin lips, and the deep lines that slashed diagonally from his nostrils held shadows against the hardness of his eyes. There was a thoughtfulness in his whole bearing—the thoughtfulness of sudden disillusionment.

He went through the repair hangar, inspected the machines under repair, watched the ground crews at work. But his eyes saw little. He did not really see the things he was looking at, did not hear the words spoken to him. His mind was a turmoil of conflicting thoughts.

A COMMUNICATION flimsy lay on his desk when he returned to his office. He read it, started to put it down, then read it again. An enemy observation balloon was harassing ground troops and artillery in area K-116. Major Kennedy knew the sector. He placed the position in his mind. K-116, that would be just outside of the village marked on all the scale maps as Vannier—probably the sheltering ravine between two low hills in back of the town would be the balloon's nest. It was well within the German lines.

It would be a tough nut to crack—that enemy balloon. And it would be well guarded. Major Kennedy thought of Captain Martin, the squadron's ranking ace. It should be his mission. The major even toyed with the idea of going himself. He hated to send anyone on such a mission. Brigade wanted that balloon out of the way. Probably wanted to mass troops and guns for a night attack. Impossible with the balloon. The major's thoughts were disconnected.

Dunning—Irene. For a long time he slumped in his chair, staring unseeingly at the flimsy on his desk. Disillusionment is a bitter thing, and at forty it can be very bitter. For months Irene had been his illusion, his love; it had been his one tie, had sustained him, protected him from his own rashness. His love for her had made life worth living. The illusion he had built up over the dark days at the front had taken but an instant to crumble. It left him bitter—bitter against Irene, tinged his outlook on everything and everyone.

He opened a drawer in his desk and looked into it. A framed portrait and a bundle of letters were in the drawer. The letters—there were many of them—were all stacked and tied neatly into a bundle. They were from Irene, covering a period of many months. He'd saved them all. Each one protested her fidelity, her whole, undying love for him.

For two full minutes he stared at them bitterly. Contempt against her fought in his mind with anger at young Dunning—an anger that was slowly flaring up. At last he picked up the portrait and slammed the drawer shut with his foot. A sudden thought had come to him—bitter, like the rest of his thoughts. He looked at the inscription on the portrait, the inscription in Irene's scrawling hand. "*A mon homme*," it read, "with all my love—Irene."

He hadn't noticed it at first, but he remembered now the photograph she had given Dunning bore the same inscription. Identical on each—those words. That hurt more than the fact of Dunning having her photograph. Illogically it increased his anger against Dunning, added to his contempt for Irene—and it gave him his final decision.

He placed the portrait on his desk, arranged it so it faced the other chair. Then he picked up the flimsy. His words were sharp, hard, when he sent his orderly to find Dunning. He was leaning back in his chair, staring at the communication flimsy when young Dunning arrived.

"Sit down, lieutenant." Major Kennedy indicated the chair facing the portrait. Dunning sat down. He was looking at Major Kennedy. The crisp snap in the major's words had startled him. He did not see the photograph on the desk then.

"I've got a little job for you here, lieutenant—a special mission. I seem to recall you asked for the next one. Do you want it?" There was a strange note in Major Kennedy's voice—a note that seemed to suggest a hope that, perhaps, Dunning might flinch at the words "special mission." Dunning did not flinch. He nodded. Major Kennedy, watching him, saw his eyes fall on the portrait —saw him start. "*A mon homme.*"

Guilt. To Major Kennedy, Dunning's abrupt start indicated that and nothing else. He had known, Dunning—and had played the cad. The major's eyes hardened, his words became sharper—more impersonal.

"Brigade wants a balloon down in area K-116. You've been up here a long time now. I know you can handle it. I want you to get that balloon."

Major Kennedy handed Dunning a small roll map with everything marked on it: position of the balloon and the course to follow. "That's all, lieutenant."

With eyes that did not see, Major Kennedy stared at the portrait of Irene long after Dunning had saluted and left. He was sick in mind, and for the first time in his life he felt a tinge of a feeling he had always before held in contempt—self-pity.

Irene had meant everything to him, had been his one comforting thought in the grim business of directing and leading his men to war. And Dunning. He'd regarded Dunning more like a son than just another man in his command. He had taken an interest in Dunning, had protected him, coached him, had been unstinting in teaching the boy all he knew of war.

Well, there was one young man who wouldn't get back to Paris to curry favor with other officers' wives and sweethearts. That balloon was a tough nut—and he knew just how much Dunning understood of air tactics. The chances would be slim for a crack pilot. Dunning wasn't that. The question of right or wrong scarcely disturbed the major. He knew he was justified in sending any man he chose. That was what every squadron had a commanding officer for—and, after all, why shouldn't Dunning take his chance with the others?

THE staccato explosions of an engine stepped suddenly to full r. p. m. jerked Major Kennedy from his reverie. The roar settled to an even drumming, rose to a thunderous drone, then faded away. It was Dunning—taking off.

For a moment that seemed like an eternity the major sat straight in his chair, listening to the faint beat of Dunning's engine die away. He was frozen to immobility—rigid and horror-stricken as the realization of what he had done came over him like the clarifying effect of cold water suddenly dashed in his face.

He had sent a man to his death, a man he loved. He had taken advantage of his command; had tried to justify himself with his prerogative of sending any man he chose. But it wasn't that. It had been personal. Surely his command was greater, more sacred, than any personal thing.

Major Kennedy knew that, realized it with a bitterness that was many times more concentrated than his disillusionment. He did not try to justify his act now. He was conscious only of an overwhelming sense of self-contempt. Realization came too late. He could not recall young Dunning now. No—he couldn't recall Dunning.

"Orderly!" Major Kennedy's voice was hoarse, his face very white. "Orderly!" he shouted. The orderly poked his head around the corner of the door.

"Get my ship on the line—on the double!"

Struggling into leather flying coat, helmet, and goggles dangling from his teeth, Major Kennedy followed the orderly across the tarmac. . . .

Frank Dunning's eyes were narrow behind the lenses of his goggles. Now and then drops of hot oil spattered his cheeks. He did not feel them, did not hear the rumbling song of the engine in the nose of his Spad.

His thoughts, slowly unsnarling, were no less bitter than the major's had been. At first he'd sensed only the hostility in Major Kennedy's words—the deliberateness with which he had sent him on this mission. The portrait on the major's desk, and the inscription—"*A mon homme*"—had been too confusing, had snarled his reasoning. But the cool flow of the slipstream about his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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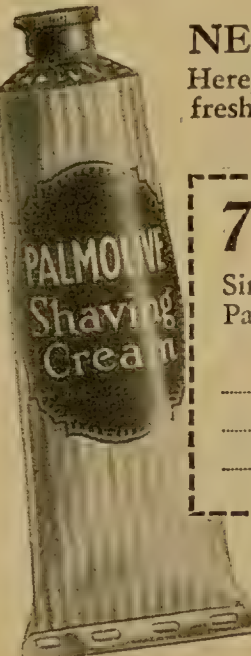

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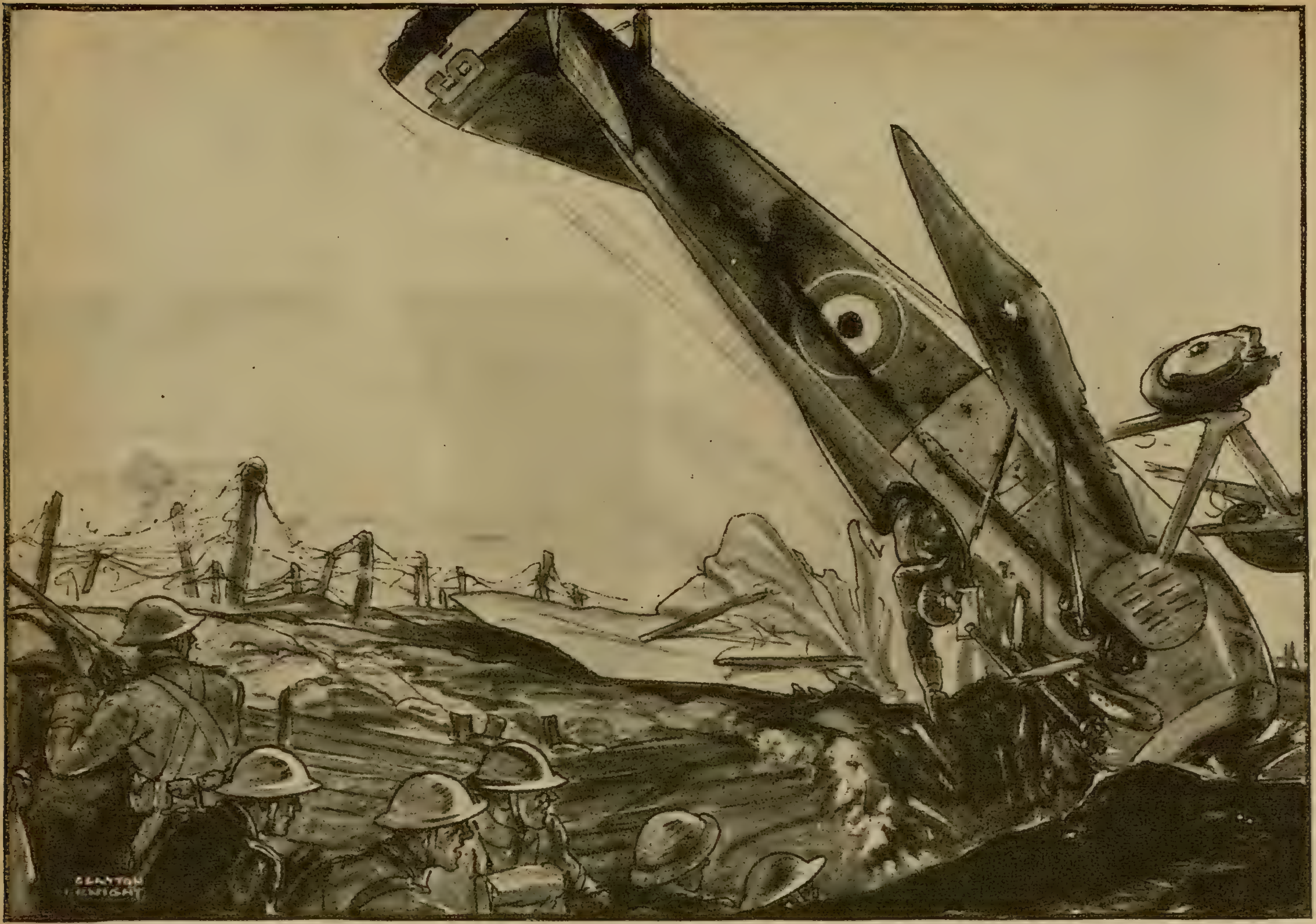


A wing struck the edge of the parapet with a grinding wrench, washed out. The Spad hesitated, then plunged down into the trench.

THERE WAS A WAR!
Continued from page twenty-three

head helped unsnarl it, washed out the tangled knots that had fuddled him. Major Kennedy must have seen the photograph tacked to the wall in his shack, the photo Irene had given him, inscribed the same as the major's. Well, he hadn't known Irene knew anyone in the Seventy-first. Irene had never told him about Major Kennedy.

All Dunning knew was that his C. O. had sent him on a special mission out of personal reasons, had taken his command as a means of wiping out a rival. Special mission—suicide mission! Grudge mission would be better, Dunning thought contemptuously. The major had sent him out to get that balloon in the hope that he wouldn't get back. Well, maybe he wouldn't. But he'd get the balloon. He'd show he could obey orders even if they were given from personal grudge.

Suddenly the song of the engine in the nose of the Spad began to penetrate Dunning's inner consciousness. It became a song of contempt—contempt for the major—and mingling with its rhythmic beat was a hot scorn for Irene Hilton. Yet, as contemptible as she had been, Major Kennedy's act was more so. He had violated his command, had used it in a way that proved him, to Dunning's mind, as unfit to command. Well, the balloon—he'd get it. He could see it now, far away, in front of him.

The Spad was flying low when it crossed the lines just east of Vannier. Dunning was conscious of the rifle fire from the enemy trenches. Several holes snapped through the fabric of his wings, but he ignored them, and held his course straight for the balloon.

It was nearer now. They were pulling it down. They'd seen him, guessed his mission. Well, let them. He'd never attacked a balloon before. He wondered how one went about it. Straight for it, strike, and get out, he thought. Yes, that would be best. His memory helped him now, recalled that lone plane that got the balloon the day he came up to the front. The pilot, Dunning remembered, had held a straight course, struck once, and got away.

Dunning gasped when his Spad rocked like a chip tossed into rough water. A smudge of smoke blossomed on the air off his right wing tip. Archie—more of them. The air seemed suddenly dotted with mushrooming balls of smoke. They rocked his Spad from side to side. An incessant thudding cough, like the monotonous strumming of a bass viol, played an undercurrent to the shrilling of his engine. That would be the archie guns.

A PIECE of fabric fluttered back from the base of his right wing, streamed like a pennant in the air. Machine guns were clattering at him now. He couldn't hear them like the big archies, but he could see the gunners trying to range their bucking guns on him. He wondered what they would look like if he nosed down and opened up on them with his Vickers. Somehow the idea amused him, made him laugh. He held a straight course. The balloon loomed suddenly large in the center of his sights, quickly obscured the entire ring.

Darting white lines snaking through his prop disk were the first actual intimation Dunning had that his fingers were gripping the stick triggers. Like white pencil lines drawn on the air he saw his tracers disappear into the swaying bulk of the balloon, saw them creep along its bulging sides as he banked slightly away. Then he was past—the balloon was behind him. He leveled and zoomed, risked a quick glance back over the *empennage*. The balloon was dropping to the earth wreathed in yellow flames, sending up a black column of oily smoke that rose almost perpendicularly on the still air. The round blob of the observer's parachute showed white against the brown earth.

A lumbering light bomber scuttling into Germany from the direction of the lines caught Dunning's eyes. There were enemy ships above him—he'd seen them. Two flights of three each, and they were diving to cut him off. Six—

well, he'd get the bomber first, and as many of the others as he could before they got him. His fingers jammed the trips at long range, held them down. It was foolish, wasting ammo —he knew it.

The bomber took the burst in the engine, all along the side of its fuselage. It staggered, slipped off crazily. Then the war was all about Dunning's cockpit. He saw the bomber limp away—not out, but pretty well crippled.

Two black-crossed planes got him between their converging fire. The instruments on his board vanished in tinkling fragments before his eyes. After that things were too tight for Dunning to follow.

He fought hard, turning, twisting, diving—tripping his guns at everything that crossed his sights. There was a cold sweat on his forehead. He was conscious of it trickling from beneath his goggles. He was going out, sure—knew it. He was committing suicide by trying to fight. His feelings were detached rather than really personal. Even when a slight stinging in his shoulder followed a burst of fire that lashed his cockpit he could not seem to realize that it was in his own shoulder. He was an automaton, maneuvering, avoiding, firing when he had a target.

THERE was a rending explosion close to him. It wasn't from his guns. Two planes had crashed. He'd seen them from the corner of his eye. Well, two less. It didn't help—he didn't expect it to. They were getting him, getting his ship. His wings showed daylight everywhere. The Spad was sluggish in answering to controls.

An enemy plane spun earthward with a funeral wreath of black smoke boiling back from the engine bay. Another ship snapped in front of him. It wasn't black-crossed—nor gray. It was khaki. There was another Spad in the fight now. That explained the flaming enemy ship. Dunning glimpsed the other Spad's number as it hung on its prop, Vickers snapping at the broad belly of an enemy ship above it.

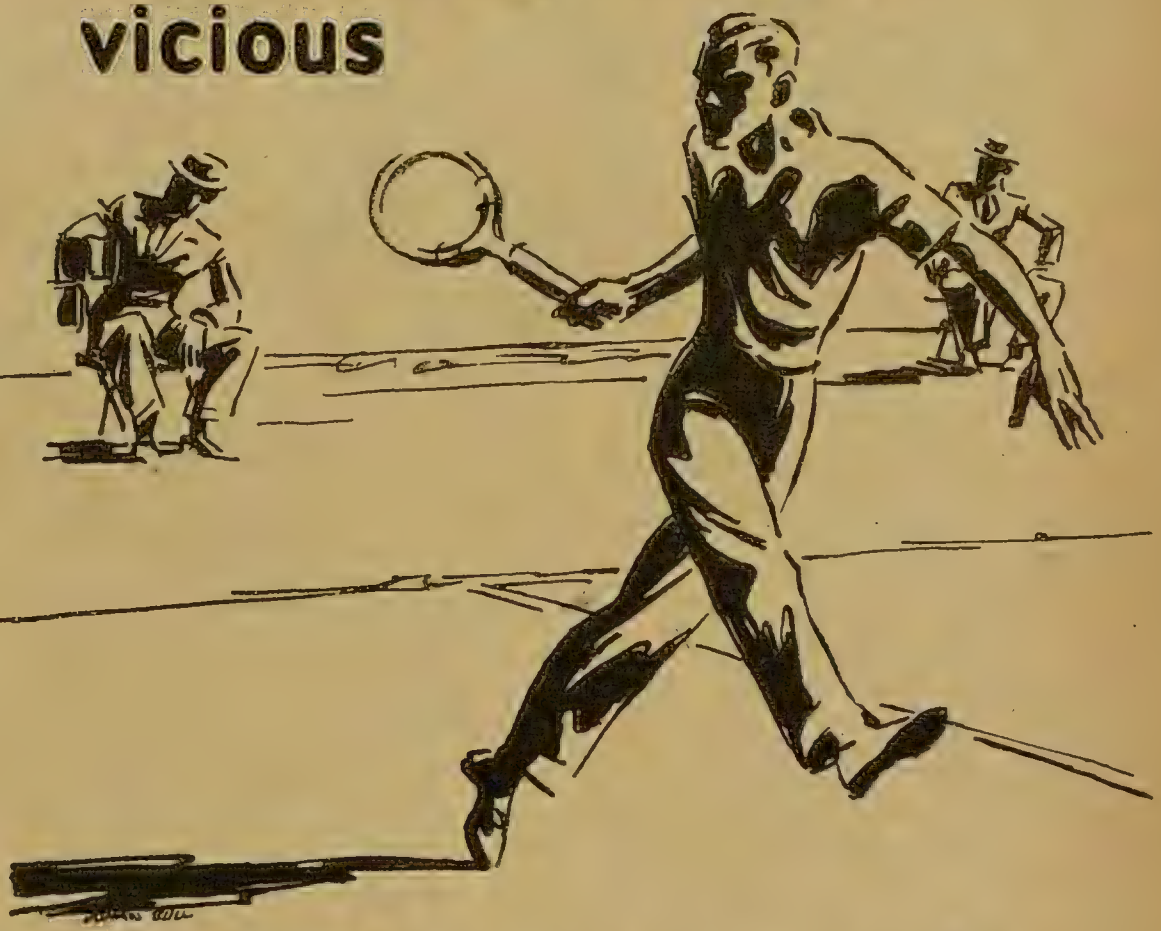
It was Major Kennedy's ship. Dunning saw the blue ribbon the major always wore trailing back from the helmeted head in the cockpit. It was Major Kennedy.

Dunning couldn't understand it—the major in the fight, taking the fight away from him. His contempt for the major hadn't credited him with that much courage. Dunning had no illusions on the courage it took to come out in the face of almost certain death. The violating of his command had been a contemptible thing, Dunning knew.

Major Kennedy must have had the same thoughts he'd had about Irene—the same intense bitterness. But the major had realized he was wrong, had been man enough to come out and redeem his respect in Dunning's eyes. For an instant Dunning's eyes misted. He doubted if he would have found

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Your volley may be vicious



but brilliant strength won't stop "Pink tooth brush"

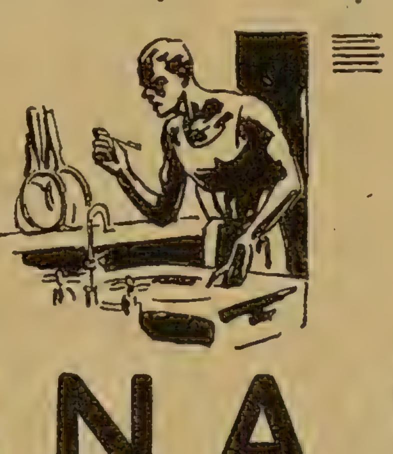
POWER and dazzling speed may mark your every shot. But you're no safer from "pink tooth brush" than if you were just out of a hospital.

For "pink tooth brush" is a condition of the gums brought about by the foods you eat—soft foods which give the gums little or no exercise. With every day your gums are becoming softer, flabbier, more and more tender.

And even if your brush shows only a *trace* of red, you're fair game for various gum troubles—for gingivitis, for Vincent's disease, even for the infrequent but dreaded pyorrhea. Worse still, "pink tooth brush" may lead to infection at the roots of your teeth. And that means you incur the risk of losing some of your soundest teeth.

Get after "pink tooth brush"—today. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste in the usual way. But—put some *additional* Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into your gums.* Twice daily.

Watch your teeth take on new sparkle. Watch your gums take on new firmness, new healthy color. Keep on using Ipana with massage—you'll see mighty little of "pink tooth brush."



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THERE WAS A WAR!
Continued from page twenty-five

the courage to do what the major was doing, certainly not the ability. His admiration for Major Kennedy was coming back, his own fighting spirit with it.

Another flight of enemy planes dropped down from the clouds. Dunning recognized them as Pfalzes. It would be the end for both of them now. He saw the major's Spad roll wide from an enemy's fire, saw the major gesture toward the lines. He wanted him, Dunning, to get out—to go home. Dunning swallowed hard and shook his head. He wasn't going home—wasn't going to buy his own life at the price of Major Kennedy's.

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Transatlantic

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Ex-Actress

A lively bit of autobiography by

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The lines were closer now. Occasionally Dunning glimpsed the major's Spad. It seemed everywhere, feinting, diving, striking—his skill and war-tested airmanship constantly carrying a defensive battle almost to the offensive. Yet always and ever, Dunning had time to note, Major Kennedy was drifting the fight closer to the lines. He was conscious, too, that as often as not the major's headlong rush at an overanxious enemy ended in protecting him when he could not have protected himself.

The quick attacks and sudden defensive maneuvers of that one Spad bewildered the enemy, and at last won them the lines. Then Dunning got it. He had fought hard, but his ship was badly shot up. A burst of Spandau fire shattered his prop. The engine screamed before he throttled it off. But he was out, definitely—and with an enemy riding his tail. Well, he'd got the balloon anyway.

The clattering snarl of a gun behind him reached Dunning's ears—and another took up the chorus, blending into a hell on earth—just that. Dunning waited for the steel to lash through his cockpit. His left arm and shoulder were already useless, throbbing unmercifully.

It didn't come—the steel. The major's Spad shot past him, flames licking from the engine nacelle. The enemy plane that had been on his tail fluttered down in sickening lurches that told Dunning a dead hand was on the stick. Dimly, through reeling senses that threatened to engulf him into darkness, he realized what had happened. Major Kennedy had taken the enemy war bird off his tail, but had been unprotected in doing it. A short burst from another enemy—flames. Well, Dunning laughed. It was curtains. His ship was out of control—he'd wash out with it. He didn't see the major pancake safely to the ground well within the Allied lines. Major Kennedy had done it before—knew how to do it.

The trenches were rushing up at Dunning. He saw them. They seemed to be where the sky should be—upside down. He saw the milling figures—khaki-clad figures—clear away from under him. A wing struck the edge of the parapet with a grinding wrench, washed out. The Spad hesitated, then plunged down into the trench.

HOURS passed, it seemed to Dunning's stunned mind. In reality it was only minutes—two, perhaps; not more than three. His body ached under tons of something, and his mind ached too. He was just barely aware of the major's voice coming to him through a medley of minor sounds. He couldn't distinguish words.

Hands clutched him, pulled him from the débris of his ship; he sensed that vaguely. Blurred shapes moved about him, and earth walls. They seemed to move too. There was a jolting in his shoulder, in his mind—a jolting that through some mental quirk seemed like fire. He was moving—being carried. The earth walls were still there. Communication trenches, he guessed.

Where was Major Kennedy? He heard his voice cautioning someone to handle someone else carefully. That was funny. He wanted to say something to the major, but he couldn't find him—too dark. He was very tired—sleepy. That was it—he was sleepy. One went just so long without sleep— Then what? He guessed one got sleepy then. His thoughts trailed off. He didn't know it when they placed him in a camion going back toward the Seventy-first's drome. He didn't see Major Kennedy bending over him most of the way back. He slept with his head cradled on the major's knee.

THREE days later Major Kennedy and Dunning stood on the platform of the dilapidated railway station in the village near the Seventy-first's drome. Silently they watched the fussy little train approaching. Neither had mentioned the events of that day uppermost in both their minds. But since Dunning and the major arrived back from the front in the camion the bond of friendship between them had been materially strengthened.

Major Kennedy had noticed the photograph no longer adorned the wall in Dunning's shack, and Dunning had never seen the big framed portrait on the major's desk again. As far as Dunning was concerned, Major Kennedy had shown his command and his courage were not personal things. He hated to leave, hated to say good-by to the major, but the doctor had insisted on sending him to base hospital in Saint-Nazaire.

Dunning didn't want to go. He knew the major was finding it hard to adjust himself to the hurt Irene had given him, and he sensed to an uncanny degree how much that love had meant to Major Kennedy. Perhaps it was because he had loved her too. But he knew he would forget her long before the major did. He wanted to say something, do something. He hated to go. Several times his hand strayed toward the breast pocket of his tunic, but always it had dropped back to his side.

The treble whistle of the tiny engine cut sharply into the stillness of the afternoon air, echoed far away against the distant hillsides. The train pulled into the station, stopped jerkily. Doors banged. Major Kennedy and Dunning moved toward the open door of a compartment. The *chef de gare* passed them, blowing importantly at a reedy whistle. An altercation broke out between two members of the train crew.

"Look here, major—" Dunning's voice was anxious, rather hesitant. His hand went to the breast pocket of his tunic once more, came out with the photograph of Irene. "A short time ago in Paris I met a girl at the club you recommended me to. Well, I—she—" Dunning stammered, looked at the photograph because he couldn't look at Major Kennedy.

"Go on, son," the major said softly.

"Oh, hell—major—" Dunning looked up, tried to laugh, but it was a short attempt, and altogether unsuccessful. He handed the photograph to Major Kennedy.

"Guess I've been sort of a rotter, major," Dunning went on desperately. "She asked me to give you the photo—said it was for you. I liked her, I guess—and I—I guess I just kept it." He wasn't looking at the major when he finished. It was hard for him to lie like that, harder than ever when it meant sacrificing a friendship he valued as highly as he did the major's.

The *chef de gare* blew his whistle in a long blast. It was echoed from the engine. Dunning moved toward the open compartment door, but Major Kennedy stopped him, turned him about. Dunning's face was white and set. On the platform the littered pieces of the photograph moved flutteringly in the breeze. Dunning saw them. His hand was seized in a hard grip.

"Son"—it was the major's voice—"you're a good flyer and a good fighter, but you're a damned poor liar. Go on to Saint-Nazaire, get well, come back to me. I want you up here, son—up here where I can watch you. Now, off with you!" Major Kennedy bustled Dunning into the compartment, slammed the door on him.

The window of the compartment banged open just as the train began to move. Dunning stuck his head out, tried to say something, but found he could only grin foolishly. There was a mist in his eyes that was damned annoying, he thought.

"Go on!" he heard the major shout. "Go on, son! Trust the guns on your ship, but don't trust a woman!"

Major Kennedy watched the train till it vanished around a distant tree-grown curve. A khaki-clad arm waved at him just as the trees cut the engine from view. He waved his cap and stood there for a long time, bared head catching the last red rays of the setting sun.

War and women, he was thinking. They didn't mix—not like friendship. The major sighed—six weeks. In six weeks Dunning would be back with the Seventy-first. There was a smile beneath Major Kennedy's crisp gray mustache as he settled himself behind the wheel of the squadron tender. And, curiously enough, he felt a bit light-hearted. He didn't try to analyze the feeling. If he had he might have discovered Dunning was at the bottom of it. For the next six weeks young Dunning would be at the base hospital in Saint-Nazaire—safe.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1—In what state is the Garden of the Gods?

2—What is the epidermis?

3—What is a lethal weapon?

4—What does *sotto voce* mean?

5—What states constitute New England?

6—Who composed the Nutcracker Suite?

7—What are meteors frequently called?

8—What does concomitant mean?

9—What is an antidote?

10—What was the port side of a ship formerly called?

11—Who succeeded Queen Elizabeth on the throne of England?

12—What is the antonym of centrifugal?

13—What Shakespearean play includes the character Laertes?

14—Which extends farther north, Pennsylvania or Iowa?

15—What strait connects Lakes Michigan and Huron?

16—Who founded the Boy Scouts?

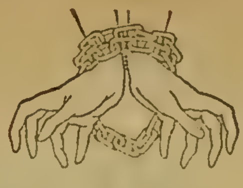
17—What is blank verse?

18—Which one of the states contains the greatest number of lakes?

19—What is a curriculum?

20—Which are the Seven Seas?

(Answers will be found on page 48)



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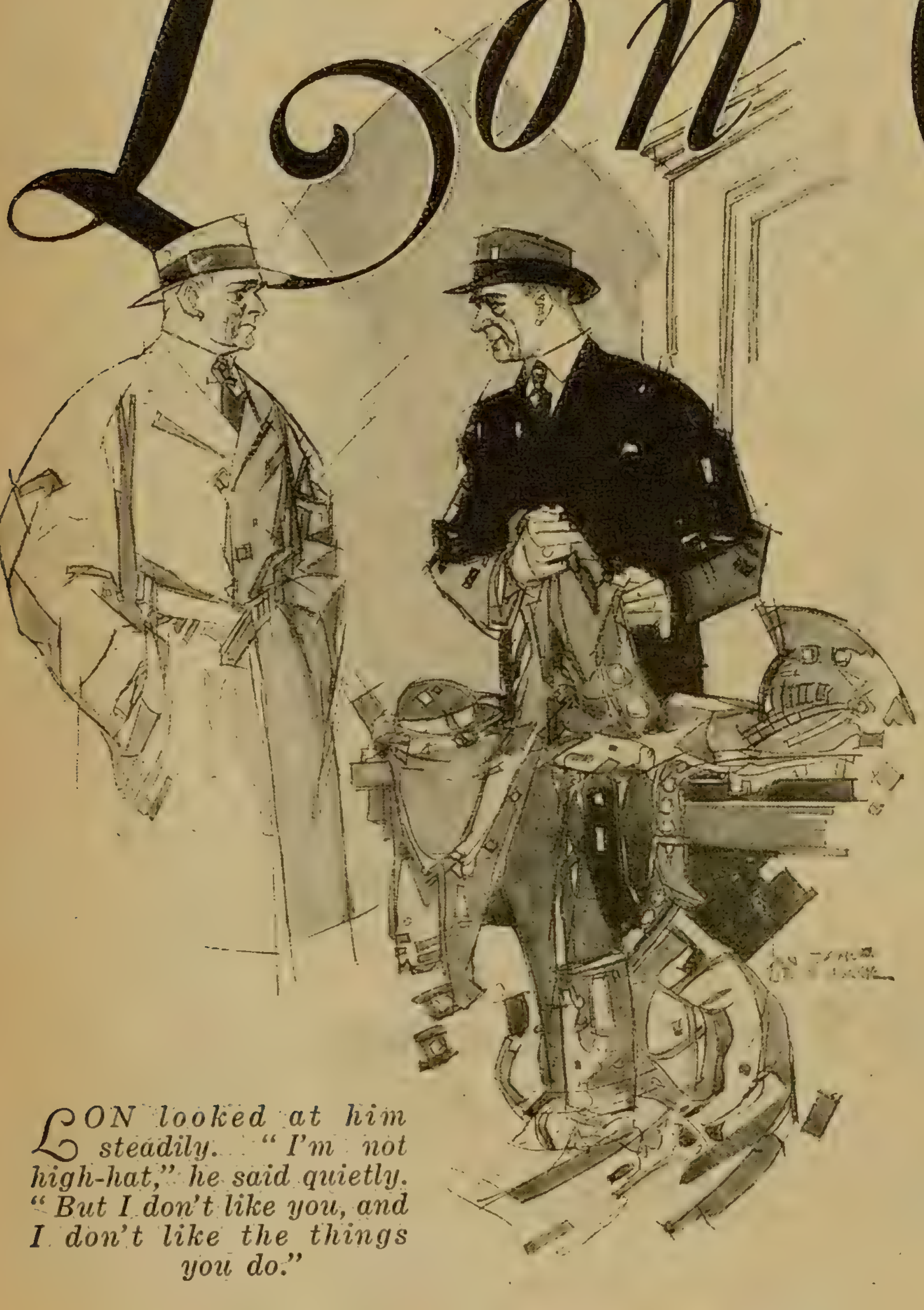
A Portrait of the Man Behind a Thousand Faces

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



LON looked at him steadily. "I'm not high-hat," he said quietly. "But I don't like you, and I don't like the things you do."

(Reading time: 26 minutes.)

THE first installment of this story of the life of Lon Chaney, printed last week, told of his boyhood in Colorado Springs as the son of a barber; of his first job in the theater as a prop boy and his subsequent employment in a dancing act and as a stage hand with road shows; of his meeting the girl he later married, and of the beginning of their struggles in the life of the theater.

PART TWO—IN MUSICAL-COMEDY STOCK

LON CHANEY—hoofer.

Slim, neat little man with quick black eyes and nimble feet. Hard body, hard mouth. Busier than a daily columnist. Ready for anything. Taking the bumps with that quick smile that changed his serious face.

There were plenty of bumps.

Lon Chaney didn't amount to a darn in the general scheme of things. Sometimes he had a job, sometimes he didn't. If he didn't, upon his shoulders rode the stark fear of not being able to buy milk for the kid. When he did, it meant twenty hours' work a day and no sense of security.

What was one hoofer, one stage hand, more or less?

If Cleva was working too, he got up at dawn with the baby. The wife hadn't been too well ever since the baby was born. Then there were day-long rehearsals in cold, dim theaters with rows of empty seats staring across the dim footlights. Nothing tougher in the theatrical game anywhere than musical-comedy stock, putting on a show a week, sometimes two.

In his shirt sleeves, cigarette between his lips, cap over one eye, Chaney rehearsed dance numbers hour after hour. One, two, three, four. Come on, snap into it! Hey, you, there on the end! Come around quicker on that turn! This is no funeral march! All together! Let's take it a little faster!

Hoofer, second comedian, stage hand, property man, scene shifter, stage manager, transportation handler—buying tickets and getting hotel accommodations for everybody when they went on the road.

At night playing two or three small parts with changes of make-up, dashing about backstage to see that the lighting was right, helping to change the scenery, yelping at the girls to hurry into their costumes and get back on the stage, giving orders to prop boys.

MONEY was always short. The kid had to be looked after. Good kid. But kids complicated existence. Cleva worked most of the time. Because of her voice, she got a chance at some fairly good parts. Later she sang in cabarets. Lon made a cradle out of string, a woven hammock, and they hung that in the dressing room during the performance for Creighton to sleep in. Between scenes Lon would dash in and heat his milk over the little gas jet he used to melt his cosmetics. When the show was over, Lon would pick him up, very tenderly so as not to awaken the little fellow, and back they'd go to the hotel.

It was always a hotel or a cheap apartment house.

They fixed up one gag, he and Cleva, that saved money. Every nickel was precious in those days. Salaries were never big and if they did manage to save a few dollars the out-of-work periods soon ate them up.

They got a big, cheap suitcase and packed it full of groceries and an alcohol lamp. The improvised kitchen was a bureau drawer turned upside down on the bed. Cleva managed many a meal out of a couple of cans and a cheap cut of steak. She made the baby's mush at night and set it on the window sill. When he awoke in those hours which every actor considers sacred to Morpheus, Lon would get up and warm it for him.

As he grew older, the kid used to tag Lon around behind the scenes like a small shadow. A dark, solemn-eyed youngster who regarded his dad as the center of a very hectic universe. The girls in the chorus were all fond of the youngster and on the train jumps they helped take care of him. His favorite nurse was the belle of the show, a pretty, blue-eyed girl named Fay Parkes. Many of the old gang in San Francisco will remember Fay Parkes.

Fay had a beau in San Francisco who wasn't in the show business. When they went on the road, Lon always saw to it that Fay had the room next to his and Cleva's. Later she married the San Franciscan, Phil Epstein, and

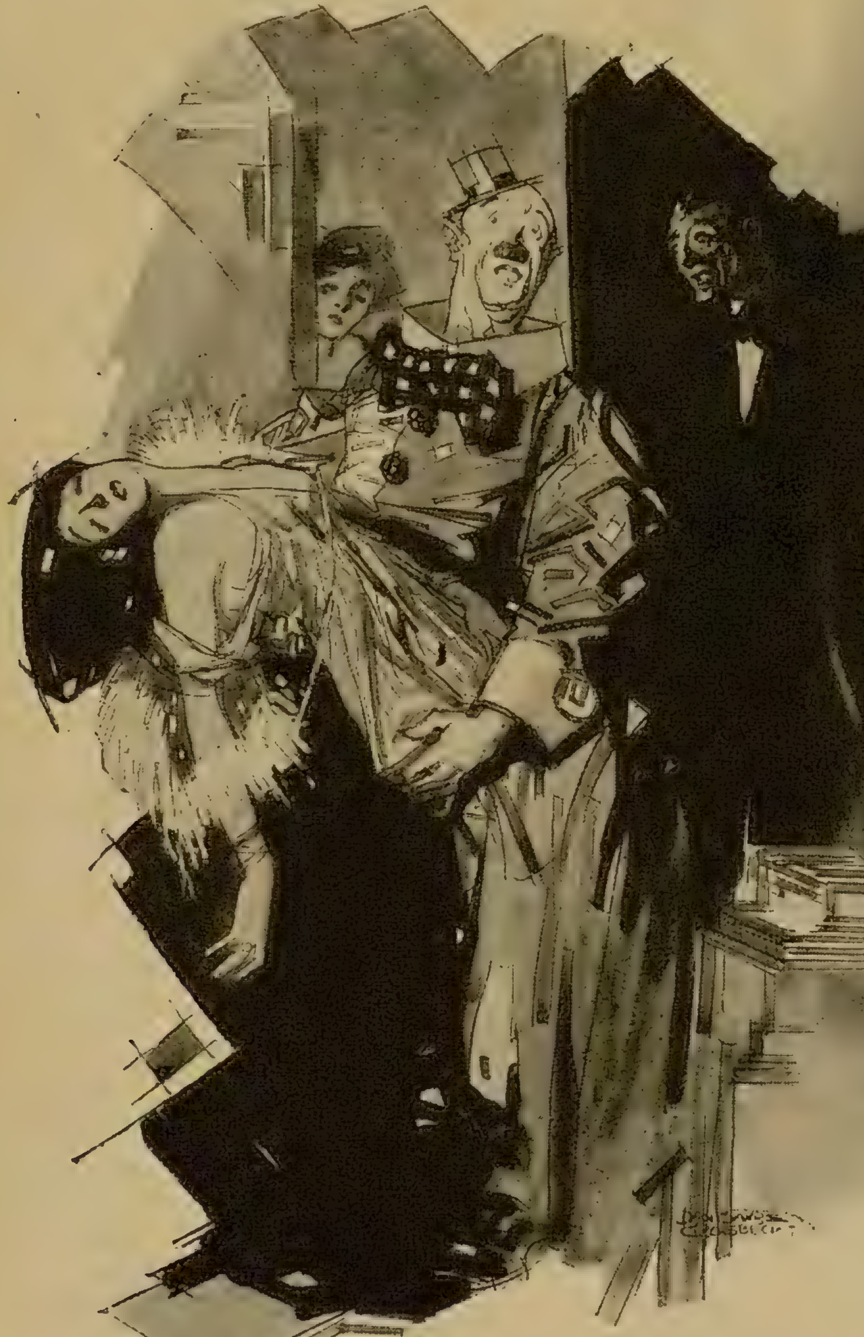
NEY

for years he has handled all the Chaney business details. Lon never forgot how good Fay was to the little boy in those tough days. When he was up in the world, he sent for her and her husband.

Lon never forgot a favor—nor an injury.

No time for the boy's schooling. Cleva taught him his letters. Neither she nor Lon had better than a grammar-school education. But they did what they could.

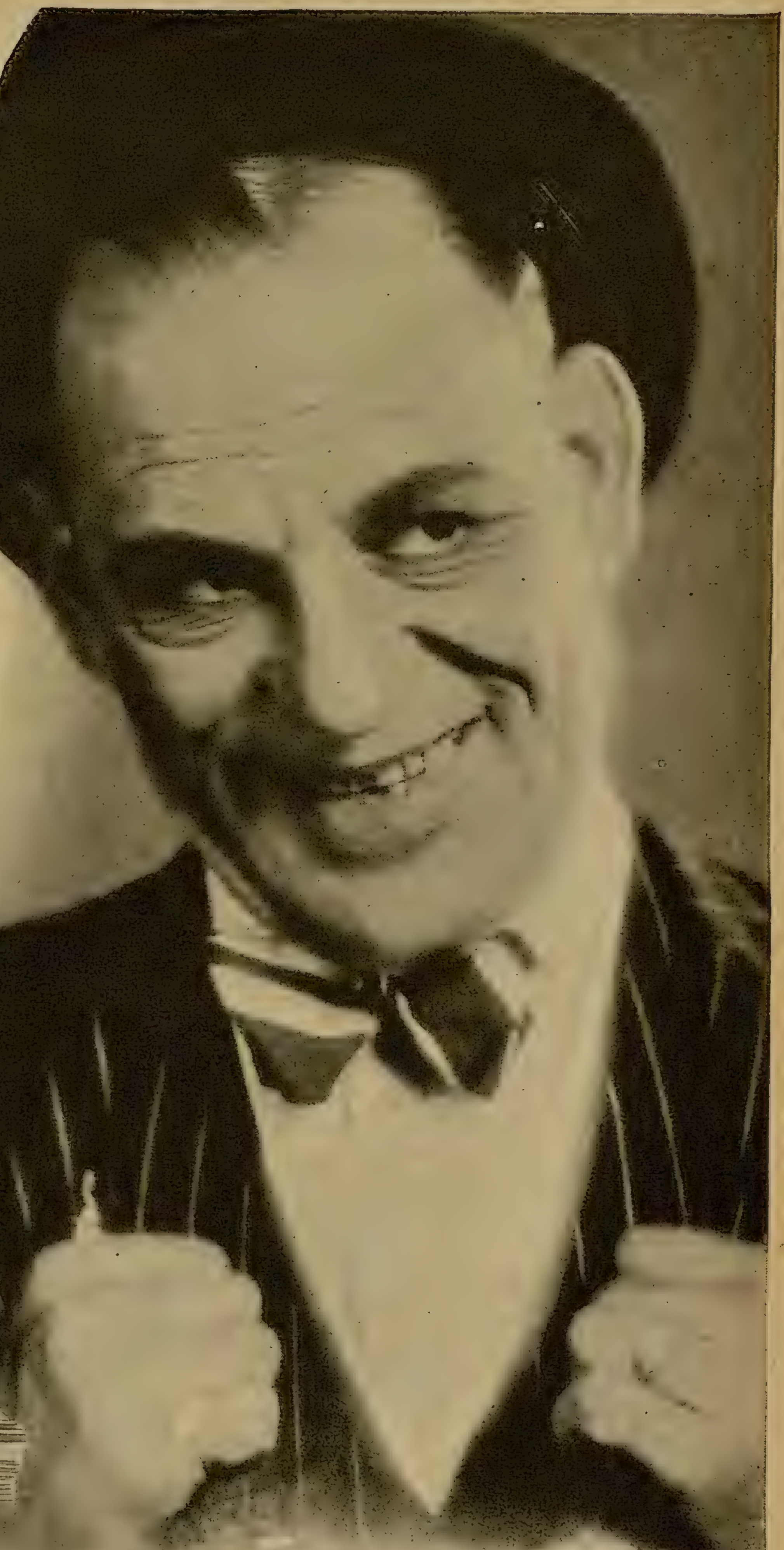
Lon made his clothes. There was one little blue suit, with an Eton jacket, contrived from a last winter's coat of Cleva's. The young gentleman admired himself



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

Behind his comic mask his face went white. He snatched her up in his arms.

very much in this creation. The first night he wore it backstage somebody complimented him, and little Creighton said solemnly, "My dad made it for me." Poor Lon took an awful razzing on that one.



While filming The Big City Chaney used the derby he wore, and no other aids to disguise, to portray a series of characters. Here he is as the Sport.

Those were good old days, remembered by every Californian. There was Pop Fischer's show. Will King. The Ferris-Hartman troupe. The Columbia Opera Company. The Princess Theater in San Francisco and Idora Park in Oakland. The Grand Opera House and the Lyceum in Los Angeles.

Walter Catlett, Fatty Arbuckle, Texas Guinan, Blossom Seeley, Frances White, May Boley, Robert Z. Leonard, Walter de Leon, and Muggins Davis—all rotated around them. Texas Guinan wore her all-over white tights with the ostrich-feather headdress. Frances White first sang

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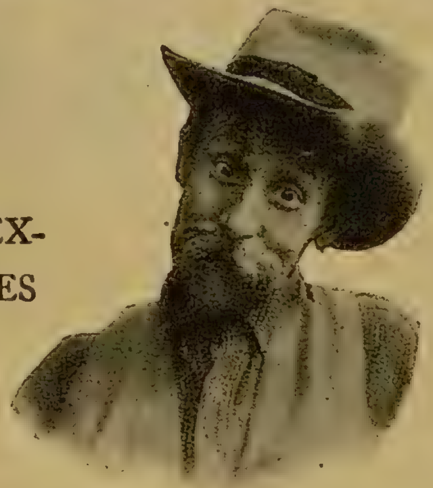

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adds another EX- *to the* EX-STORIES

A MEMBER of the cabinet resigns an' publishes a book under the headin' of "Ex-Member." A woman gits a divorce an' writes a book, callin' it "Ex-Slave." A man of mystery retires on his millions an' writes the story of his life, namin' it "Ex-Hijacker." The library shelves an' the cigar store book counter are piled with books about ex-somebody.

Well sir, Elmer Ridgway was talkin' to the clerk at the drug store. "I've read those ex-books," sez the clerk to Elmer, "till I am jest about ex-hausted. My head aches, an' I'm seein' spots before my eyes, an' I'll have to git myself some glasses I ex-pect."

"Maybe it ain't your eyes," sez Elmer, pointin' to some little blue tin boxes of chocolate tablets behind the counter an' sez, "Try some of your own goods an' maybe you'll feel *ex*-try good."

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ISN'T it gratifying to know that the laxative you take has the weight of medical approval behind it?

"Those little chocolate tablets"—called Ex-Lax—are great favorites with doctors. They know that Ex-Lax is simply pure chocolate, combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way with the scientific ingredient, phenolphthalein, of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

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[LON CHANEY
Continued from page twenty-nine]

Alexander's Rag Time Band. Blossom Seeley crooned Barbary Coast blues. The great Catlett hoofed and sang and pulled gags he was later to use before the royal family of England.

It was in that same Princess company that a little girl named Hazel Hastings, just out of the convent, made her first appearance on any stage. No one noticed her much. Just one of the chorus. In time she was to play the most important rôle in the life of the man who of all that group was to become the most famous.

You could have gotten a thousand to one at that time that Lon Chaney would never rise above the ranks.

He showed nothing out of the ordinary. They didn't realize that his shrewd, practical mind was absorbing every detail of stagecraft, every trick of showmanship, all the technique of comedy which anyone in any of those companies knew. He was studying the stage methods of the enormously popular Kolb and Dill, ranked for years as the Weber and Fields of the west. When he wasn't busy he was hanging around Catlett's dressing room, watching Catlett make up.

With Kolb and Dill he made his first make-up experiment. It didn't do so well, either.

Chaney was playing a small comedy bit which called for a beard. But the finances of the company were low, as usual, and Kolb and Dill laughed heartily at the idea of spending any money to buy a beard for a bum second comic.

THE man who was to become the great make-up artist of the screen refused to be stumped. The Chaneys had a very small, very cheap apartment out near Larkin Street and one of the ornaments was an Angora rug. It was already slightly the worse for wear, but when Lon got through with it a severe attack of mange might best have explained its aspect. Having constructed a beard from the pluckings, Lon bought some drugstore dye and dipped it. But while he was a good hoofer and a pretty fair dressmaker, as a dyer he was a flop.

He appeared that night before the footlights with a slightly demented sunset hanging to his lower jaw. Kolb, who was on the stage at the time of Lon's entrance, let out a squawk of mingled rage and amazement, while the paid customers whooped. That beard nearly cost Lon his job.

Lon always looked down on people in pictures who knew nothing of the arts which the theater has been developing for centuries.

A two-gun Chaney in While the City Sleeps.

One day, after the talkies arrived, a big musical revue was in production on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. The director was holding up a lot of extras and wasting expensive hours trying to figure out a gag. The idea was to have the silk hats of the chorus men leave their heads by several inches without visible support. Camera experts had been summoned. Mechanical geniuses who could devise means for photographing the parting of the Red Sea were giving their best. Expense was no object. They couldn't seem to figure it out.

LON CHANEY strolled on the set. He was always around on some set when he wasn't on his own. Like a gunman going to Chicago for his vacation. Lon stood around bulling with the stage hands, watching pictures in the making. No one ever noticed him; visitors never recognized him.

The terrible dilemma was explained to him.

"Get a series of flats," said Lon wearily to the assistant director.

They got the big square canvas frames which are called flats.

"Attach invisible wires to them and tie those through the hats. When you're ready have your men up above lift the flats. Hell, any bum stage hand in vaudeville could have told you that!" And he strolled off.

As time went on in those early days, Cleva Creighton had more success than her husband. Lon yearned to act. He adored comedy. A clown at heart and at home. Little Creighton would sit up in the middle of the bed and beat time on the covers while Lon invented gags and eccentric steps.

But he was held back by the fact that he was more valuable backstage than anywhere else. A handy man. Anybody could play bum comics.

Cleva's real success was in the cabarets, the famous old cafés of San Francisco.

I find a lot of people remember her when she sang at the Portola, at

Techau's Tavern, at Tait's. There was one evening gown she wore in which she looked particularly stunning. Nobody dreamed that her young husband had made it for her out of an old stage wrap, a lace table cover, and the black velvet from a winter hat. There was another one she wore later at the Bristol in Los Angeles, where I heard her sing. Lon did some hoofing on that same bill. The gown was a white princesse with a turquoise blue lining. A Lon Chaney creation.

The whole thing was somehow like a cheap carnival. Merry, mad, and perilous. Grease paint and footlights. Night turned into day, day into night. Laughter and applause. Trains caught at all hours. Nothing permanent. Swift intimacies and sudden partings. Changing backgrounds. Stone-broke one week, flush the next.

How few of the marriages of that day lasted! Bob Leonard, later the husband of Mae Murray and now of Gertrude Olmstead, was married to a quiet girl named Lillian Leighton. Fatty was married to Minta Durfee. During a run at the Princess Walter Catlett married a pretty chorus girl, who has been separated from him for years. Dill and his wife are divorced. Texas, Frances White—they've changed husbands.

And for the young Chaneys a dark tide began to flow beneath the funny tinsel of the carnival setting.

The heavy in that little family of three, who lived so swiftly, laughed so much, worked so hard, was the heavy who has appeared on the divorce bill of many a family disaster. Old John Barleycorn himself.

"DON'T be hard on Cleva," said John Chaney, the older brother, when we talked of it. "The whole set-up was wrong for domestic happiness. Cleva had just one fault. Except for that she was a good girl. Why, they brought our kid brother, George, out from Colorado Springs and she looked after him like a mother. He thought the world of her and still does.

"You know, Lon wasn't an angel in those days himself. Nervous, high-strung, worried half to death all the time about money, with a pretty nasty temper. Time hadn't softened him yet. He had strength. Strength that came from his mother and father, who were the salt of the earth. Only, Lon never did develop any tolerance for or understanding of the weaknesses of others. It's a fault strong people often have."

Cleva Creighton was a girl who should never have taken a drink. I have known a lot of them. Perhaps you have. As far as I can find out, since prohibition there seem to be one or two in every family and nine or ten in every social group. There may be women who can drink with dignity and self-control. This big Irish girl from Oklahoma wasn't one of them.

If there is such a thing as an inherited thirst, Cleva Creighton was a victim of it.

There was a fever in her blood.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

TOUGH BEARD?

MENNEN

IS MADE *specially* FOR YOU!

ARE *YOU* one, too? One of those morning martyrs who has to shave a tough beard over a tender skin?

All right—now listen! There's one shaving cream specifically made for you: that cream is Mennen.

It contains specially processed *tristearin* $(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3C_3H_5$. That's the ingredient which builds "tough beard" lather—lather that can wilt the wiriest whiskers and tame the spikiest stubble. Your razor has less work to do. Your blade cuts clean. You get *comfort* with your shave.

While You Shave — A Cleansing Treatment! Mennen lather penetrates into the pores and there softens the embedded dirt and grease deposits. As you wash away the lather, you flush out the pores. Thus, Mennen lather helps you to keep your skin free from pimples, blackheads and other skin ailments.

• • •

P. S. *After the shave — Mennen Talcum for Men. Doesn't show. Protects the skin. Removes face shine. Great after a bath, too.*

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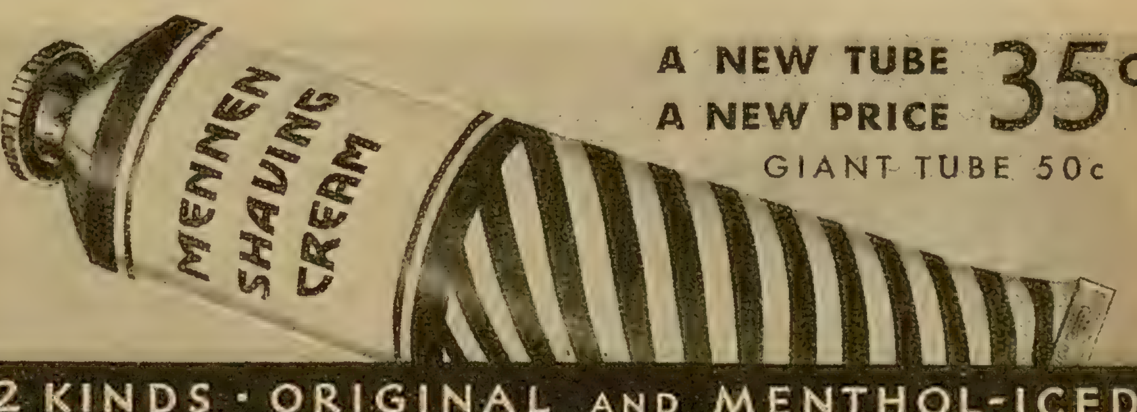
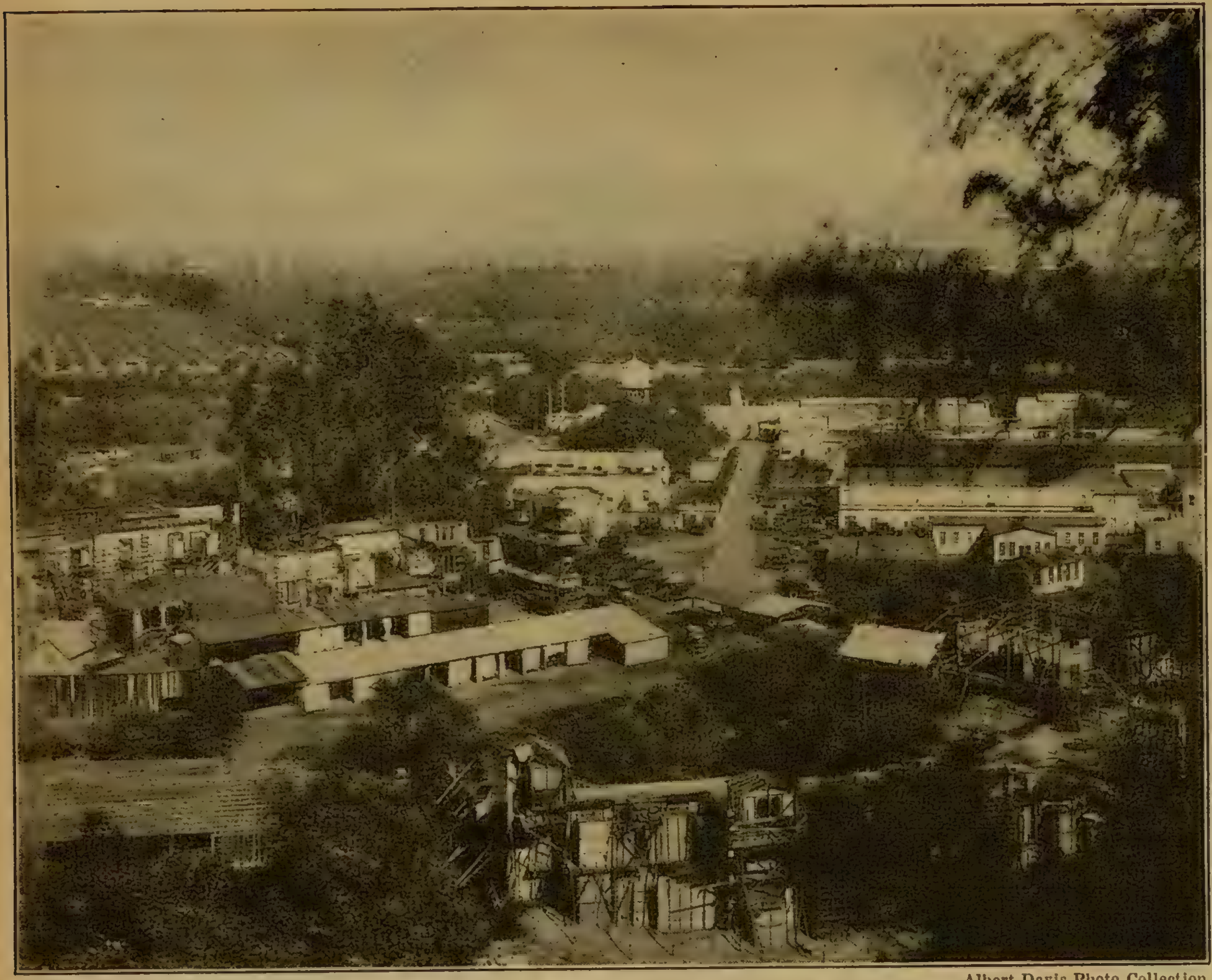


2 KINDS · ORIGINAL AND MENTHOL-ICED



Albert Davis Photo Collection

Universal City, where Lon Chaney worked as an extra for three dollars a day—when he could get it—at the beginning of his career in the movies.

LON CHANEY
Continued from page thirty-one

Cleva Creighton admits it. She never drinks now. You cannot drink and carry heavily loaded trays in the dining room of a Pasadena hotel. You cannot drink and cook three meals a day for forty-five ranch hands.

But then she was hail fellow well met with the gang around the theater. Not the best atmosphere for a girl who couldn't handle her liquor.

She tried. Fought many a battle and lost. When she was herself, she was a devoted mother. Everyone in those old days remembers her adoration for the little boy and his for her. When she wasn't herself, Lon worked and took care of the kid, and grew hard and bitter.

As Cleva booted chance after chance in her work, his fury grew. He'd come home from his stage clowning to find the old tragedy waiting for him.

In its train drink brought the things it always brings to those who can't handle it. Terrible quarrels, with unforgivable things said on both sides. Jealousies. Raw nerves. Days of melancholy. Passionate reconciliations that were worse than the quarrels.

Tied together in one room, the storms beat them down, and Lon went back to his work white and exhausted, to clown once more before an audience who saw only a little man with a bulbous nose and a funny hat, or a hoofer twinkling his toes in time to gay music.

AT heart Lon was and always remained a puritan. A tough guy with a hard-boiled surface, his moral color sense was limited to black and white. He could cuss like a marine and scrap like one, too. Take a quart of whisky at a sitting and never show it. But like most men of his type he believed in custom, convention, and inherent decency. The easy modern viewpoint disgusted him. Dirty stories were absolutely taboo.

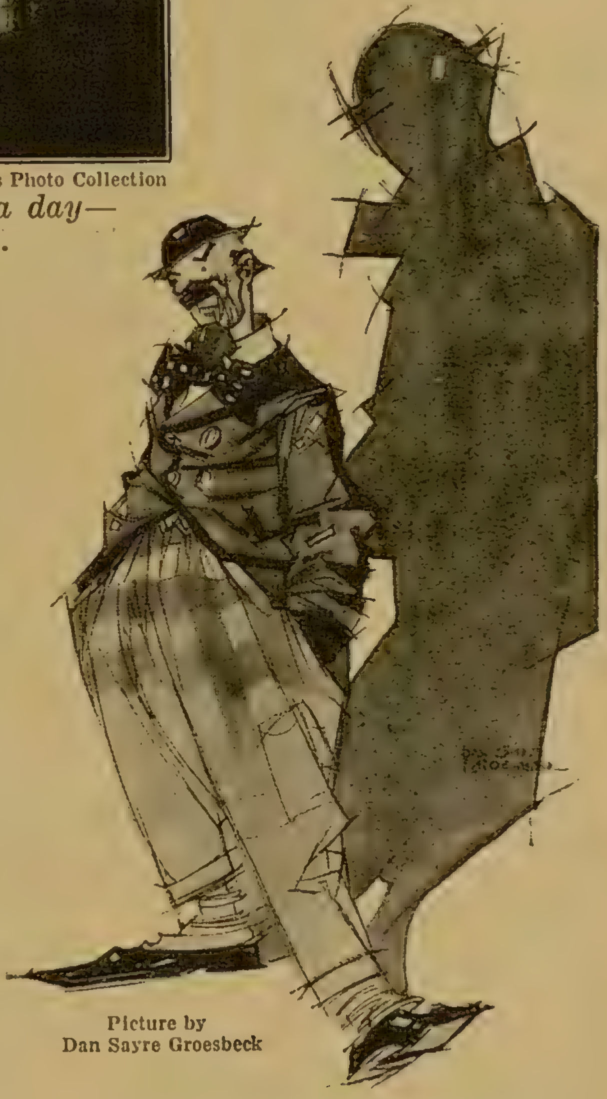
When he had become a great star, he happened to be in the Western Costuming Company one day picking out some wardrobe. Across the room was a man whom he had been with in a musical show when Lon was a prop boy.

The actor had made good on Broadway in a big way. He spoke to Chaney heartily, and got a cold chill that was nobody's business.

Burning up, he ramped across and said, "Hey, listen, Chaney, how do you get like that? I know you're a big star now, but you needn't put on any tiaras for me. I'm a big shot myself and I knew you when you were on the goof squad. What's the idea of the Byrd expedition you're giving me?"

LON looked at him steadily.

"I'm not high-hat," he said quietly. "But I don't like you, and I don't like the things you do. You're rotten. You're not a man who lives decently and I don't want anything to do with you. Get that straight."



Picture by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

Chaney as a stage clown in his younger days.

The stage star had a reputation as a rough-and-tumble fighter of no mean ability and Chaney knew it. They eyed each other a moment. There was no scrap.

His yearning for a good, respectable, middle-class home survived everything. He never had it with Cleva. They lived on a merry-go-round.

The wife was madly jealous. Most women are when they love a man. Probably she was wrong. But the theater was full of pretty girls, young girls, girls who could dance. They liked the quick-moving, good-looking, hard-boiled stage manager who yelled at them when they were wrong and grinned approvingly when they were right. They clustered about him and there was much of that free-and-easy kidding which goes on in a theatrical troupe.

A girl wrote him a mash note. Cleva found it. The uproar was appalling.

In the cabarets where she sang there were men, men, men, who drank and cheered and expected the handsome young singer to sit at the tables and "crack a bottle of wine" with them. To be a favorite, you were expected to play up to the customers. Kid them along.

The April stars must have been wrong for Chaney.

April always made plenty of showers for Lon.

On April 29, 1913, the Los Angeles Herald carried a picture of Cleva Creighton and a story which said:

> Cleva Creighton has returned from San Francisco, where she has been the furor of the cabaret shows, and only comes to Los Angeles because of the fact that her husband, Lon Chaney, comedian, is here with Kolb and Dill for a short engagement.

The truth was that Lon had been out of work for some time, and Cleva had gone first to Porterville to sing in a picture house, later back to San Francisco. Finally Lon caught on as stage manager for Kolb and Dill.

When she arrived, he expected soon to go on the road with the show and leave her and the boy in Los Angeles, where she could go on singing at Brink's. There was a girl in that show of whom Cleva was wildly jealous. While she was away, Lon had taken the girl out to dinner. Nothing could make Cleva's green eyes see that he had taken her only because she was kind to little Creighton.

"You're crazy," said Lon briefly. "Behave yourself. She was decent to me and helped with the kid. We can't afford to give up a couple of good jobs because you've got bats in your belfry."

ON the night of April 30 Cleva Creighton finished her dinner-time show at the old Brink's Café where the night life of Los Angeles congregated. Above the clatter of dishes, the hum of laughter, the golden voice rose in the cheap sentiment of that old song, The Curse of an Aching Heart. Somehow the crowd stilled before a passion that lifted the trash into real music.

Then she walked over to the Majestic Theater, where Kolb and Dill were playing. Brooding, jealous, utterly bewildered, she stood in the wings and watched Lon.

Lon laughed and clowned and kicked somebody in the stomach and got knocked down by a paddle on the seat of his pants. The audience roared.

Cleva Chaney threw back her head and swallowed the little tablets that were to take her away forever from the welter and horror of living. I think a woman has to be pretty unhappy, pretty well licked by life, before she desires to leave it. Right or wrong, your heart must ache beyond bearing before you try to stop it with your own hand.

The clown rushed off. Laughter pelted him. A soft body rolled at his feet. Behind his comic mask his face went white.

He snatched her up in his arms. Someone phoned for an ambulance.

All night long the doctors fought for her life, while she—so the newspaper men wrote the next day—"called continually for her little boy."

Sordid, tawdry little tragedy. No class. Common as—as Street Scene. Cabaret singer and clown. The hoofer

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"That child looks half-starved" I heard them say

People pitied my boy he was so thin....

but now he is the huskiest youngster in the neighborhood

"ONLY a mother will understand how I felt when I overheard two women pitying my little boy. '*How thin he is*' I heard them say. '*Why, that child looks half-starved!*'

"I was mortified . . . but what they said was true. Arthur was so thin, his legs were like broomsticks.

"Yet no matter how I stuffed him with food, he couldn't gain an ounce. It was not until I began mixing Cocomalt with his milk that Arthur began to put on weight. He liked it so much better than plain milk that he drank almost twice as much . . . and the extra nourishment began to fill him out at once.

"He's a real little man now—12 pounds heavier—and getting to be the huskiest youngster in the neighborhood. I'm so proud of him!"

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Thousands of mothers tell us virtually the same story.

Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk, almost doubling the food value of every glass your child drinks. It provides extra body-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals. Doctors recommend this rich, creamy, chocolate flavor food drink as part of every growing child's diet.

The urgent need for Vitamin D

Cocomalt contains Vitamin D—the same element produced by summer sunshine. This vitamin helps to prevent rickets and to build strong bones, sound teeth.

Special trial offer —send coupon

Cocomalt comes in powder form, ready to mix with milk. ½ lb., 1 lb., and 5 lb. family size. High in food value, low in cost. At grocers and drug stores. Or mail coupon and 10c (to cover cost of packing and mailing), for trial can—enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink Cocomalt is!

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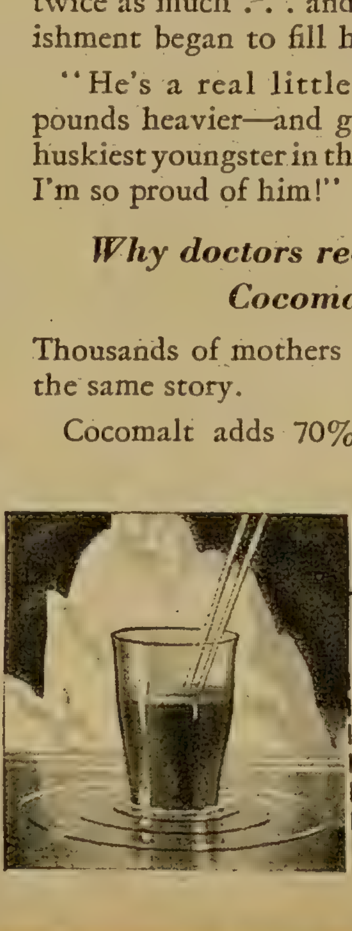

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$100 Cash

100 PRIZES TO SMOKERS

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These are good reasons. We want *yours*. For the best hundred reasons, we will award these

100 PRIZES!

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$75
Third Prize	$50
Fourth Prize	$25
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11th to 50th . . .	each $5
51st to 100th	Library package of 100 Marlboro Cigarettes.

NO conditions. Write in your own words your reasons for progressing ... developing ... graduating to Marlboros. Not more than 50 words.

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MARLBORO
Mild as May

A CIGARETTE FOR THOSE WHO AFFORD 20c FOR THE BEST

LON CHANEY
Continued from page thirty-three

and the entertainer. The Curse of an Aching Heart—and a kick in the pants. Just another fool woman for the doctor to battle over wearily. Just another story to flame its cheap tale across the last edition and go to molder in the morgue of newspaper files where so many tragedies and scandals and heroisms lie buried.

Who could know that this man would one day play his rôle of the tragic clown for millions of people to see and applaud?

Cleva got well, but it was the end. Lon had had enough. He was fed to the teeth with the whole business. Her attempted suicide had wakened in him no sympathy. The weak gesture of a quitter. That was the way Chaney saw it.

Besides, he had found a letter, a silly, characteristic letter, which poor Cleva had written to a man in Porterville:

> MY DEAREST BOY: Creighton is in the bathtub. I am in my nightgown. Going to play at Clune's, 5th and Main. Gee, honey, you don't know how sick I am of work. I don't know what is the matter with me. The doctor says I have lost control of my nerves. I am taking medicine all the time. Well, Don, I must close and wash the baby. Yours all the time with love, CLEVA.

A pitiful letter. But a terrible one for Lon Chaney.

They separated, and she took the boy with her when she went to sing in a ten-cent movie house in San Bernardino. But once there the real consequences of her mad moment caught up with her. The poison had burned her vocal chords beyond redemption. She tried and tried, but she was never to sing again.

She sent for Lon and gave little Creighton into his father's keeping.

What else could she do? She had no money, no job, no friends. A woman alone, under a curse. Gangrene set in in the injured throat, but death refused her pleas. She was to fight it out here.

ON December 19, 1913, Lon Chaney filed suit for divorce from Cleva Creighton Chaney in the Superior Court of Los Angeles County.

He struck hard, ruthlessly, for all time. He wanted custody of that boy, for always. He was through. He'd given Cleva chance after chance. Now he'd use the surgeon's knife, cut his life loose and the boy's life, too.

The complaint alleged habitual intemperance and named another man, a bartender. The woman was paying a price to drown her sorrows.

No cross complaint was filed and the suit went undefended.

Acme photo

The old Majestic Theater in Los Angeles, where Chaney's first wife attempted suicide.

From the day in May when she and Lon separated, from the day when she gave the boy to his father, Cleva Chaney had gone her own way.

"I knew he would be better with his father," she told me. "I couldn't earn a living for him. Lon was a good man. Hard, but good. I knew he could do better for the boy's future than I could. I was—very unhappy. I didn't know much about anything when I married Lon. Things came too fast. I don't think I realized then that my boy was gone for good. I was so ill and miserable and I hated myself so. Perhaps it's all better as it is. Look at what Lon has done for my boy. He's happy, he's a fine man, respected by everyone. I—I'd like to see Creighton's little boys. I've never seen them. But I manage to go on. Lon meant well, but he shouldn't have hated me like he did. I've paid for being an ignorant fool."

SHE smoothed down her clean gingham dress and looked at me with clear blue eyes.

"Life can be pretty cruel, can't it? I never envied Lon his success. He worked hard for it. Harder than most. I never felt bitter about what I'd thrown away in my youth, all his success and money. Only I miss my boy. I pray for him every morning and every night. Sometimes when I'm so tired I think I can't take another step, I think about him and how glad I am life has been kind to him. Maybe some day he'll know I let him go because I thought it was best for him. A woman can stand almost anything when she knows her child is all right. He was—a cunning little fellow, wasn't he?"

She held out a picture of the three of them. A clean-cut young man, Lon Chaney without the deep lines which identified him later. A young woman with happy eyes. A handsome little boy. Her fingers touched the little face in the picture. Then she began to cry so softly—so *accustomedly*—as though tears were her daily bread.

I got up and went away. I am not wise enough to judge people. I have sons of my own. The farthest I ever get when I try to think out things like that is something about

"Judge not," and "The greatest of these is charity," and "There but for the grace of God goes—any one of us."

Probably I'm a fool. But some women get tough breaks and suffering isn't any easier to bear because you brought it on yourself. It's harder.

On April 1, 1914, Lon's thirty-first birthday, the divorce suit was heard. On April 2 the decree was granted and Lon Chaney given custody of his son. A divorce decree which dissolved the marriage of Lon Chaney and Cleva Creighton and freed them "from each and all obligations thereof."

It wasn't as simple as that. It never is. Human justice doesn't yet work miracles.

Lon never saw his first wife again.

But in that hour of divorce he wrenched himself free of his youth. And of all that youth means.

HE went through some pretty bad days. Sometime a great psychologist will write a book about the effects of a first marriage which fails. In Lon's generation, a broken marriage meant a great deal. It left behind fears which were never overcome, strange fears of being hurt, humiliated, strange complexes and inhibitions for protection.

Lon Chaney from that day to the day of his death never mentioned the name of his first wife except when he came to make his will. The people he met in later years, and who saw his second wife and handsome young son, never even knew that he had been married before. It was taboo. The locked door.

Once the blackness of hate which he felt in those days had passed under the control of his will, once his hurt pride and wounded ideals had been buried deep enough so that no casual word could uncover them, he ceased to dwell upon it.

But from that day Lon saw life through different eyes. He wanted only peace, security, safety.

A new chapter began in everything.

His married life was over.

He had lost his job with Kolb and Dill.

He didn't have a dollar in the world.

Figuratively speaking, he marched out into the middle of Hollywood Boulevard, holding Creighton's small, trusting hand in his, and said, "Hollywood, here I come."

There wasn't much joy in it. No great hope. He was past thirty. His belief that life was something wonderful, something a young man could bend to his will, was gone. He was afraid of life. From that day forward, he kept his guard up. No more unexpected socks on the chin for Chaney.

All he asked or hoped was to make a living for himself and his son. To have, some day, a decent little home. Maybe to have some money soaked away in the bank, so the first of the month wouldn't be a peril, so the landlord wouldn't look like Shylock.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE OUGHT TO TAKE HER BATHTUB WITH HER...

she's a 12-Minute Girl

OH, YES—she did bathe before she left for her date. But will that keep her safe from perspiration odors? . . . No!—for *a bath protects only 12 minutes!* Imagine—only 12 minutes after a bath, our pores are again secreting odor-causing wastes.

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[LON CHANEY
Continued from page thirty-five]

When a man starts at thirty with such a fixed desire, it doesn't alter much, even if a gold mine opens at his feet. Lon never desired much more, nor took much more.

Pictures had begun to dawn upon his horizon only through the medium of picture shows. They didn't amount to much in those days—back in nineteen twelve, thirteen, fourteen. There were no great superproductions, no enormous theaters, no fabulous salaries.

Some of the boys around the theaters told Lon that there was a chance in the directing end for a man with stage experience. Lon was sick of the uncertainty, the impermanence of his footlight existence. Now that he was both father and mother to his boy, something had to be done about it. With his background of all angles in the theater maybe he could click in pictures.

With cold determination he set out to wrest a living from the movies. At least he could stay in one place and not have to cart the boy around with show people. The southern California climate was good for kids.

He put the boy in a private home, run by a Mrs. Coots, where the children of divorce and disaster found food and care for a small sum per week. The house was somewhere out near Slauson and Moneta, now the heart of the industrial district.

LON looked at the boy a long moment. "Be a man, kid," he said.

Today the road to Universal City, five miles beyond Hollywood, is paved as wide as Michigan Boulevard. Busses carry extras along its smooth surfaces to the Universal Studios and to First National, just around a corner of the Hollywood hills.

In nineteen fourteen things were different.

The first time Lon Chaney went to Universal City he walked.

If he had known that a few years later he was to travel that road for twenty-five hundred dollars a week, the walk might not have been so long and trying. The bright future was veiled and it seemed plenty long. Nor did it grow shorter as the weeks went by.

Many times he walked it twice a day. Three dollars a day as an extra—when you get it—isn't a great deal if there is board and room to pay for a youngster. A man must eat if he is to work. Every nickel counted. Every nickel counted with Lon for so long that he never got over it.

He could give away money, but he never learned to spend it as spending goes nowadays. In Hollywood they called him the star who lived like a clerk. He died worth over a million dollars. Some of those who used to laugh at his frugality, his simple habits and conservative living, will probably die broke. Not that it matters much either way to them after they are gone.

IF, as many who watched him from the side lines used to say, Lon Chaney never got but a dollar's worth of fun out of every thousand he earned, it was due to the impress of those early struggles. He was building a fortress for an old age he was never to enjoy.

There is a thing never to be forgotten about Chaney. He was a workman. He came of working people. He loved work. The great majority of picture stars—Mary Pickford is the one exception I would make—work toward leisure. They all intend to buy islands in the Pacific or yachts on the Mediterranean. In fact, if all goes well, the Mediterranean will be populated exclusively by retired motion-picture stars in another ten years.

Chaney wasn't having any of that, ever.

He had bred in him the conviction that work was an essential part of existence, not a means to an end. A conviction that seems to be fast dying out. Without work, he wouldn't have had the faintest notion what to do with his life.

The story of Chaney as a director, the birth of his "great idea," and his second marriage will be told next week.

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The Lucky Stiff

A Short Short Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 45 sec.)

By

REX REGAN

the wife of a New York advertising man, who has herself done considerable writing, much of it about Broadway. She comes from Boston, has a way of departing on an hour's notice for places like Monte Carlo or Nicaragua, and is equally at home in Paris and New York.

"IT looks like I was out of a job," Bob Blake said.

"Well, you see, Bob," the older man said earnestly, "this Uruguay bridge is the only new job we've got and Tom needs it more than you; his wife is going to have a baby."

Bob shrugged his shoulders resignedly. "I guess he has to have the job."

Cartwright smiled relievedly. "You're a lucky stiff, after all. The Uruguay climate is terrible. And you bachelors can afford to take a vacation while we poor slobs have to stick on at cut-rate pay."

Bob escaped before he should make some snappy comeback. Bachelors! Why did supporting a sister seem less than supporting a wife?

He'd been saving for two years so that he could feel the right to ask Ann Lessing to share his life. And Ann wasn't the sort who could understand anyone not taking what he wanted, regardless.

He got into his car and kicked the starter impatiently. Well, that was off, now.

The lights were changing as he struck the crosswalk. He could have stopped in a screeching and grinding of brakes. But he didn't.

Out of a chaos of buzzing noises he caught one phrase before he sank into complete oblivion.

He woke up to its reiteration the next morning and found himself looking into the face of the family lawyer.

"Well, you had a break that time, Bob," he said. "No bones broken and your car insured and Dobbs is willing not to sue you. Think how lucky you are." Bob turned his bruised body exasperatedly. The lawyer left before he could frame an adequate reply.

His sister Betty came in carrying a tray of milk toast. Bob glowered at it.

"Now, now!" Betty said soothingly. "Don't look so ferocious. You're lucky that you're able to eat anything."

"Yeah," he said.

"And, Bob, dear," she went on, "isn't it grand we have a home? Brother Charlie is out of a job and he telephoned to ask if he could send Mildred and the children to us for a while until he got on his feet."

Bob laid down his spoon, exasperated.

"Half of his last year's liquor bill would keep—"

"Bob!" Betty's scandalized eyes were accusing him.

"Oh, well!" Bob said. "I suppose you told them to come."

"Of course," Betty said in a hurt voice. "I thought you'd want me to."

HE looked at her, tight-lipped. "I haven't any job, either," he said.

"But, honey, think how lucky you are that you've been able to save—"

"I haven't been able to save. I've denied myself—"

"Don't be querulous just because you're laid up," Betty said lightly.

The gloom occasioned by her cheery departure was broken by a booming voice.

"Hey, there, you lucky stiff!" Jim breezed into the room. "Lying here surrounded by roses while we toil."

Jim pulled up a chair. "And you missed a lousy party at the club last night, too. I took Ann Lessing or I wouldn't have had a break at all."

"You took Ann?"

"Sure. We left at eleven and took a drive. Gad, there's a girl what craves action."

Jim was blissfully blind to the glare in Bob's eyes.

"Thought I'd drop in and cheer you up. Not that you need it, you lucky stiff. Should have been a handsome corpse. Maynard passed a light a week ago and it was lights out for him. But you always were—" Bob sat upright. His muscles were no longer sore. In a flying tackle he leaped upon his visitor and battered him gleefully about his grinning mouth. Not until the shock of surprise had passed was Jim able to grab the flying arms.

"My God, man!" Jim panted. "You're delirious."

Bob's swollen muscles suddenly reclaimed their right to torture him. He relaxed in Jim's strong arms and was lifted into the bed.

Jim sat down and pressed a handkerchief to his swelling mouth. Bob regarded him happily in spite of his increased pain. "You lucky stiff!" Bob said, grinning.

"Lucky! To be attacked by a madman!" Jim blurted.

"Another fellow that was attacked by a madman had slow music the next day," Bob soothed. "Think what a break you got!"

Jim stared at him and stood up slowly. "You sure are a grateful cuss when a fellow comes in to brighten up the sick room."

"And how you brightened it," Bob agreed cheerfully. "Everyone you see is going to tell you how lucky you were I didn't break your neck. And won't you be pleased?"

"You've got a grand sense of humor," Jim said, striding out of the room.

BOB felt better now. Truculently he reached for the telephone. "Yes, Ann, I want you to come over, and be quick about it. I've got something that has to be said," he told her. Craved action, did she?

She came in, bewildered at his sudden audacity.

"You poor kid," she said. "What rotten luck!"

He looked up in surprise. "Say that again," he commanded.

"Just a beastly outrage, getting smashed up like that," she said.

"You don't think I'm a lucky stiff that my bones aren't all smashed, that I'm not going to get sued, and that the sheriff has to wait before he puts me on the sidewalk?"

Ann looked at him apprehensively.

"Don't get frightened, baby," he said. "I'm not delirious. I've just come to my senses. I don't know when I'm going to get another job. I don't know how long the money I've saved is going to take care of the whole damned family, but one more isn't going to sink me. Is tomorrow too soon to get married?"

"How did you happen to think of that after all these years?" she asked, but she came perilously near him.

"Just because I'm a lucky stiff," he said.

Ann straightened up guiltily as Betty rushed in.

"You'd better hurry and get well," Betty said crisply. "Cartwright phoned that Tom can't risk his wife's health in Uruguay. They're going home to her folks."

"I think Uruguay would be exciting," Ann said blandly.

"It's a rotten climate," Bob said solemnly, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Still I think it's fierce luck you have to go away down there," Betty said.

"People have the damnedest ideas what constitutes luck," Bob said.

THE END

Just Kids

A Fine Entertainment by and for Children, and Some Other Pictures

Reviewed by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

This siren of the South Seas is Reri, the heroine in Tabu.

Richard Barthelmess and Fay Wray in The Finger Points.

SKIPPY

★ ★ ★ (for Adults)
★ ★ ★ ★ (for Children)

CAST

Skippy Skinner	Jackie Cooper
Sooky Wayne	Robert Coogan
Eloise	Mitzi Green
Sidney	Jackie Searl
Dr. Herbert Skinner	Willard Robertson
Mrs. Ellen Skinner	Enid Bennett
Harley Nubbins	Donald Haines
Mrs. Wayne	Helen Jerome Eddy
Dog-Catcher Nubbins	Jack Clifford
Dad Burkey	Guy Oliver

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Norman Taurog.

PERCY CROSBY'S famous cartoon character of the good little bad little boy Skippy has materialized on the screen with all the charm of the sketches retained and with an added reality and vitality that make this production perfect entertainment for children. There is a tear and a laugh in the story of the little fellow to whom shanty town was such an elegant place, while the neat, tree-lined street which contained his own home was more or less of a barren waste.

Jackie Cooper, borrowed from the ranks of Hal Roach's gang, plays the part of Skippy, and he just is Skippy, that's all. He has the same unruly lock of blond hair, the same chubby face, and his clothes are designed from the cartoon character's. You will laugh with him and cry with him and understand him when his father doesn't.

Bobby Coogan, Jackie Coogan's little brother, is an adorable pal for Skippy. He is poor little Sooky who lives in a shanty, but is blissfully unconscious of the sordidness of his surroundings. He has his beloved dog, his mother, and his pal, Skippy. What more could a fellow want? Bobby is the duplicate of Jackie Coogan at the time Jackie made his great hit with Chaplin in The Kid. He resembles him in looks and he is dressed like the Kid. He has a piping little voice that is rather babyish and wholly appealing.

Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl are both splendid in their parts.

The parents who take their children to see this picture will be amply entertained themselves by Skippy.

★ ★ ★ TABU

CAST

The Boy	Matahi
The Girl	Reri
The Old Warrior	Hitu
The Policeman	Jean
The Captain	Jules
The Chinese Trader	Kong Ah

Produced by Murnau-Flaherty.
Directed by F. W. Murnau.

The late F. W. Murnau, accompanied by R. J. Flaherty and Cameraman Floyd Crosby, made his last trip on location to the South Sea Islands equipped merely with a camera and an idea. When the three men returned to Hollywood they carried with them in their reels of film a little of the island paradise they had visited.

Murnau's idea was a simple story about the life of the primitive people who inhabit the islands at the antipodes. He induced these people to enact the story themselves, which they do in a charming, unself-conscious manner.

Jackie Cooper, Bobby Coogan, and Donald Haines in a scrappy scene from Skippy.

Joan Crawford, facing a terrifying moment in Dance, Fools, Dance.

The islands which form the background are beautifully photographed, the tropical scenery being set off in high lights and shadows. The love story has no great originality in its unfolding, but it is interestingly presented. The natives are good photographic subjects.

★ ★ THE FINGER POINTS

CAST

Breckenridge Lee	Richard Barthelmess
Marcia Collins	Fay Wray
Charles Russell	Regis Toomey
Frank Carter	Robert Elliott

Produced by First National.
Directed by John Francis Dillon.

W. R. Burnet, author of Little Cæsar, wrote this story especially for Richard Barthelmess. It is the third movie I've seen within the last month that was suggested by the story of the Chicago reporter who was killed by gangsters.

In this version Barthelmess is the reporter who turns crooked. He cuts in with the gang for keeping stories about their machinations out of the paper, and, strange as it may seem, he is able to do it. No one on the paper or in the city seems to know what is happening in gangland except this one reporter. Isn't that absurd?

There are several dramatic moments which seem real enough, but on the whole the story isn't plausible. After seeing The Front Page, which is a realistic photoplay about reporters, the direction and the dialogue of The Finger Points seem a little ridiculous.

★ ★ DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE

CAST

Bonnie	Joan Crawford
Bob	Lester Vail
Bert Scranton	Cliff Edwards
Rodney	William Bakewell
Jake Luva	Clark Gable
Della	Natalie Moorhead

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Directed by Harry Beaumont.

In spite of the fact that Dance, Fools, Dance, will hold your interest from beginning to end, you will be conscious of its inadequacies.

The story is exciting in spots and it moves along at a lively pace, but it has the same fault as The Finger Points in that it all seems made up, and not as if the events were really taking place before your eyes, as in some of the more realistic crook pictures. The director's attention seems to be taken up with keeping Miss Crawford in focus, to the neglect of the details that can make or mar a story.

It is about a society girl who takes a job on a newspaper. Her brother is enticed into the rum racket. A reporter is killed (as in The Finger Points) and the girl reporter is sent out to track down the killer. From this point on the story becomes unconvincing, so that its climax leaves you unmoved.

★ THE HOT HEIRESS

CAST

Juliette Hunter	Ona Munson
Hap Harrigan	Ben Lyon
Olly	Walter Pidgeon
Margie	Inez Courtney

Produced by First National.
Directed by Clarence Badger.

If riveting is music to the kind of
ears you've got,
Then you'll wallow in the story of the
heiress who is hot
And bothered by the bold and handsome eyes
Of the maker of that music as he teeters toward the skies.
Many a rivet is thrown and a house
party too
Before the heiress and riveter are licensed to bill and coo.
P. S.—You can judge for yourself the
quality of the fun; it's as good as
this verse—which is no better
than none.

Do you know that—

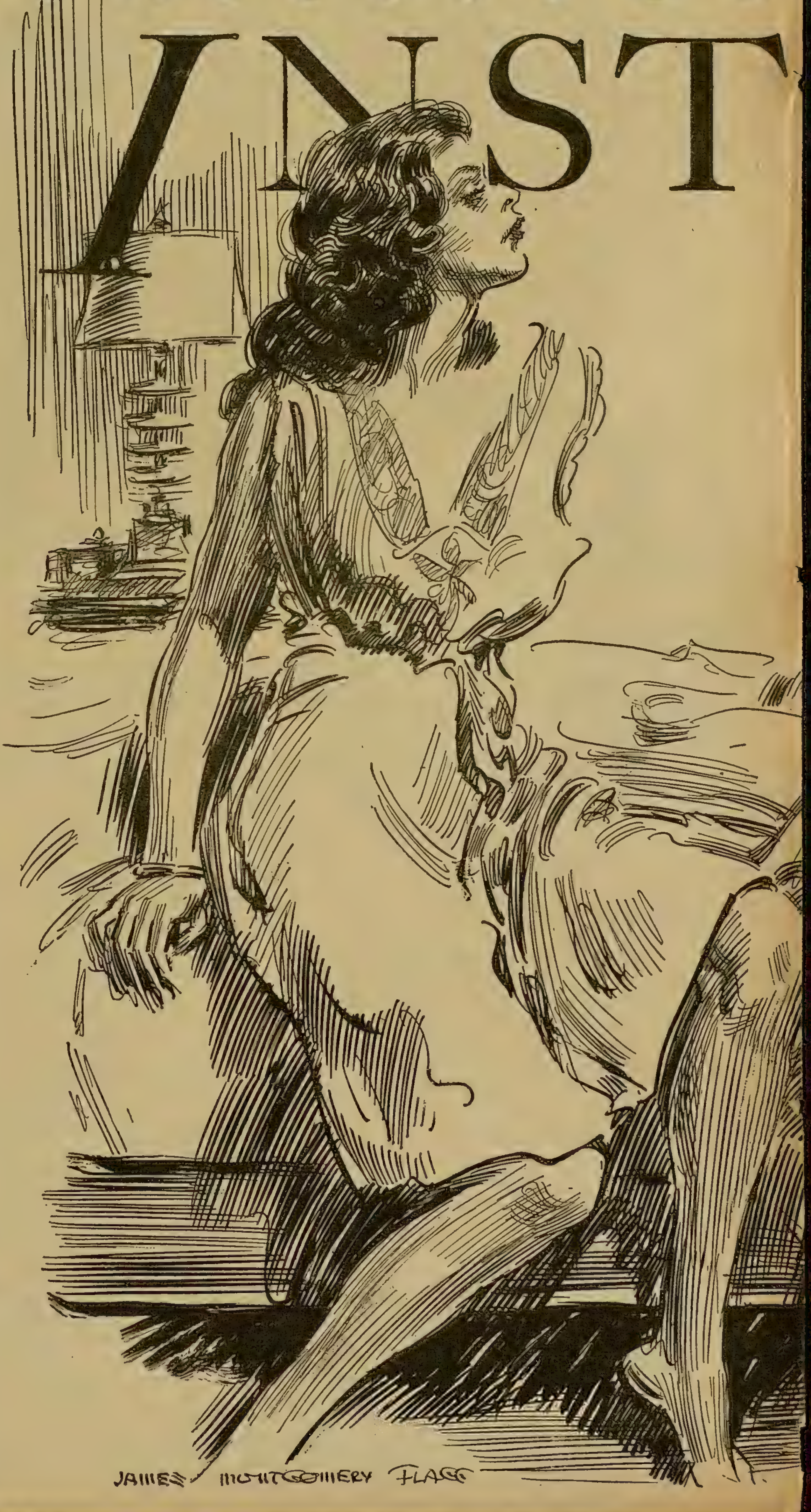
United Artists has borrowed Nancy Carroll from Paramount to play the leading rôle in the forthcoming production of Street Scene?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Front Page.

★★★—Behind Office Doors, Charlie Chan Carries On, Strangers May Kiss, Pagliacci, Dishonored, The Last Parade.

The Protective INST



A Story of Love à la Hollywood

By

FRED MACISAAC

who, although he lives in Hollywood, earns his living not from films but from fiction writing, for which he deserted dramatic criticism and concert production in New England and New York.

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 29 minutes 31 seconds.)

WE were going over the script of a film for Phyllis Gay. I mean that Claire Gates was going over the script and I was watching her blue pencil bring order out of chaos and thinking how nice it was to be a supervisor at Mammouth Films with a genius like Claire to do my work for me.

All of a sudden she dropped her pencil, swung round in her chair, and pulled a conundrum on me.

"Jim Smith," she demanded, "what's the matter with me?"

"You're oke," I assured her. "Go to work."

"I won't," she said passionately. "Jim, I'm twenty-five. I'm pretty. Why doesn't somebody fall in love with me?"

"God loves you. Finish the script."

"I'm serious," she asserted. "I've decided I need a husband."

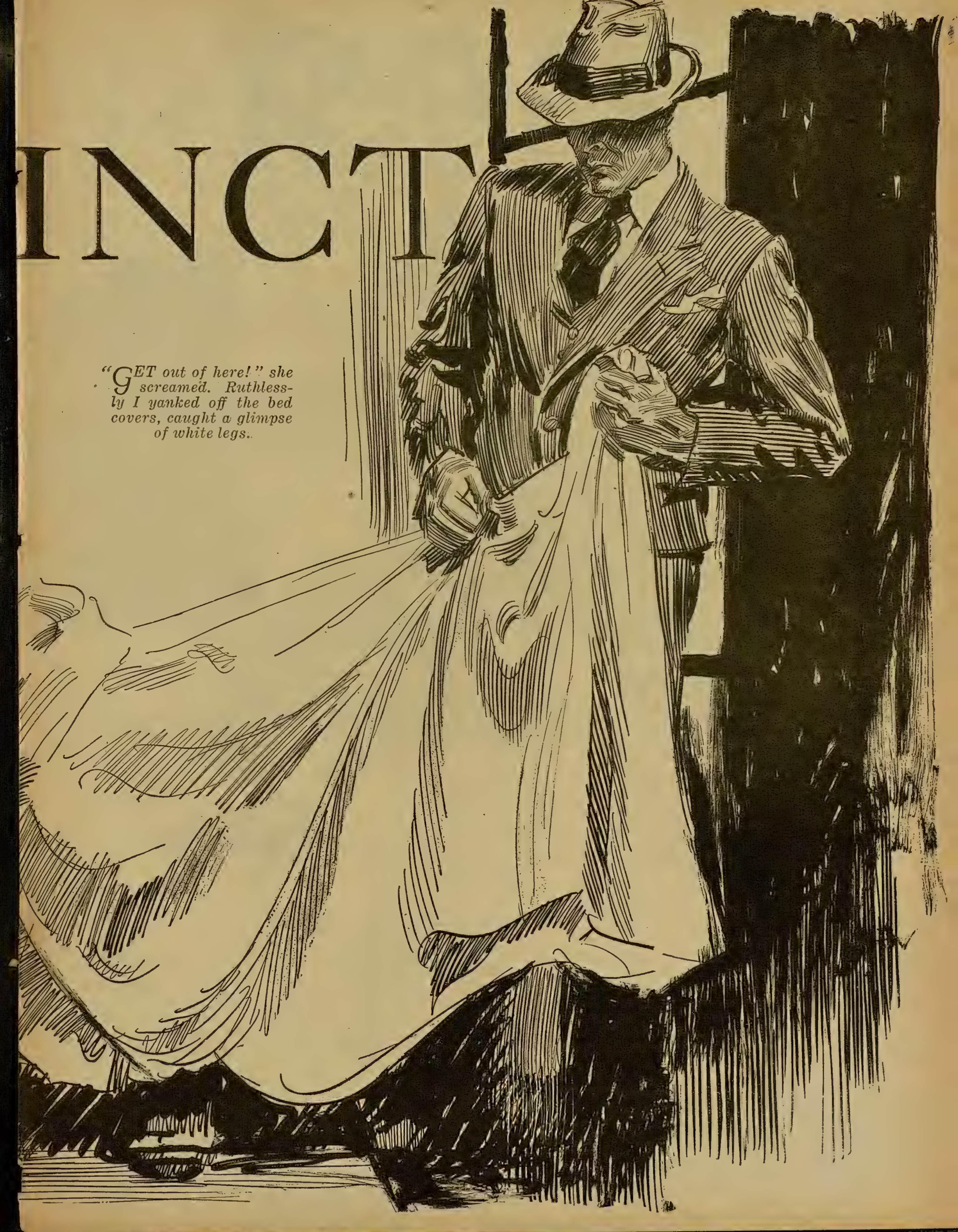
Might as well humor her. "Dexter has fifty men working on Stage Five," I said solemnly. "Go pick one out."

"Oh!" she cried angrily. "Can't you ever be serious? I'm nothing but a robot and it's time I began to live."

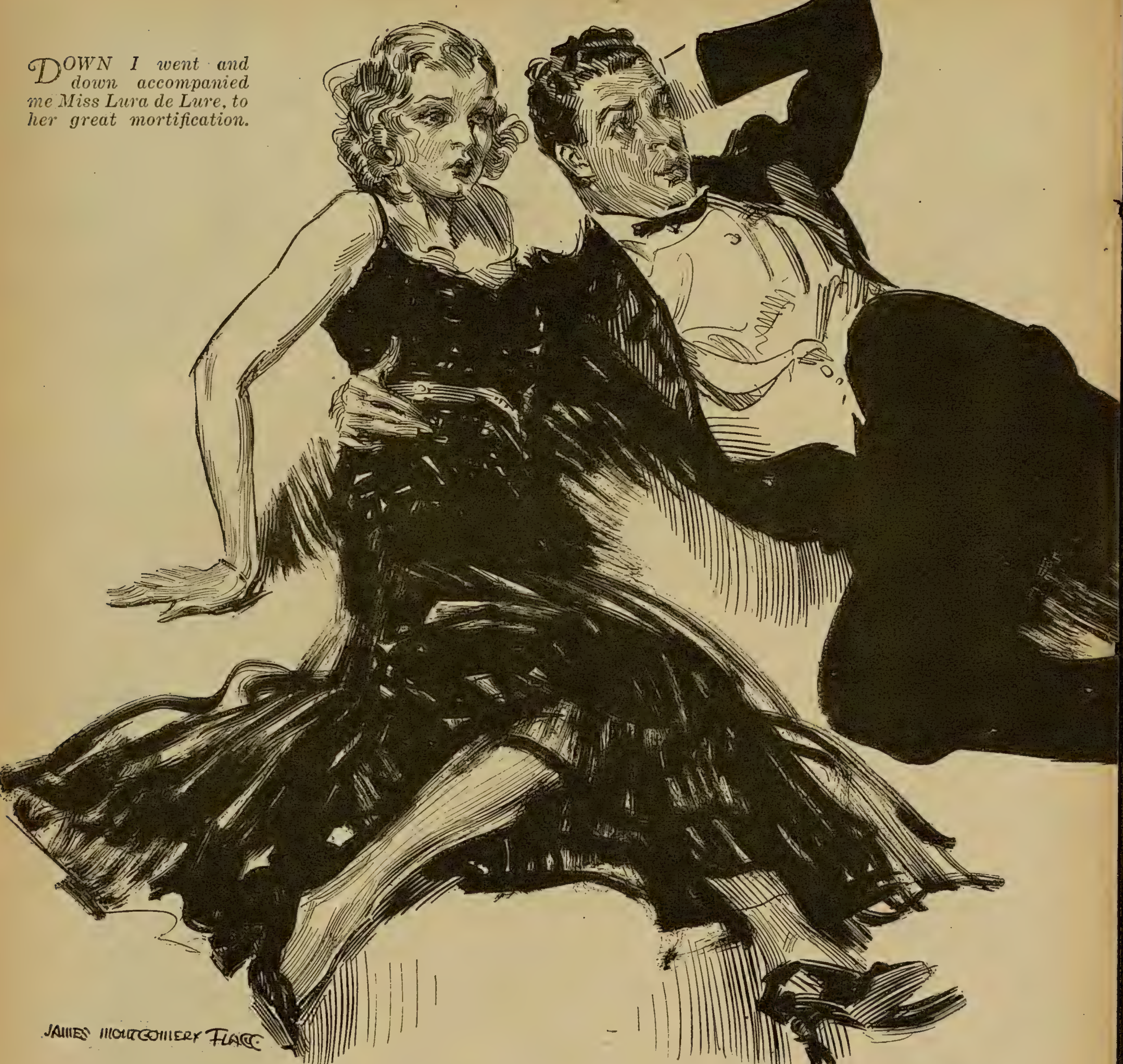
Her expression froze my grin and I looked her over critically. Usually I forgot she was anything but a smoothly functioning sixteen-cylinder engine for manufacturing ideas. Claire was small and a trifle plump. Some like

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

INCT



"GET out of here!" she screamed. Ruthlessly I yanked off the bed covers, caught a glimpse of white legs.



DOWN I went and down accompanied me Miss Lura de Lure, to her great mortification.

THE PROTECTIVE INSTINCT
Continued from page forty

'em that way. I do myself. She had large brown eyes, nearsighted, so she needed the horn-rimmed spectacles which made her look owlish. Her features were good, her complexion clear. A couple of weeks on the Hollywood diet and she would have screened well. Nice teeth, very white. Cute smile. If it hadn't been for the blinkers she wouldn't have looked twenty-five.

"You robbed the safe of thirty thousand bucks last year, sister," I charged.

"I earned it, Jim."

"Mebbe. Take off them goggles, woman."

She pulled them off and smiled anxiously. I shook my head sadly.

"Even without them you are formidable. You could get married, but to what?"

"A nice man, I hope."

"Claire, angel, you've written fifty scenarios. Did the hero ever marry a highbrow?"

"I'm not a highbrow," she retorted angrily.

"There's a crisp, incisive quality to your voice which betrays intelligence. I'm afraid your only chance is to grab a derelict that needs a mother's care."

"Don't be nasty. I want to respect my husband. There is no love without admiration, Jim."

"Make a note of that nifty for dialogue purposes. Now just finish that script like a nice little nut."

She jammed on her glasses. "So," she said vindictively, "you think I couldn't get a nice man."

The unusual character of this conference had caused my cigar to go out. I lit a fresh one, crossed my legs, folded my hands on my stomach, and gazed upon her with compassion.

"Just about the time you decide a dame has sense," I stated, "she proceeds to demonstrate that she is goofy. Child, glance over our glorious industry. To whom are the clever women married? Assistant directors. Ask me why."

"Well, why?"

"Because men only fall for girls who appeal to their protective instinct. All men have it. Even I have it.

If I began to tell you of all the little girls I've helped—"

"Let's not go into that," she said disgustedly.

"Well, until recently your sex has been pretty ignorant and very helpless and ready to worship man for taking care of it. We like that. A man likes his woman to think he is marvelous. I like it myself."

She laughed and then she rolled her eyes at me.

"Jim," she said languishingly, "I think you're marvelous."

"On the contrary, you have me classified. You turn those goggles on me and penetrate to the vertebræ. You know I'm a bluff. You know I cash in on your tips at the front office. You have my number and you think it's marvelous that I get by."

"Well," she admitted, "what has my opinion got to do with your sermon on sex?"

"ABOUT the only way a femme can catch a good provider nowadays is to convince him that without him she will wither. It makes him glow to think she would freeze to death if he didn't wrap her in his blanket. On the other hand—"

"Yes, on the other hand."

"You competent hanks of hair are lacking in appeal. Take you. Do you need the arm of a strong man? Will you fold up if some football player doesn't take you under his wing, you with your thirty thousand briquets per annum and your three-hundred-a-month apartment? Are you a simple little soul? Claire, what a man requires is a wife who will believe he had only one drink."

"You are disgusting. Don't men appreciate intelligent women?"

"Not much."

"Bah! I don't believe a sensible man prefers a cluck to a bright girl."

Claire's Angora had arched its back and I chuckled enjoyably.

"Inspect our female stars," I suggested. "Is there one with a line of character on her pan? Why do these geese wear crowns? Because men adore them."

"Have I any lines in my face?" she demanded angrily.

"No-o, but I can see indications of trenches to come."

"You can't either, Jim Smith. Do you mean to tell me that you, personally, prefer a ga-ga to an intelligent wife?"

"When, and if, I marry," I said impressively, "I shall select a gosling. I shall drive up to my palace in the hills, park my brains with my Rolls-Royce, stagger into my domicile, and speak thusly:

"'Where is popsy's li'l' ootsy, gootsy glump?'

"And the little flutter will come running and shinny into my lap and gaze goofily into my eyes until I get sick of that and push her on the floor."

"You're an imbecile!" she shouted.

"I'm smart; I am."

"You don't mean a word of all that rubbish."

"Miss Gates, for no money down, I have revealed to you the secret of Sex."

"Well," she said contemptuously, "all men are not morons. I'm going to get married, and if you think I'm not serious you're in error."

"Don't be a dolt," I said, getting serious. "You'd look like a good thing to a boulevard sandwich biter. If you married one you'd have to support him, and when you divorced him he would sue you for alimony."

"I'm not a fool, but if the only

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

LIPS now stay lovely 8 *full hours*

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

You apply when you go out

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—*Kissproof or any other kind.*

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no

Eight hours later—lovely lips!

other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the NEW Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). AND—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

Lipsticks—*Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c.* Lip and Cheek Rouge—*purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.* Newest Parisian shades: *Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange.*

The NEW
Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK
Newly Discovered Formula

THE PROTECTIVE INSTINCT
Continued from page forty-three

kind of man I can get is one who needs support, I'll support him."

"Superwoman," I sneered, "oblige me by taking that script into your own office."

After she had exited haughtily with business of slamming door, I thought about her sad case and felt sorry for her. I owed her a lot, including my job.

I used to be a sports writer in Frisco and, having been canned for reasons connected with Frisco speakeasies, I drifted down south and crawled under the fence around the film business. When I hit the Hollywood asylum district it happened that they were hiring anybody who claimed to be a writer.

While I didn't know anything about fiction, I was quick to discover that neither did anybody else on the pay roll. My first break came when they were making a drive for a story to fit Howard Howe, and the supervisor, pointing a fat finger at me, ordered me to bring one in next morning.

About five years before I had seen that big fluff in a film and, for no reason, happened to remember it. In desperation I told them that story with no other expectation than lasting on the pay roll another week, but they grabbed it. And Howard Howe made it without recognizing his old sweetheart.

The thing was a box-office stuffer and it made me. Well, I got away with a lot of that hooey. My stories played well because they always had. My salary bounded up like a mountain antelope. No doubt I would have been exposed if they had not promoted me to be a supervisor, who is a person that takes stories from real authors and grabs the credit.

Sound would have sunk me, but Claire Gates arrived to replace my old secretary, and I was able to keep on going. Brother, that girl had it all. To her the encyclopedia was like Mother Goose. All the plots and situations in the world resided in her little dome.

Many a guy would have kept her as his secretary for thirty per week and squeezed her dry without ever tossing her a biscuit, but, having a conscience, I made her assistant supervisor and paid her extra for original stories. She came through like Flying Fox and in a couple of years was one of the best paid women writers in the game.

She kept her head. She pitched to me beautiful pearls of plots and I dug in deeper with the front office. The girl had a brain that snapped like a whip. She was brisk and businesslike and totally lacking in cuddle stuff. Honest, until today she had been just like another fellow. And all of a sudden this phenom had proceeded to flash on the Kliegs of sex.

I remembered that it was spring. While you can't tell the seasons apart in Hollywood, you do get a restless feeling along in April. Every year, about this time, I had a notion that it would be worth the job to burst into the front office and slam a custard pie into the pompous pan of our honored president, Mr. Moe Abramson.

IN the springtime in Hollywood the police are busy with parked but not unoccupied cars, while old ladies from Iowa and Kansas, who never knew what teems in human veins in the merry month of May, call the police station and demand that adjoining bungalows be raided.

Spring was what was perturbing Claire Gates and the thing to do was to kid her out of her obsession. I couldn't have the child getting married to one of the Handsome Harrys who infest the Brown Derby. I'd seen a lot of marriages between clever women and loafers. Mostly they worried the girls until they couldn't do decent work, and after the divorce the drooping doves could only write stories so cynical and sordid that they wouldn't do for pictures.

However, a couple of weeks slipped by and Claire seemed to be normal again. She came through with a new story for Helen Baine that was a hopper, and slipped me a darb of an idea which I dramatized for the boss and juiced him up plenty. Occasionally I made a waggish reference to her marriage bug and was testily told to flatten myself, so everything seemed to be zango.

Well, it came to pass, as old D. W. Griffith would put it, that I turned up at the Roosevelt one Monday night with a dizzy distractor named Lura de Lure, which was the best I could do at short notice. When the music struck up, this disaster was asking me if I would star her, so, to change the subject, I dragged her out upon the dance floor.

There was a steaming multitude present, because a lot of film flossies had promised to do stunts for the orchestra leader and the prospects of celebs making an exhibition of themselves had drawn a throng of cover-charge customers.

However, the congested condition of the prancitorium was no excuse for a passing Jezebel to stab me in the ribs with an elbow sharper than a serpent's tooth, so I scowled around and gazed upon a girl who faintly suggested Miss Claire Gates. She grinned at me, and it was Claire Gates.

The wretch had sent her headlights to the Forest Lawn Cemetery and had suffered eight or ten hours in a hair foundry to get her nice brown locks fluffed up. She had paid plenty for the yard of white satin that was cruelly wound around her. The figure thus displayed was surprising and most refreshing to the eyes of a lad with his arms full of blonde bones.

"My word!" I gasped, and looked up to identify her wrestling partner. To my fury I gazed upon a carbuncle who was no news to me. This was a certain Roscoe Gibson whom I had personally and profanely fired off our lot about six weeks before because he was not helpful to the film business.

GIBSON had professed to be an expert mixer, which is a prestidigitator who sits in a little box, surrounded by buttons and levers, and passes on the quality of sound and dialogue.

By pressing a little button the mixer can make a sweet voice harsh and a nasty voice soothing. He can change the tweet-tweet of a little bird into the bellow of an infuriated bull. He can, if he knows his business, amplify the squeak of a hold-over lady film star into the broad, beautiful tone of Lizzie Jeritza. This particular sea cook had turned the deep, booming voice of our heavy man into a high tenor, for which atrocity I ejected him violently from our midst.

The Moose was tall and dark with an undershot jaw and little black sideboards. He had large foolish black eyes and his eyebrows were plucked. Being long and skinny, I suppose he was a good dancer.

When I realized that my hitherto sane assistant was displaying herself in public with a freak from a side show, and dressing up for the rodent, which she had never done for me, I temporarily lost control of myself and forgot that I was participating in a ballet. I leaned toward Claire Gates to express my opinion of her picturesquely, and at that second my time killer elected to slip in a side step in that direction. Down I went upon the floor ignominiously and down accompanied me Miss Lura de Lure, to her great mortification.

When we picked ourselves up, the crowd had swallowed up the criminals. Lura beefed so much about the contretemps that I took her right home.

To trump that, one of the blackmail sheets in town insinuated next day that I was publicly and grossly intoxicated, though I was as sober as a discharged prohibition agent.

When Claire arrived in the office the next morning I sternly took her to task.

"Look here, Miss Gates," I began. "Are you losing your mind?"

"Perhaps. Though I can still keep my feet on the dance floor."

"Never mind that. With all the horseflies in Hollywood, why do you have to put up with a stingaree?"

"If you are referring to Mr. Gibson," she retorted blandly, "I consider him charming. He didn't even laugh when you were rolling over on the floor."

"Lucky for him he didn't in my hearing. Say, what can a smart girl like you see in that ex-button pusher?"

Claire took off her specs and polished them. Her hair was still wavy, by the way.

"I see that he is a person of breeding, an authority upon sound, a college graduate, and a brilliant conversationalist."

"Glory be! How long have you been going round with that wen?"

She laughed. "It's really none of your business, but I have been places with him several times."

"Well, you cut him out! See?"

"Mr. Smith," she said icily, "I am writing under your direction and that disposes of you."

"Damn it, Claire!" I pleaded. "Can't you see that he is chasing your salary?"

"I happen to be reasonably attractive, Jim Smith, and I can't see anything of the kind. I am sure I am better looking than the blonde who fell down with you last night."

"Do you suppose I am interested in her?" I yelled.

She grinned exasperatingly. "I wouldn't be surprised. You like 'em vapid."

I grinned back. "Not that much below zero."

IN a very superior manner she remarked, "I've often marveled how a man in your position can spend his time with blah babies. Let's take up the script."

"I've a good mind to make you write in a part for Lura de Lure," I threatened.

"Why not? You probably promised to do it as a quid pro quo."

"Aw, darn it, Claire, let's quit this razzing. But slip a cup of cyanide to the mixer."

"Mr. Gibson is taking me to the preview this evening," she said informatively. "Shall we see you there?"

"Not if I have to wear false whiskers and a grass skirt," I answered angrily. "Before I forget myself, what do you think of the crook sequence in the second reel?"

While the private affairs of my crew didn't disturb my slumber ordinarily, the aberration of Claire Gates gave me the itch. It came to a pass where I couldn't drop into a public place without espying, in some corner, my assistant and the scion of a hundred jackasses.

AND the girl was tossing jack to the dressmakers and encouraging masseuses to skin their knuckles upon her satin epidermis. In two weeks she lost so much weight she could have clutched a lens-and-mike job if there hadn't been more dinero in the brains department.

I devoted a lot of Moe Abramson's time to making inquiries about the retired mixer and I found that he was living in a five-dollar-a-week hotel—lots of 'em in Hollywood—and standing them up for the finif. Now, if you think pennies pay postage at the flash cafés out here, drop into one of them some night and allow the head waiter to suggest a modest little supper.

Every time I bumped into them upon the dance floor I grew so hot I scorched my partner, and it got so that if I hadn't been a supervisor I couldn't have found a blonde who would step out with me. It was evident, of course, that Claire was snatching the checks, and it was getting to a point where Roscoe would have grounds for suing for nonsupport.

The climax came when Claire came into the office with a smug smile on her face and a glittering excrescence upon her engagement finger.

"Say!" I bellowed. "Does that mean you're engaged to that baboon?"

She stamped her foot and pointed a finger at me.

"Don't you dare call Mr. Gibson a baboon!" she screamed.

I glared back at her. "I never heard of a gold-digging baboon, at that. If I knew a good doctor I'd have you put in a padded cell."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day

—Do—
Just These Two Simple Things . . . Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normally overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment*, you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

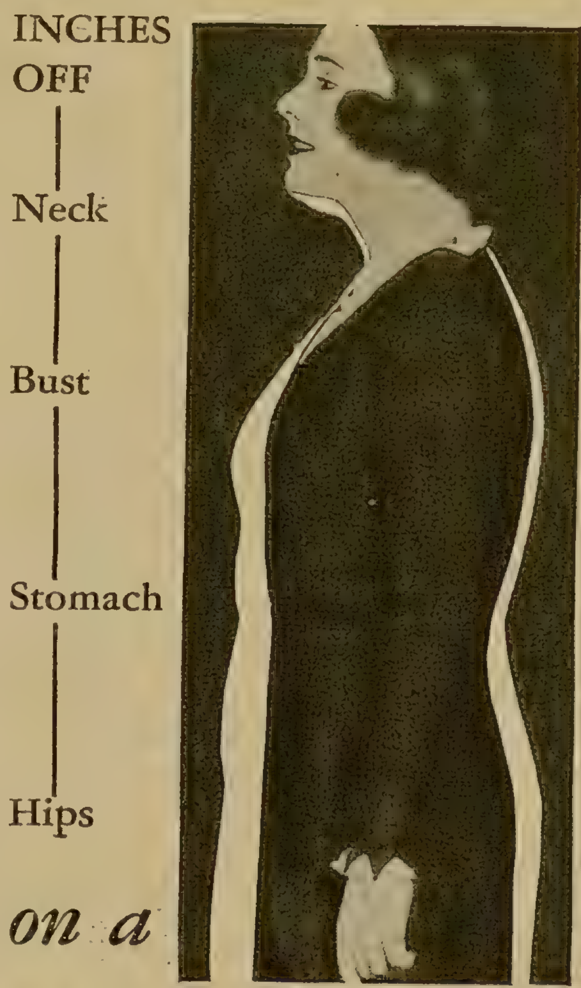
What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking a teaspoonful of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted, or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good sized piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.



on a Full Stomach

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture.* That puffy, "too tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free from the embarrassment of being called "fat". And do it all *on a full stomach*. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people have.

The change in diet—*the filling of the stomach to its limit* with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat—decreases the weight day by day. The salts clear the system and cut moisture-weight. *The change in food takes off the fat. Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.

*Note particularly—the salts are urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.

Treat that corn sensibly

Why tolerate a throbbing corn . . . or let feet that are charming turn clumsy with pain . . . when relief is simple, swift, waiting for you at any drug store? Buy and apply Blue-jay, even at the last minute, and know that neither misery nor humiliation will haunt your evening.

Blue-jay stops the pain and starts its gentle, safe, certain *treatment* instantly. A ring of velvety felt circles the corn and protects it from pressure and friction. The mild Blue-jay medicament softens and separates it for easy removal.

On or off in 20 seconds. Bath-proof, invisible in use. Made by a house famous for surgical dressings. At all druggists, 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and *prevent* corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or *send 10c* for samples to Bauer & Black, 2523 So. Federal St., Chicago.

THE PROTECTIVE INSTINCT
Continued from page forty-five

"Fortunately you are not my guardian," she sneered. "And if you don't stop interfering in my private affairs, I'll leave you."

"You'll leave me the day you marry the gigolo. I won't have a fool in my office."

She laughed insultingly. "When you have discharged me there will still be a fool in your office," she retorted. I always got the worst of it that way.

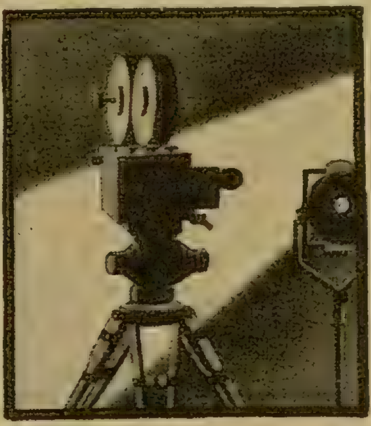
"That's a five-carat stone," I remarked. "How much did it set you back?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "I have a mind to ask Roscoe to beat you up for that crack."

"Wow!" I shouted. "Send him in."

I pulled off my coat. "I'd love to see Roscoe come in that door."

"Only I hate brawls," she continued. "So I'll just hand in my resignation to take effect at once."



That hit me in the pit of the stomach. "You can't. You're under contract," I protested.

"Cancel it," she said coolly. "Or perhaps you would prefer to sue me."

She was in earnest and I realized the necessity of eating a little dirt.

"I beg your pardon, Claire," I said most politely. "I'm sorry. Of course I shouldn't talk the way I did about the piece of eggnog pie you propose to marry. I'm fond of you, Claire. I want you to think of me as a big brother."

"You demonstrate it so fantastically," she said with a sigh. Mollified, though.

"I am, really. You're a darn' clever girl, dear, but you don't know the world like I do. Now this Roscoe isn't worth ten dollars a week in any shop. He's just a bum and he'll live on you."

She stiffened and then tears came into her eyes and a little smile lit up her face. My logic was doing its work. I took her hand and patted it.

SHE looked up at me. "Jim," she said softly, "it's worth everything if he gives me a child."

I gaped at her. I was shocked. First at her, because she talked out like that, and then to think of what she was picking for the father.

"For heaven's sake consider eugenics," I pleaded.

"I have," she said enthusiastically. "He is a physically perfect specimen. He isn't overweight like you and he is a teetotaler. And if I can credit your encomiums, I have brains enough for two."

"Your head is full of jelly beans," I bellowed. "Every time you open your mouth you prove it."

"Yes? Well, while it probably doesn't interest you, we shall be married on Sunday."

"Holy Jumping Jeremiah!" I yelled. "Give yourself time to consider."

She smiled at me idiotically. "I don't believe in long engagements," she stated. "And Roscoe insists."

I banged my fist on my desk. "Of course he does. And why? Because he's afraid you'll get some sense."

Claire rose indignantly. "And that will be all!" she snapped. "I'm going now, for good. After our long association I am entitled to your good wishes. Instead my fiancé and myself are insulted."

I got a lump in my throat which I managed to swallow. Best wishes for the poor benighted little creature marching into misery!

"Forget about resigning," I pleaded. "I'll make the best of it. I'll even be polite to the defective. Take a month on salary and come back to the old job."

She shook her head. "I couldn't be happy, knowing how you feel about Roscoe. Good-by, Jim. What you think is folly may be wisdom."

I squeezed her hand. It's a wonder I didn't blubber. I never knew until that minute how much I liked the little idiot. I went with her to the door.

"Will you tell me one thing?" I asked earnestly. "Just one last question: How can you love that caterpillar?"

She pulled open the door and slammed it in my face.

OF course, it demonstrated what Nietzsche or Bernard Shaw or Will Rogers said, that there is no such thing as a clever woman. Here was a girl who knew all the ologies. She had the best story sense in the game. She could pull swell gags right out of the air and write dialogue that made hams sound like actors. I respected her as a better brain than mine, Gunga Din, and look what it had done to her.

This female Socrates had flopped for a slick-haired panhandler and taken to her bosom a snail that would have befouled a pair of fire tongs. Hollywood is full of puppets born with a vacuum between the ears, who have fenagled good men into giving them a diamond hoop and accounts at the best shops. Every time I went to the Embassy Club I was surrounded by Benda Masks with wedding rings who were eating caviar and talking drool, while good men labored to pay their bills at the reducing establishments.

And while these things were going on Claire Gates went out and scooped up a gollywog which she was going to love and obey and keep in pocket money. Thinking of it made me unfit for human companionship. During the next few days I gave Mammouth Films as much service as you get in a cafeteria, and I even barked off the sopranos who called me on the telephone.

I took it so hard that if they hadn't begun to jail film folks who increased the death rate in Los Angeles, I might have gone out and assassinated Roscoe Gibson. Instead I sent a couple of authors on Moe Abramson's time to locate the hour and place of the wedding. They were detective writers, so they couldn't find out anything.

I was considering attendance at the wedding. When the minister asked who didn't care about a marriage between the happy pair, I might jump up and claim that the bride had escaped from an asylum. It would have been true. That's what Mammouth is.

Every day I called Claire up, but she rang off each time before I could half express my opinion of her pensioner. On Friday I had a happy interlude.

While driving home, a truckman stopped in front of me without putting out his hand. Braking my car, I bounded out gayly, ran to the truck, grabbed the driver by the leg and pulled him off his perch. In my mood I welcomed a fight as an extra girl does a job.

Bubbling with *joie de vivre,* I tore into that big roughneck with both fists flying, and when I came to, my head was resting upon the knee of a cop who had just thrown a pail of water upon my bleeding countenance.

Shortly after midnight Saturday, an authentic Rolls-Royce stopped in front of the Garden of the Gods, which is the modest title of a swanky bungalow court. In the third hut on the left resided a mentally deranged female named Claire Gates.

The door of the car opened and there descended from it a young man who wore an expression of determination, only you couldn't see it because his hat was pulled down low on his forehead and the lower part of his face was mussed up by a massage recently received from a truck driver.

The moon was not yet up as this individual moved stealthily across the courtyard, and all was dark and still because nearly all the residents were still jigging out at Oleson's Road House. No sound was heard save the chirp of the crickets and the soft plash of the fountains.

SOFTLY this man—aw, shucks!—softly I tried Claire's front door. Locked. With an ejaculation of annoyance I moved to the living-room window, thrust a chisel under the frame of the screen, used leverage, and ripped the thing away. It tore off with a loud slither. Pulling myself upon the sill, I teetered there, lost my balance, and fell into the living room with a crash like a barrage.

From the bedroom came a shriek of terror, and the light went on as I pulled open the chamber door. Claire was sitting up in bed, wild-eyed, her long brown hair loose upon her shoulders. In her right hand she held a cap pistol which was describing erratic circles in the air.

When she recognized the miscreant, her panic turned into wild anger, but she dropped the cannon like a lady letting go of a red-hot poker.

"Jim Smith," she charged, "you are either drunk or crazy."

I strode grimly to her bedside and frowned down upon her.

"Get up!" I commanded harshly.

"I won't. I'm in bed. You get out of here!" she screamed.

Ruthlessly I yanked off the bed covers, caught a glimpse of white legs as they swung to the floor upon the further side, and noticed also that her pink nightie was very, very thin.

"Anyway, turn your back," she implored.

"Five minutes to get dressed," I informed her, but I did turn my back.

"Please go home, Jim," she wailed. "You frighten me. You are terribly intoxicated."

"Nix," I replied. A patter of feet caused me to whirl. She was pouncing upon the telephone.

"I'll call the police," she cried hysterically.

I REACHED out and grasped her slender neck and swung her round and into my arms. She was fully clothed, you understand.

"Call Roscoe," I suggested as I bore her out of the bedroom and into the living room.

"Unlock the front door," I requested. "My hands are full."

Claire unlocked and pulled open the door, whimpering. I ran across the Garden of the Gods with her and tossed this particular goddess into the front seat of my car, darted around it, leaped under the wheel, threw in the gears, and tore away. She was sobbing softly and I paid no attention to her.

"Jim," she said after a while, "where are we going?"

"Where you won't have a chance to marry that mixer," I snarled.

"You are positively insane," she charged.

"Ha!" I gloated. "The bride will not be at the wedding tomorrow."

"Where will I be?" she asked anxiously.

"In the high Sierras, young woman."

She sucked in her breath. "Abduction," she said. "You'll get ten years for this."

"Make it life. What do I care?"

We were roaring up Cahuenga Pass at sixty. "I'm going to scream," she warned me.

"You picked a fine place for it. Shoot the works."

"First let me understand this nonsense. You are kidnaping me because you don't like my fiancé?"

"Right."

"You fool! You'll have to let me go sometime and then I'll marry him."

"No, you won't."

"Why won't I?"

"Because you'll be married to me," I informed her.

Claire laughed unsteadily. "So you'd even marry me to keep me from Roscoe?"

"You bet your life."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Singing Shave

©A.S.R.C., 1931

"Cheer up, Cheer up
Good times are
Coming"

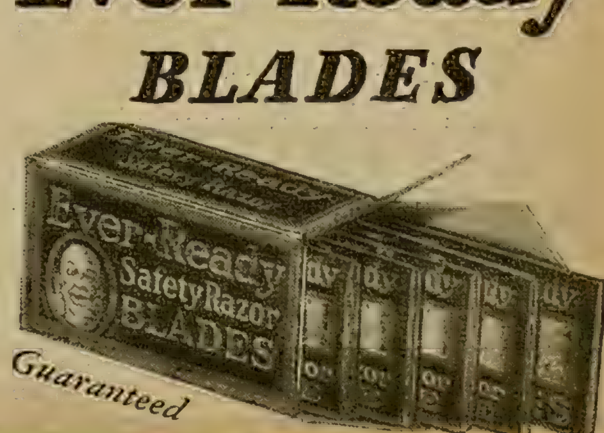
That's just what your whiskers will say when they feel the fine Ever-Ready Blade make its first round trip. You'll sing with *gusto* when this super-keen blade slides lightly through your beard.

Be a Singing Shaver. All you need is the Ever-Ready Blade. Get the genuine—it's *guaranteed.*

*American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Also makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes*

Ever-Ready

BLADES



BETTER SHAPE

You get this *double value,* but Tek costs no more than your old style brush. Don't deny your teeth and gums the extra benefit of Tek . . with its *Better Shape and Better Bristles. Your mouth will feel the difference.* Also Tek is sterilized and Cellophane-sealed. Remember . . a guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

WANT A STEADY JOB?
WORK FOR "UNCLE SAM"
$1260 to $3400 Year
MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Vacation with full pay. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.
FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. D228, Rochester, N.Y.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME
YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

THE PROTECTIVE INSTINCT
Continued from page forty-seven

"And for no other reason?" she persisted.

"Well," I admitted with extreme reluctance, "I love you myself. Stop that idiotic laughing!"

"I—I can't!" she gasped. "You're out of your mind, Jim. You couldn't love an intelligent woman."

"You're not intelligent," I said roughly. "You're just a nit-wit who has awakened my protective instinct."

While she was having hysterics I hit the top of the pass at seventy miles an hour.

She touched my arm finally. "Jim," she said, "your sublime act of self-sacrifice is unnecessary and your protective instinct may go back to sleep. I can take care of myself."

"Since when?" I answered with a sneer.

"Always. For example, I never had the slightest intention of marrying Roscoe Gibson. So you may take me home."

"You must think I'm as big a fool as you are. I should take you home so you can marry him tomorrow!"

"I can't," she said, smiling dewily. "Roscoe isn't in town. I bought him a ticket for New York several days ago."

I brought that big car to a stop so quickly that Claire almost went through the windshield.

"Explain fast!" I threatened. "You're about to meet your God."

"SOMETHING had to be done," she stated. "You've been crazy about me for a year, but were too stupid to know it."

"Nothing of the kind!" I roared. "Of all the conceited—"

"For the last three or four days you have suffered agonies, haven't you?" she demanded.

"Well, I—er—I remember when I've felt better."

"My romance with Roscoe was just a scenario. Now take me back. I'm cold. I am only half dressed."

"Let me get this. You wrote this continuity to rile me? You're in love with me, too. Eh?"

"I suppose so."

"You selected this particular egg because you knew I hated his entrails?"

"Uh-huh."

I sighed heavily. "The damn' plot worked," I admitted. "We'll go somewhere and get married."

"But your hope of a stupid little wife who would adore you?"

"Hooey! Nobody would ever adore me, and I wouldn't like it. Make me uncomfortable."

"It wasn't hooey, though. Your reasoning was flawless. Bright men marry silly girls. Stupid men are mothered by clever women."

"Bah, bah, bah!"

"BUT it isn't 'bah,'" she declared, laughing. "You really are marrying me because you need somebody to lean on mentally as you have been leaning on me for two years already."

"I should murder you," I reflected, "but I'll marry you first."

She giggled.

"Oh, well," I confessed. "I suppose I am a big boloney."

She put a hand over my mouth. "Tell me," she demanded. "Are we still eloping?"

"Sure we are. Darn it! I forgot the three days' license law in California."

"Why, I supposed all along that you were taking me to Mexico, where we could be married immediately," she said, much surprised.

"Sure. I forgot that."

"And we could be at the barrier by six in the morning. I don't want you to lose this mood, darling."

I did some laughing myself. I certainly felt fine. Glowing all over.

"This is a permanent mood," I declared. "You are a crafty, brown-eyed serpent, but the damn' moon is shining on you and I think you're beautiful."

"We'll have time to go back to the Garden of the Gods and throw some things into a suitcase," said the sensible woman, "and then we can start for Mexico."

"All right. Say, Claire. You've been in my office for two years and I've never kissed you yet."

"And something is still detaining you. I wonder what?"

"Nothing," I exclaimed joyfully. "Not a darn' thing!"

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—Colorado.
2—The outer layer of skin.
3—A deadly weapon.
4—Under the voice; in an undertone.
5—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.
6—Petr Ilich Tschaikowski.
7—Shooting stars.
8—Accompanying; attending.
9—A remedy or counteractive.
10—Larboard side.
11—James I.
12—Centripetal.
13—Hamlet.
14—Iowa.
15—Mackinac Strait.
16—Sir R. S. S. Baden-Powell.
17—Unrhymed verse.
18—Maine.
19—A specified fixed course of study, as in a university.
20—North and South Atlantic, North and South Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic, and Indian oceans.

During the First Quarter of 1931

LIBERTY CIRCULATION

January—March

1931

●

ISSUE	NET SALE
January 3	2,302,228
January 10	2,389,075
January 17	2,450,345
January 24	2,492,726
January 31	2,514,973
February 7	2,536,989
February 14	2,518,483
February 21	2,549,466
February 28	2,560,000*
March 7	2,545,000*
March 14	2,510,000*
March 21	2,520,000*

**Estimated*

more men and women bought copies of LIBERTY than ever before....

2,500,000 net paid average circulation is LIBERTY'S guarantee for 1931

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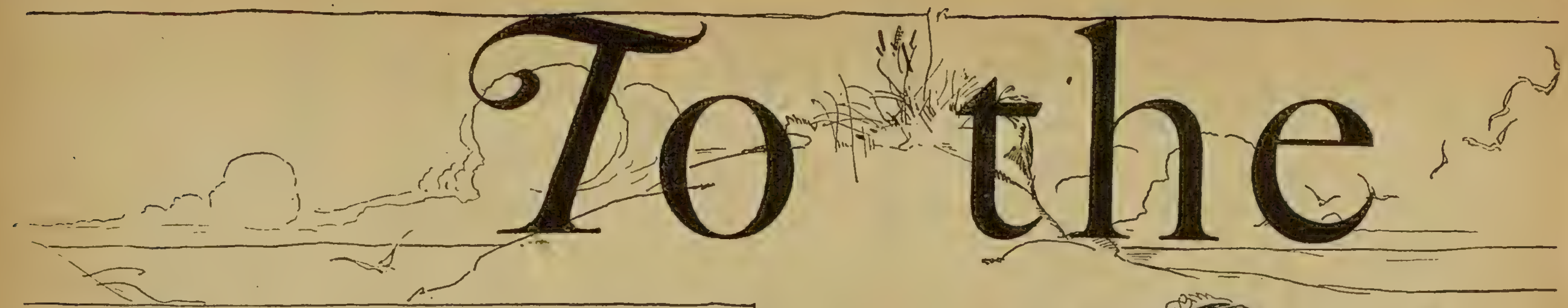


To the

By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 31 seconds.)

REMORSE for unhappiness that we caused, for little kindnesses that we left undone—how few of us escape this painful feeling when someone dies whom we have loved!

A talk I've just had with a man of my acquaintance who recently lost his wife has set me thinking on this subject. The man I refer to is a wealthy business executive. He has risen from the very bottom of the ladder to a position of substantial importance. He married when he was still quite young, and through the twenty-three years of their life together he adored his wife.

Last year she died very suddenly while he was away from home on business. And ever since that day he has been unable to forgive himself for the attentions he denied her, the comradeship he neglected, because he was too busy.

All his life he has worked, worked, worked toward the goal of wealth. Wealth to lay ultimately at her feet—or so he believed. Today he realizes that his continual preoccupation with business, his concentration upon money, his long absences from home, were not really aimed at making his wife happy, but were prompted by his own ambition. He knows now that however deeply he worshiped her, however hard he worked, supposedly on her behalf, he neglected her in reality, and was actually cruel to her.

What she wanted, far more than jewels and fine cars and expensive houses, was companionship.

"Again and again she told me how lonely she was," he said. "Why, I kept myself so busy that I never even had time to buy little presents for her. I used to give her checks instead. I know now that a frivolous personal gift—something I'd bought for her myself—would have meant more to her than the biggest check I could write.

"But what hurts most of all," he confessed, "is remembering how I neglected, all those years, to tell her in thoroughly sentimental words how much I loved her."

His case is not uncommon. All around me I see families who keep their affections buried so far down inside themselves that they give no more pleasure to those around them than does a lily bulb lying deep in the frost-bound earth.

Money misers hide and hoard their gold where none can see it or benefit from it.

I can't help feeling that dour people who won't express their affections to those they love are misers, too.

PURE New-Yorkisms issuing from the mouth of their young son are seriously perturbing a Russian family now living here. The boy's mother was a grand duchess, and it is rather astonishing to hear her small son, scion of the royal Romanoffs, say "boids" and "foist" and "ersters."

That reminds me how very much the high-bred English pronunciation can sound like the low-bred cockney. Listen to the Prince of Wales making his South American speeches, as reproduced over the news-reel talkies. Hear him say the word "ago." The way he pronounced it—"agaow"—is almost *pure* London East End.

George Bernard Shaw, in his play Pygmalion, tried to prove that the only real social differences are those which appear in differences of speech. The hero, a professor of phonetics, trains a garbage collector's daughter to pass for a duchess. But Shaw did not tell what happens to people who acquire the tougher dialects.

MOTHER-OF-PEARL is returning to favor at last. The newest necklaces are made of mother-of-pearl flower beads, silver centers, and links of fancy silver in between.

Personally, I am a great lover of this iridescent shell so highly favored by our Victorian grandmothers. Its soft sheen and its play of light, pale colors flatter the skin extremely, much more so, I think, than the ubiquitous artificial pearl.

Perfectly lovely on black or dark-blue dresses are the long strings of pea-sized mother-of-pearl beads which come from the Orient and have the separate beads joined by ornamental twists of silver wire.

While I'm on this necklace subject, I have a suggestion to make: Buying ready-made necklaces may be all very well, but each human face is so individual that it is extremely hard to find strings of beads exactly the right length to suit your special type of facial proportions. Made-to-order necklaces are much better, so why not try making your own?

It's great fun, and very easy. First lay your beads all out on a piece of velvet in the sequence you think prettiest. Then thread half the string to try the length. You thread the beads on a special cord with wired ends. Probably you'll thread and rethread several times—I

Ladies!

Picture by HENRY A. THIEDE

always do—before obtaining the best effect. But it's worth the trouble. Although I am accustomed, of course, to hearing people admire my achievements (said she modestly), I *was* surprised when a New York jeweler tried to buy one of my homemade necklaces right off my neck!

ARNOLD BENNETT'S untimely death is a sad loss to the world of letters, an even sadder loss to his friends. His lively, curious mind was a delight to all who knew him. His minute, detailed knowledge of everything that interested him specially was altogether amazing. Yet he was the quietest enthusiast I ever have known.

The last time I visited him we spent a delightful afternoon talking about old Louis Philippe furniture, which he began to collect years ago. I also had the pleasure that day of looking over Bennett's manuscripts. They are beautiful works of art. He wrote in a tiny, bead-like script on the finest paper. He made practically no corrections. In the manuscript of his novel, The Old Wives' Tale, I found one word deleted out of more than two thousand. The whole manuscript was bound in green leather, exquisitely tooled. Bennett, himself, was an accomplished craftsman, and his manuscripts are all illuminated with sketches and frontispieces drawn artistically by his own hand.

THE houses we live in today are quite out of date apparently. A house—of the near future, we are told—was shown at the recent Architectural League exhibition in New York. This novel house is built almost entirely of aluminum. It has glass walls which are provided for privacy's sake with shades.

Mr. A. Lawrence Kocher built it. He has used for his interior illumination a trick gas which is contained in thin glass tubes and burned by electricity, and the mixed color effects it gives are excellent. Red and green lights are concealed above a window which occupies one whole wall. These produce a pleasant daylight quality, with ultra-violet lamps arranged at the sides of the window to insure sunlight benefits even on dark days.

Whether or not we'll soon be living in such houses, I do not know, but we can all learn the advantage of using colored light bulbs without waiting for the rest of these scientific trends to come within our reach.

Have you tried mixing the colors of the light bulbs in your rooms? Frosted white combined with yellow or pinkish bulbs give an interesting light quality.

CHEESE is a splendid form of food when properly made and correctly ripened. Served with fruit, cheese terminates a meal in a much less fattening way than does a sweet dessert, and should be no harder to digest. In countries where cheese constitutes a staple article of diet you will find a great variety of cheeses, literally hundreds of them, each with its own particular points and qualities.

Variety, I think, is the secret of fine cheese culture. The very best European cheeses are those produced in small quantities by local manufacturers, and only during certain seasons.

If you love cheese, and are ever in Paris, don't fail to take in the establishment of Maître Androuet, who has come to be known as the "cheesemaster" of France. Now there's cheese for you!

You'll find more than a hundred different kinds on hand at any time, and they change with the seasons. Special springtime cheeses, summer cheeses, autumn cheeses, winter cheeses. Also rare vintage cheeses, like vintage wines. And all are allowed to ripen through the mellowing grace of time.

You'll find the marvelous smoked cheeses of Normandy—the *cendres*, they're called—like little Camemberts grown rosy pink and sweet by being buried in warm wood ashes. From central France come the *fromages de foin*—the "straw cheeses"—matured by keeping them in sweet dry hay from which they derive a delicious flavor.

And—and—well, I'll tell you about one more. A grand cheese from Burgundy. It's called *Epoisse*. Simply too good for words. And it won't give you indigestion unless you celebrate your discovery of it by overeating—which you probably will.

MISPRONUNCIATION seems to be a fate to which the titles of certain books are curiously doomed. The current novel, Cakes and Ale, by Somerset Maugham, is bothered that way.

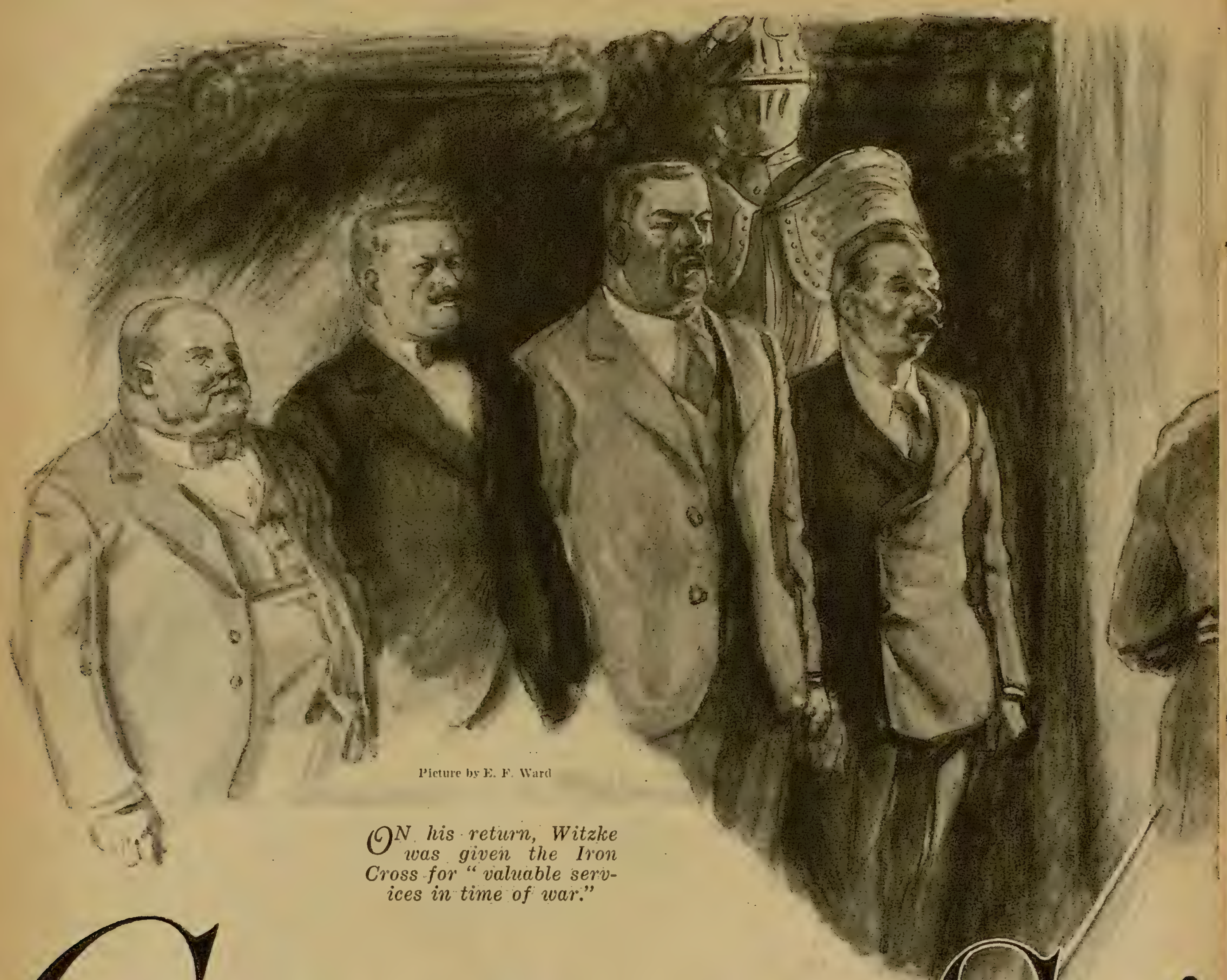
At a circulating library the other day I heard one girl ask another, "Have you read that book, Cake and Nails?"

"That isn't the name," said the other girl. "It's Cakes and Ails. Ails—pains, you know," she added illuminatingly.

Another woman, I hear, thought Cakes and Ale was a cook book—a fairly natural mistake, like the boner by the lady who asked for St. Louis Rey's book on bridge.

Bookstores make *their* mistakes, too. The catalogue of a prominent book dealer once listed George Eliot's novel, The Mill on the Floss, along with John Stuart Mill's treatise on liberty. The two were classified like this:

Mill on the Floss
Ditto on liberty.



Picture by E. F. Ward

ON his return, Witzke was given the Iron Cross for "valuable services in time of war."

German Spi

Witzke's Court-Martial—Sentenced to Hang

(Reading time: 20 minutes 15 seconds.)

HERE is continued the story of Lothar Witzke, only World War spy to be sentenced to death in America. Last week Mr. Sutherland told of his arrest at the Mexican border.

By SIDNEY

PART TWELVE—A SPY ON TRIAL

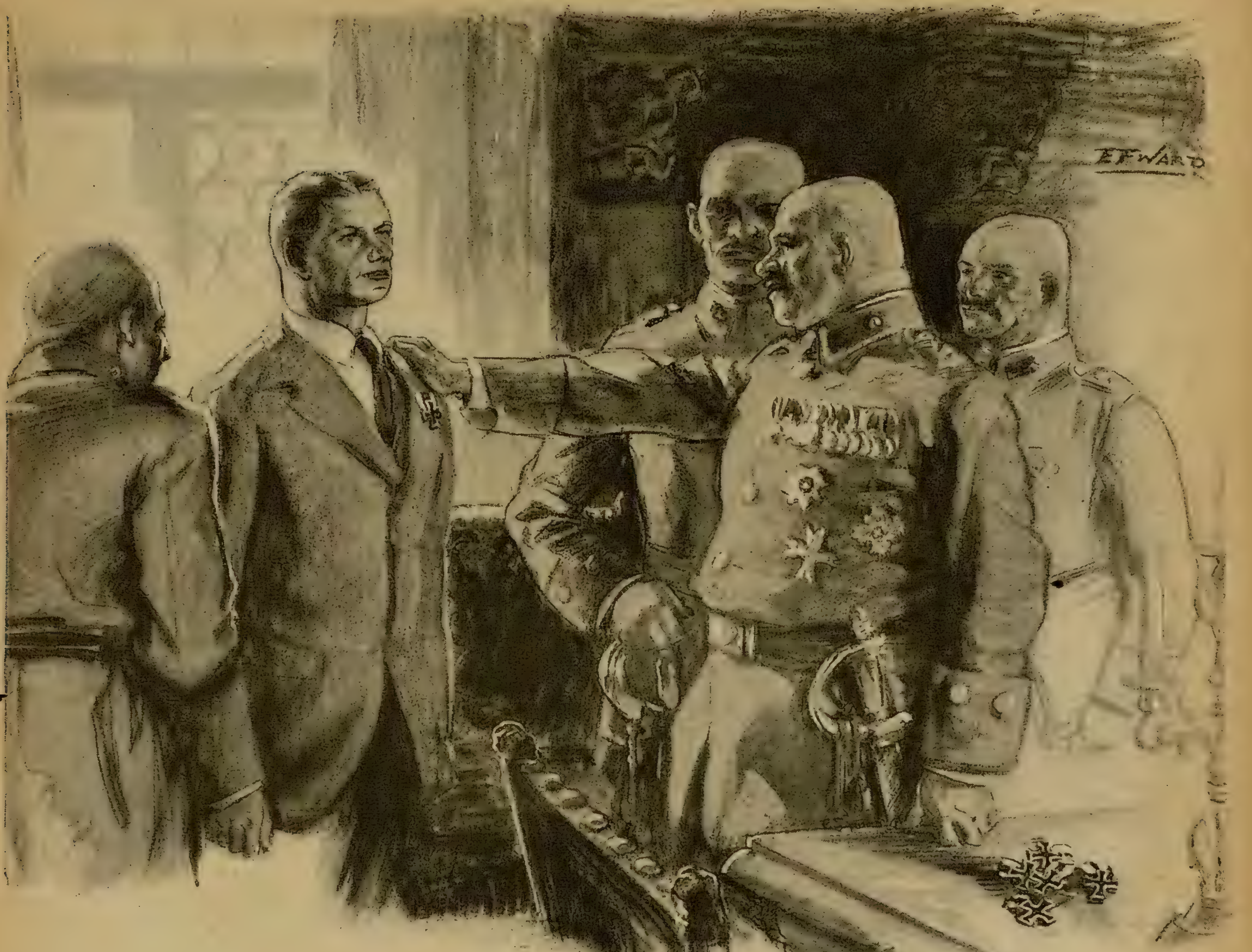
ON Friday, August 16, 1918, Lothar Witzke was escorted, handcuffed, into a large room in headquarters of Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, to face a court-martial.

Seated behind a long table piled high with evidence, military records and legal tomes, were two brigadier generals, two colonels, and a lieutenant colonel, the board which was to fix the young German's fate.

Major A. P. Burgwin was the judge advocate, or prosecutor, and Colonel W. J. Glasgow of the Fourteenth Cavalry was assigned to conduct Witzke's defense. The prisoner was ordered to stand for arraignment, and the charge was read—the accusation that in violating the Eighty-second Article of War "Lothar Witzke, alias Pablo Waberski, did, at or near Nogales, Arizona, on or about the thirty-first day of January, 1918, act as a spy in and about an encampment there situated of the army of the United States, and did then and there attempt to collect material information in regard to the numbers, resources, and operations of the military forces of the United States, with intent to communicate the same to the enemy."

When the charge had been read Witzke pleaded not guilty, and the first witness was called by Major Burgwin.

Dr. Paul B. Altendorf took the stand. He recited in considerable detail his knowledge of and relations with Witzke in Mexico City and on the trip to Nogales, as I recounted them in the preceding installment of this series. He was cross-questioned briefly by Colonel Glasgow.



es *in* America

—Saved by Wilson—Freed by Diplomacy

SUTHERLAND William Gleaves, the colored British agent who posed as a German sympathizer in Mexico and accompanied Witzke to the border, was the second witness. Credentials vouching for his trustworthiness had been sent on from Mexico City by the British embassy. Gleaves confirmed Altendorf's general testimony, and added that once or twice on the journey north he had put the drunken Witzke to bed and then searched his clothing. He described the documents set forth in the previous chapter and now marked as exhibits in the hearing.

Gleaves successfully withstood Colonel Glasgow's interrogation.

Major R. R. Campbell, military attaché at the American embassy in Mexico City, next testified. He told how his secret agents had watched Witzke and the numerous other German agents who had fled to Mexico from the United States after we entered the war, and confirmed the fact that Altendorf and Gleaves and Neunhoffer had posed so successfully as German agents that none of them knew the others were really working for the United States.

Charles L. Beatty, immigration inspector at Nogales, told of Witzke's arrival and trips across the boundary line.

Byron S. Butcher, special agent of the army intelligence office in Nogales, was the fifth witness. It was he who arrested Witzke on the morning of February 1, in company with Harry Smart, American agent known as Informant S-2. Butcher related how his captors had tried to make Witzke talk, but how he had refused.

"About the only thing he said," Butcher went on, "was that it was tough to die at twenty-two years of age, but that he would never talk, as it would make him a traitor. He felt particularly bitter against Altendorf, saying he had had a hunch several times that the doctor really was working for America."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-three

E. M. Lawton, American consul at Nogales, Sonora, testified about Witzke's application for a visé on his passport, and his explanation that he was going to San Francisco to fill out his draft questionnaire and report for service.

The seventh witness was Captain Joel A. Lipscomb, intelligence officer at Nogales. He testified that the Tenth Cavalry, colored, was stationed at Fort Huachaca, Arizona, and that several deserters therefrom had conversed with Witzke in the Mexican hotel on January 31.

When he questioned Witzke about the two code letters he carried, Lipscomb testified, Witzke told him that they were credentials identifying him as a correspondent for Mexico City newspapers. Witzke said he had been assigned to cover the Yaqui campaign in Sonora then being conducted by Governor Plutarco Elias Calles.

Leavenworth Penitentiary photographs of Witzke, " most dangerous " German agent in America.

Major Robert L. Barnes of the intelligence department at Fort Sam Houston testified of his fruitless efforts to induce Witzke to talk after he had arrived in irons from Arizona.

William Neunhoffer, special agent of the Department of Justice, told of conditions in Mexico City, with German agents swarming the streets, and of his conversations with agents, who informed him that Witzke and Kurt Jahnke were the most important spies Germany had sent to neutral America. Neunhoffer confirmed Captain Lipscomb's designation of Witzke as " the most dangerous criminal captured by the American army since we entered the war."

An unusually interesting line of testimony was offered by the tenth witness, Captain John M. Manley of the military intelligence branch of the General Staff in Washington, D. C. Captain Manley had been head of the English Department of the University of Chicago from July, 1898, to October, 1917, when he was appointed as code and cipher expert for the General Staff.

Captain Manley said he had been a fluent German scholar since 1888 and had been exchange professor at the University of Göttingen in 1909.

In the spring of 1918, Manley went on, the code letters carried by Witzke had been delivered to him in Washington for unraveling. He had passed them on to his subordinates, but when they were unable to decipher them, Captain Manley made it his personal affair to decode the messages. His testimony as to the steps he took to solve this private puzzle of Witzke required nearly twenty pages of printed record.

Kurt Jahnke.

ONE of the codes Witzke carried was a list of words which he was to incorporate in his future reports to German Minister von Eckhardt, and of course in itself carried no message of any import.

But the other letter, when deciphered into German and then translated into English by Captain Manley, was fatal to the prisoner's case. This communication read:

> 15-1-18 [Jan. 15, 1918]. To the Imperial Consular Authorities in the Republic of Mexico. Strictly Secret. The bearer of this is a subject of the Empire who travels as a Russian under the name of Pablo Waberski. He is a German secret agent. Please furnish him on request protection and assistance, also advance him on demand up to one thousand pesos Mexican gold, and send his code telegrams to this legation as official consular dispatches. Von Eckhardt.

Captain Manley explained that since this letter was in no known code, and the key probably had been invented and agreed on by Witzke and von Eckhardt, there would be no way for any German consul to decipher it; so it would be necessary for the consul to wire the legation that Witzke had arrived with a code letter, and the legation would then wire back the key.

When the prosecution rested its case three hours after the court-martial commenced, Colonel Glasgow addressed the court. He explained that manifestly it was impossible for Witzke to have any witnesses, and that the prisoner thus proceeded under a frightful handicap. Consequently, the defendant wished to take the stand himself.

After taking the oath, Witzke began his story—and he launched into a lengthy chronicle about himself that for sheer invention and mendacity probably has never been surpassed in the annals of military trials anywhere.

HE said his parents were Russians who had emigrated to America when he was a baby. As a young man he worked in Peru and then went to Mexico, where he joined a young Mexican prospector. They went into the mountains and found a fabulously rich vein of gold. As partners they decided to take enough metal out for their expenses while they made arrangements to work the property or sell it. Then he discovered that his partner was double-crossing him, so he quit the mining business and went to sea. After several years as a sailor he arrived in San Francisco. When it came time to register for the draft he did so and then returned to Mexico to see about his mine. In Mexico City he was constantly annoyed by the hordes of German agents and fugitive slackers from the United States.

Then he got a job as correspondent for Mexico City newspapers and they gave him the code letters which, the editors told him, would identify him during his service with General Calles' staff in the Yaqui campaign. If the codes turned out to be something else, it was all a great surprise to him, Witzke said.

While traveling toward Sonora he decided to continue to San Francisco and wind up the matter of his draft questionnaire. On the way north he met the beautiful daughter of a rich Mexican mining man and they plighted their troth with the enthusiastic approbation of her father. This delayed him a bit, but he finally tore himself away, begged her to wait until he returned, and resumed his trip to the border.

Then Altendorf, whom he disliked very much because he was a German agent, double-crossed him and betrayed him to the American military authorities in Nogales. It was the greatest surprise and shock of his life when they arrested him and accused him of being a German spy. All he wanted now was to be acquitted and given permission to return to his beautiful sweetheart in Mexico.

The elderly generals and colonels in the room listened gravely and patiently while Witzke solemnly spun his extraordinary web of lies. Then the judge advocate cross-examined him.

He insisted he told the American consul general in Mexico City that he was going to San Francisco to fill out his questionnaire. Asked why he didn't fill it out in front of the consul general, Witzke said he didn't know he could do so, and claimed that not only did the consul general fail to tell him that he had that right but advised him to hurry to San Francisco.

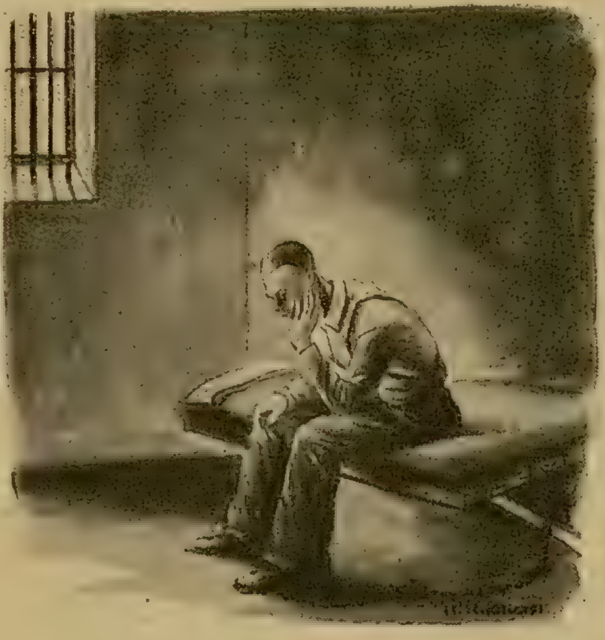
He insisted that he never met Jahnke or any other German agent in Mexico City, and he again denounced Altendorf, relating several instances in which the dentist, instead of serving America, really had been a German agent, he said. Witzke now said he thought the code letters were safe-conduct passes as well as newspaper credentials. Asked to what he attributed his arrest, he had a new idea: he said that on his last return from his mine he had $2,000 in gold which he deposited with Otto Paglasch, proprietor of the Juarez Hotel. When he started north he told Paglasch to keep it in the safe till he got back. So he figured that Paglasch, plotting to keep the money, had wired ahead some lie which caused the Americans to arrest him in Nogales.

When Witzke ran out of words and indicated that he had finished his defense, he was excused and the arguments to the military board began.

The judge advocate simply reviewed the stories told by the witnesses and pointed out the exhibits. Colonel Glasgow's argument was brief. He maintained that Altendorf and Gleaves had served two masters for pay and had probably sold out both. By delivering a spy to the American authorities Altendorf hoped to get credit and thus be allowed to hang on to his job.

Glasgow repeated that it was impossible to summon witnesses to help Witzke's defense, and that an alternative remained for the board: whether it would believe Altendorf or Witzke.

Major Burgwin and Colonel Glasgow clashed heatedly several times, until the board called a halt. The commission then closed for deliberation, the prisoner was withdrawn, and after a few minutes the court-martial resumed.


He was placed in leg irons and chained to his bunk.

It found that Lothar Witzke, alias Pablo Waberski, was guilty of the charge and sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until dead, "two-thirds of the members concurring in the finding."

He was the only spy condemned to death by the American forces during the World War.

WITZKE was returned to his cell and the armed guard doubled. When Lieutenant Charles F. Miller, officer of the day, was again in charge of the custody squad, he was given orders to take unusual precautions to prevent the escape of the prisoner or his suicide.

About midnight Corporal Roy S. Stephens, stationed at the cell door, called Lieutenant Miller and told him he had a suspicion Witzke was up to something. They removed him from the cell, stripped him to his underwear, and searched both the cell and his clothing. Nothing was found, but it was decided to leave the prisoner clad only in his underwear.

On returning him to the cell they noticed that Witzke glanced up toward a corner of the room. So Stephens got a chair and stood on it while he pried around the steel sheeting and molding. Between the sheeting and the wall he found a safety-razor blade and a small wad of brown paper.

On opening up the little ball it was found to be a brown cigarette paper on which something was written in German with a pencil. Translated, it read:

"My name is Latar Witzke. Born in Poznen and for that reason I only understand Polish and not Russian. I was lieutenant on cruiser Dresden that was sunk near Valparaiso, Chile. I lay two months in the hospital, which is the reason I escaped internment. The rest of the crew is interned."

ASKED what he expected to accomplish by writing this message, Witzke simply shrugged his shoulders and laughed. Whether Witzke hoped the legation in Mexico City would become alarmed by his continued silence and send other agents to find out what had become of him, and whether he hoped to get this note out to one of them, probably never will be known.

At any rate, the guard was more vigilant than ever about the cell, in spite of which Witzke almost escaped one night. How he got out of his cage and past the soldiers in the cell block is a mystery, but he was found in his underwear wandering about a lower hall hunting for an unlocked door. After that he was placed in irons and chained to his bunk.

On November 2, 1918, the sentence of death was approved by Major General de R. C. Cabell, commanding. On November 11 the armistice was signed.

Witzke was still in confinement and still under sentence of death, but President Woodrow Wilson had given orders that no such prisoner was to be executed until he, personally, had reviewed the findings. This order was issued after the great riot of Negro troops in Houston, Texas, a year or so earlier, when a number of them were hanged for killing white civilians and for mutiny.

On May 27, 1920, President Wilson confirmed Witzke's sentence, but commuted it to "confinement at hard labor for the term of his natural life."

The young German was then transferred to Leavenworth military prison.

Looking up information about the activities of German agents and spies for the Congressional committee which was investigating the repeated violations of our neutrality, Captain Thomas J. Tunney, head of the New York City neutrality and bomb squad, later received permission from the War Department to examine Witzke.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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For a clean, healthy scalp use Lucky Tiger. Destroys germs—gives to thin, falling hair a new life and lustre. Delicately perfumed and world's largest seller at Druggists, Barber Shops and Beauty Parlors.
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GERMAN SPIES IN AMERICA
Continued from page fifty-five

Witzke, seemingly answering Tunney's questions in all candor and eagerness to help out, again wove a marvelous tapestry of prevarication and deception.

He now said he was born in Posen, Prussia, that he had served on the Dresden, and then worked his way to San Francisco in July, 1916. He said that that fall he went to New York City and a clerk in the German consulate there pointed out a man who had just come in and said: "That is an important German." He learned later that it was Jahnke and was introduced to him. Then he told Tunney of his many trips around the country, none of them with the intent of doing any harm; of the many German agents he had met, none of whom intended to do anything wrong until after we got into the war.

Brown Brothers Keystone photo

Byron S. Butcher, Nemesis of spies. *E. M. Lawton, Witzke witness.* *Paul Altendorf, Witzke accuser.*

He said he sent Jim Larkin, the well known labor agitator, to Australia to preach anarchy. He also sent Levesskoski and McIntyre to Russia.

Witzke said he hired Alta Miller, born of German parents in Milwaukee, to go to Mexico City to get instructions. She returned to America and accompanied certain Yankee outfits to France.

Witzke admitted he had hired I. W. W. leaders and anarchists to commit sabotage and offered rewards for any committed—but he said he didn't commit any himself.

"My instructions from my superiors," Witzke explained, "were, if an opportunity arose, to blow up places that carried munitions or any other war supplies, and to secure agents for that purpose. I received strict orders not to endanger myself in this undertaking, as my job was considered far more important.

"The radical leaders were almost all out for the money in it, while the men they furnished were fanatics.

"We decided it was nonsense to go into a certain town and say, 'I'm going to get a certain man to do a certain job,' but better to leave it to chance. Give a man a certain line of what would be available and desirable and let him take his opportunities."

TUNNEY returned to the subject of Witzke's association with Jahnke, and the prisoner blithely told another story: That he met Jahnke in San Francisco in June, 1916, and they went to New York City together with documents for the consuls in Chicago and New York, and that they lived together at 100 West Fifty-sixth Street. Six weeks later they returned together to San Francisco with other secret documents.

Asked about the Black Tom explosion, Witzke said that Adam Siegel and Rodriguez probably knew a lot about it. He described Rodriguez as about twenty-five years old, six feet tall, clean shaven, faultless in his English. This description fits Fred Hermann. He said that Siegel and Rodriguez worked under Captain Fred Hinsch in New York in 1916; and that all of them went to Mexico City via Havana early in April, 1917. This fits in with Hermann's confession. Incidentally, several of Witzke's guards signed affidavits that he told them he had blown up several munition plants in New Jersey.

But if Witzke was confined at hard labor in an American military prison, you may be sure that Berlin was not forgetful and ungrateful. Clever agitation was commenced, both in Germany and among German sympathizers in the United States, for the spy's release.

ON January 27, 1921, the adjutant general's office in Washington denied clemency after months of agitation. In November, 1922, Baron von Plessen of the German embassy in Washington exerted renewed and steady pressure for a pardon for Witzke.

On April 30, 1923, Dr. Wiedfeldt, the German ambassador, called on General Bethel in the adjutant general's office, and urged Witzke's release.

"All the belligerents have released all prisoners," he went on. "It would pacify public opinion in my country if Witzke were freed, for his case had not only attracted the attention of the public in Germany, but has frequently been discussed in the Reichstag.

"Moreover, in July of 1921 Witzke performed an act of rare heroism in his prison by entering a boiler room after an explosion had wrecked it. By this bravery he prevented a horrible disaster."

On September 26, 1923, the judge advocate general recommended Witzke's release "as a question of policy only" and not because of any doubt of his guilt or the correctness of the court-martial finding.

On November 22, 1923, President Coolidge, who had just succeeded Harding in the Presidency, pardoned Witzke, on the understanding that he be informed that he must leave the United States and never return.

The German consul in Kansas City, Missouri, went up to Leavenworth and took Witzke away. He furnished him with clothing and funds to go to New York City. In New York embassy officials met him and put him aboard the Albert Ballin. He sailed for Berlin on November 29, 1923.

Witzke, it is known, performed no service for the Fatherland during the World War which the Fatherland has ever acknowledged, save his presence at the time the British men-o'-war sank the Dresden. Yet on his return to Berlin he was given the Iron Cross, first-class and second-class, for "valuable services in time of war." The first-class decoration is only given to one in active army or navy service—and Witzke admitted, long later, that the German government would take the "position that I was not in the navy."

Late in 1928, when Peaslee & Brigham were accumulating evidence for use in the suits of the American claimants against Germany for $40,000,000 damages at Black Tom and Kingsland, Neunhoffer informed them that he had recently been in Venezuela in connection with an oil field, and that he saw Witzke in Maracaibo.

So Amos J. Peaslee and Leonard A. Peto, vice president of one of the litigants, went down there. On January 9, 1929, they interviewed Witzke in the residence of J. Oswald Boyd, an official of the Lago Petroleum Company, by which Witzke was employed.

Captain Thomas J. Tunney, who grilled Witzke.

The young German refused to help the American lawyers. He said he had been working for Boyd since August, 1927, that he cordially disliked the present German government and favored the old repudiated government "with its army code of honor." Germany would have "won the war if the whole country had been made of the stuff the army and navy officers were made of," he declared.

As to making any statement about the activities of German agents and spies and saboteurs in neutral America, he said he had already made a complete statement to the authorities in Berlin, and had turned over to them his notebook and diary.

Witzke said that following his release he had returned to Mexico City in the spring of 1925 and worked there for the Ford Motor Company. He said an American girl in Mexico City was going to marry him soon.

Questioned subtly and repeatedly, Witzke did make one significant admission, involving Consul General Bopp of San Francisco, who was sent to prison for criminal espionage:

"Bopp and I often had the experience of a great many different persons applying for a reward for the same destruction. In one instance I was dealing with five different persons within two or three days after a certain destruction, the nature of which I will not disclose, and I knew none of them was the right party because I knew what arrangements were made."

Witzke's services must, indeed, have been valuable, for Germany has never ceased to take care of him. Today he occupies an important position for the Germans in China.

Bopp, it will be remembered, also was decorated after he doffed his felon's uniform and returned to Berlin. Just what the decorations were for is not clear, since he insisted he had not violated American neutrality, and once we got into the war he occupied a prison cell until after the Armistice. However, each of the agents whose services in neutral America were notoriously outstanding received promotions, decorations, and monetary rewards from Berlin.

In the preceding installments of this story I have exposed the names and activities of the most important German spies and saboteurs, and showed that Berlin not only authorized their careers of destruction on our soil but paid them generously.

If I haven't linked up each individual that I have identified with some particular act of sabotage, it is because spies and secret service conspirators don't stand on public corners at high noon to do their stuff, or call in motion-picture cameramen to record their crimes.

But I will end this series of articles with a list of the explosions and fires which "happened" in neutral America. Certainly the connection between these agents and the atrocities perpetrated against the citizens and industries of a noncombatant country will be clear and unmistakable, for it would transcend coincidence for these destructions to have occurred without the help of hostile and incendiary hands.

Mr. Sutherland will conclude this series in Liberty next week.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

And That Was That!

Bobby's mother examined his first report card and expressed embarrassment at his awful showing in deportment. To which Bobby consoled:

"You won't need to be embarrassed next year, mama, 'cause I don't 'tend to take deportment."—O. A. Newlin, Presbyterian Sanatorium, Albuquerque, N. M.

Bad Articulation?

Peter had received lessons in English and etiquette.

Noticing his cousin one day at mealtime with her arms on the table, he exclaimed:

"Take your arms off the table, Josephine, it's not good English."—Miss Josephine Moore, 17334 Beaverland Street, Detroit, Mich.

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If your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

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A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

Glostora

Is Yours a GOLDEN NAME? Does a share of $1,000 a Week for NAME ANAGRAMS . . . . belong to you?

YOU'LL never know till you've taken a flyer at this snappy game. Paper and pencil—and a little ingenuity—are all the equipment you need. Take the letters in your name or the name of a relative or a friend. Rearrange them so that they'll make an ingenious word or phrase and mail the result to LIBERTY. There's $1,000 waiting to be picked up. Ten prizes of $100. Are you going to be in on this easy money? Look at the winners' roll of honor below. Note the names they've used and how they've juggled the letters in them. They made the job pay. So can you. Rules? They're simple as ABC. Look 'em over. Once ought to be enough. Then go out for one of those $100 checks. Your own ingenuity is the only limit to the number of NAME ANAGRAMS that you may submit. Send in as many as you wish.

TEN MORE WINNERS . . $100 EACH

EVELYN OAKLAND WRIGHT . . . AIN'T LOVE GRAND?
J. M. Wright, 6013 Christian Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DANIEL RALPH GOODAN . . . HOLD ON, DARLING!
Daniel R. Goodan, 246½ North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas

EMMA ABIGAIL DODGE . . . A GAME OLD MAID
Emma Abigail Dodge, Industrial Trust Building, Providence, Rhode Island

ALLAN RAMSEY MACKENZIE . . . ALL MEN NECK EASY
Mrs. A. R. Mackenzie, Grass Range, Montana

GEORGE ANGELO STATHIS . . . GALS GET HIS GOAT
Mrs. A. J. Stathis, 1639 South Third Street East, Salt Lake City, Utah

ROY THUBELL RIGDON . . . DO RIGHT BY OUR NELL
Roy Thubell Rigdon, 131 Macdonell Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada

CHARLOTTE MORRISEY WESTLEY . . . HOTSY TOTSY
J. W. Westley, Cedar Avenue and Center Street, Merchantville, New Jersey

KENNETH BASIL PATRICK . . . A KICK IN THE PANTS
K. Basil Patrick, 1105 North Fremont Avenue, Tucson, Arizona

MARY CHILTON CORNELIUS . . . MONEY! IT'S A CINCH
Mary C. Cornelius, 2027 Morris Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama

VERNER GUSTAFSON . . . A NERVOUS GENT
Verner Gustafson, 1270 Third Avenue East, Cedar Rapids, Iowa

RULES

. . . . . . easy, too!

1—Liberty will pay $1,000 a week in ten prizes of $100 each for the cleverest and most ingenious Name Anagrams published.

2—All you have to do to win some of this easy money is form a word, or a combination of words, using the letters in your name, or the letters in the names of your parents, brothers or sisters or friends.

3—First pick the name you want to use. Then juggle the letters—shuffle and move them around until you find clever and ingenious words. They're the kind that win.

4—Use all the letters in the name or only as many as you need. But don't use any letter that doesn't appear in it.

5—Don't use the same letter twice unless it appears twice in the name.

6—You may use your full name.

7—It isn't necessary to find a lot of words in one name, for the number of words won't count. It's the ingenuity and cleverness of your words or word combinations that'll win you a $100 check. One word may do the trick.

8—You may compete as many times as you like. This contest is open to everybody, anywhere—men, women, boys and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families.

9—Write the names you used, and the words you found hidden in them, on a piece of paper. Sign your name and address and send them to NAME ANAGRAMS, Post Office Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y.

Watch future issues of Liberty *A Weekly for Everybody* **for more great prize offers!**

Hard Work

A New For the Love o' Lil

"WATER supply will be cut off for three hours," a workman in a purple shirt told Lil's cook at the kitchen door. "Fill your tubs."

"Of course I'll fill me tubs!" Nannie flared. "I don't want to die of thirst or go dirty for a week." She slammed the door and went puffing through the house, turning on faucets.

"What's happening?" little Ulysses wanted to know.

"There's goin' to be a drought for three hours."

She filled the second-story tub. Then the faucets went dry and the drought began.

"Quick!" she yelled. "Get me a pan so I can dish out some water from the tub for my spinach!"

While little U. ran off like a puppy, Nannie stood in front of her pink-painted bureau to admire a family group from the old country.

"Great excitement!" Ulysses shouted at the open kitchen door. Gwendolyn was on the steps. "The water's turned off and our tub and washbowls—"

This week's cover picture.

"There's more excitement outdoors," she told him. "Men are diggin' in ditches. Water pipes are layin' around. An' a street roller is comin'."

"I'm getting a saucepan so Nannie can take some water from the tub to clean spinach," Ulysses said.

"Spinach?" Gwen asked in a loud voice which made a passer-by think some was for sale. "If your house was burnin', Nannie would stop to cook. Come on!"

Little U. grabbed his beret and went out.

Neighbors were hanging out of windows. Errand boys had stopped running errands. Children were collecting and a stray dog sat by his bone, too interested to chew. Workmen's coats had been tossed in a pile and shovels gleamed above the ditches.

"Listen to 'em talk," Gwen whispered. "If you was Eyetaliano you'd have to talk like that yourself."

"This is awful," a woman complained as she walked past. She sounded as though she had a cold but that was only because she was holding her nose. "How do they dare break up the gas pipes? Asphyxiation—"

She didn't know how to spell this word and Gwen didn't know what it meant. But Gwen knew the woman had made a mistake.

"They're not gas pipes," she giggled. "They're water pipes, so you needn't go around like that any more."

"Thank you," said the woman. And she walked off, breathing freely.

By eleven thirty two long ditches had been dug and some sickly water pipes had been lifted out. Then all the workmen sat down and opened pails of coffee and began to chew on long loaves of bread. Nervous housewives wondered if the men would quit right after lunch, leaving them without water for the week-end.

"We oughter help," Gwen told Ulysses. "We can dig a new ditch for the new pipes."

"Sure," a man laughed at her from his ditch. "Picka de pick while I eat."

"Picka de what?" U. wanted to know.

"Picka de pick," she giggled, pointing to a cold-chisel, "and hold it for me. Hold it good and tight while I pound it into the street."

He picked it up and held it, squinting with fear. Gwen grunted as she lifted a sledge hammer.

"Gee," she panted, "it'll take us a year to dig a ditch. This is hard work!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Baseball)

When

you are

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SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
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will pep you up.

It's an aid to good health.

After Every Meal

AGNĒS SOREL

CLEANSING
TONIC
NOURISHING

The age of the skin is not the age of the woman underneath. It is for you to decide. These six Agnes Sorel preparations will hold for you the soft glow of your twenties. Their diligent use will recapture for the more mature much of the freshness of lovely youth.

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Agnes Sorel Facial Astringent
Agnes Sorel Nourishing Cream
Agnes Sorel Skin Tonic
Agnes Sorel Face Powder
Agnes Sorel Foundation Cream

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he is a registered pharmacist

Vox

Pretty Good, But You Overlooked a Couple of Things

LYNBROOK, N. Y.—I have just finished reading Liberty for April 4, and must say it sure is a "hot number." My eyes are burning and my tongue is parched, for this have I encountered therein: "Heat waves danced on the more remote sand piles," observes Philip Wylie. "Hot roads, hot houses, hot people, the heat of this country is incredible."—Alicia Patterson.

"Your flesh is bronze. The heat of the furnace is still in that red hair," says Rex Beach. "The thought of her stifling cabin was unbearable," sighs Foxhall Daingerfield. "For a nation which will not permit the people of its individual states to determine how they may or may not quench their thirsts."—Alexandra Kropotkin.

"Instantly the entire terminal was in flames, and the explosions began to rend the night in different parts of the yard," says Sidney Sutherland. "The weather had grown very hot," remarks R. W. Chambers.

Glad Silver Knees took a bath at the end of the magazine. It helped some.

Yours for a blizzard.—*G. W. Shepper.*

They Like Him, They Like Him Not

COLUMBUS, OHIO.—If that feller Sidney Sutherland has a head, it ought to be examined—or knocked off entirely—for writing such a lot of bunk as "German Spies in America"!

Please soak him one in the jaw for me, but be sure to tell him I put in the order. Don't go and grab off all the credit!—*F. J. Zurton.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The war has been fought—albeit, it has been won—but what an interesting story Sidney Sutherland writes about "German Spies in America." Have him make them less interesting, in order that I may get more sleep.—*Edward C. Johnson.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Why do you stoop so low and perpetrate the remembrance of this war by Sutherland's stories? He is a misguided, unchristian, narrow guy, who does not know that both sides in a war are doing damnable things to further their ends.

Did not the English and American propaganda bring misery and cruelty, death and destruction to the German people also?—*A. Morgan.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I never read your magazine until it began to print "German Spies in America."

I was drawn to buy the first issue in which these articles ran by the advance advertisement, and am enjoying them. They are giving us information that was censored during the war.—*R. C. Hopkins.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I have been a reader of Liberty since the first issue made its appearance, but I was thoroughly disgusted with Sidney Sutherland's rot about German spies.

The stuff is evidently pure propaganda calculated to engender hatreds and internecine strife.

Why not devote the same space to an exposure of British, French, and Czechoslovakian propaganda and spy operations on American soil?

They operated unchecked and unrebuked.—*A Reader.*

HARRISBURG, PA.—I want to thank the editors of your magazine for the articles, "German Spies in America." I was surely disgusted with the soft pussy-footers who wrote in and condemned the same. It shows how blind folks can become.

While my parents were of German origin, that does not stop me from thanking God for the protection and care this nation gives me.—*A Pennsylvania Observer.*

The Nation's Trees

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I read your recent editorial, "'Only God Can Make a Tree'—But We Can Help."

There is need, first of all, in the United States, for the development of a forest policy which shall be independent of politics, time-serving, and shuffling. We have more than a glimmer of such a policy in California; Oregon and Washington are on the road. We have, in those three states, half of the standing soft-wood timber of the nation.

In the pine region of the southern states, men are realizing the need of action—some are acting.

What are we doing in the old-time hard-wood region of the middle west? I was born and reared in Ohio; I was through that country three years ago. It is pitiful to look at. What is being done in the newer hard-wood regions of the south? Where are the pines of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota? What has become of the old-time theory that those forests were to be replaced by farms?

The development of a national forest policy will require the coöperation of many elements: the national government, the state governments, the land-grant railroads which are large owners of timber lands, the county governments, and, likewise, the private owners of large tracts of land fit, primarily, for timber production.

Altogether a large order, isn't it?—*Winfield Scott.*

Oh, He's Nonsinkable

QUANTICO, VA.—Say—tell Mr. L. Thrasher to take a trip—the way the Titanic did.—*Johnny Stone.*

We'll Be Pleased to Help You Wonder

FALLSTON, N. C.—As far as I know, there is no law in the land to require me to read everything that Liberty prints.

Judging by the tremendous squawking in the pages of this section, the squawkers must feel duty bound to read the magazine from cover to cover. I wonder why.—*W. R. Gary.*

How About a Nice Mirror?

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Possibly your cover pictures have something to do with my unhappy experiences with Liberty. Perhaps if they were more attractive people's eyes would stay fastened on your weekly. Suggest you attach a brand-new crisp dollar bill on the cover of one week's entire issue. They're never hard to look at. Or you might try a picture of Uncle Sam taking an oath not to meddle in private business enterprises. That wouldn't be hard to look at, either.

At any rate, try something.—*Bill.*

Liberty
$1
Liberty

Wise Crack for the Week

CAMDEN, N. J.—The trouble with Liberty is that it costs too much. If you sold it for a nickel less you'd still owe the public a nickel.—*Mabel.*

Pop

Mail for Mr. Philip Wylie

WINNETKA, ILL.—Your story, " The Rest Must Perish," by Philip Wylie, should have been entitled " The Babes in the Wood," for that is what the characters in it are.

Any of the four " adults " (we don't count the mother) on this expedition who *could* forget that gasoline trucks often carry water in their radiators belongs in an old ladies' home.

No, on second thought, that is to insult the old ladies. For when one recalls the many such who skillfully drive their cars in heavy traffic he realizes that most of the old ladies would have remembered.

All this, however, is beside the point. The terms of Edison's problem distinctly stated that there is *just enough* food —and water—to enable three people to get back—and lo, the author finds more!

Probably Mr. Wylie did not care to be bound by the said conditions but aimed only at an interesting story. If so, he succeeded. It *is* a good story. A good Mother Goose story.—*Walter T. Murphy.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—" The Rest Must Perish," by Philip Wylie. By far the best piece of fiction of the year. What a movie it would make!

It should be the next $1,001,000 production. One million to produce it and one thousand to me for pointing it out.

Kindly make out the check to—*E. R. Cotton.*

Meaning Precisely What?

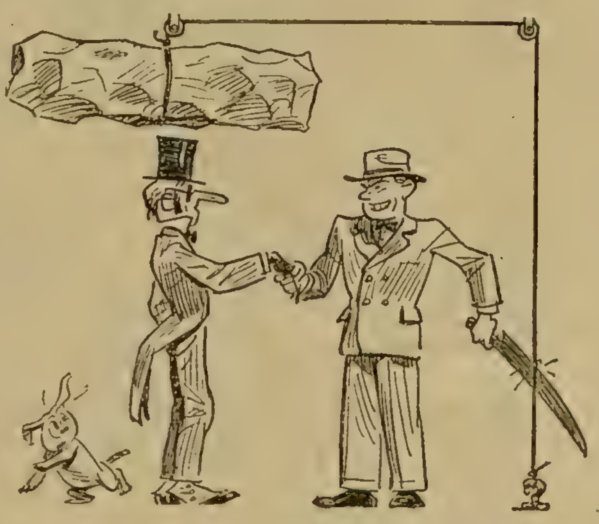
NEW SMYRNA, FLA.—If I were where I could get my itching fingers about that sarcastic Bob Benchley's old tough neck I would squeeze and squeeze and squeeze.

It is certainly disgusting that such human beings live who will make a bunch of dumb wise cracks about things they apparently know nothing about.

It always has been and always will be those people who are jealous of the other fellows' brains and abilities who make the shady remarks about them.—*Another Reader.*

Prohibition, Mr. Behrens—

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I heartily agree with the Vox Popping W. A. Behrens, who seems to think that prohibition has been a huge success. Haven't the prohibitionists—let's shake hands with 'em —eliminated crime, emptied the jails, the asylums, given every man a job, and made the word " whisky " unknown to us and our children?



If the Eighteenth Amendment had not fulfilled all these promises, or any one of them, the wets would have something to holler about.—*Ima Lyre.*

ALTOONA, PA.—We certainly do like Liberty, even Vox Pops, excepting the bray of Mr. W. A. Behrens.

Tell him that more people have died from drinking tuberculous milk than from drinking whisky, but still I don't wish to prohibit cows.—*L. H. Snyder.*

—and an Editorial

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Three cheers and a couple of rah rahs! " Them wuz true words " you wrote in your editorial, " Student Drinkers," in Liberty for April 11.

But why repeal the Eighteenth Amendment?

We young people wouldn't get near as much kick out of drinking if there weren't a law against it. —*Helen Jensine.*

GLENDALE, CALIF.—I just read your editorial, " Student Drinkers." Isn't it a distressing situation! And all the fault of prohibition!

So many college students are drinking. College students never drank before prohibition. There were no stewed studes in those days.

That's why so many breweries went out of business.

Of course any kind of prohibition encourages violation. We prohibited slavery, and now there is more slavery than ever. Isn't there? — *Howard Wilcox.*

Sure Enough, Mr. Sense o' Humor—

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Say, Franklin P. Adams certainly has a fine sense of humor—at least, that's what I found in his Liberty article on " Cooks."

Tut tut, folks, that's where the catch is behind all his rashness. Sure. Just take another peek at his article and see if it isn't so.

And now, I suppose, a couple of peeved cooks are going to bubble up and slam poor Mr. Adams to and fro. Some people just ain't got any sense of humor. —*Sense o' Humor.*

—A Couple of Peeved Cooks Did Just That

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—This is my first letter to Vox Pop, but after reading your article by that sissy, Franklin P. Adams of Chicago, I just had to write. I've gritted my teeth until they are worn down and even with the gums.

If these kind of people had to spend a year in some front-line trenches they wouldn't be so darned finicky about spices, parsley, pepper, etc., but would be glad of what they got. Why! The Big Siss!—*E. L. B.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y. — After reading Franklin P. Adams' article, " Cooks," I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Adams has lost his sense of taste; and I don't think his meals have been correctly planned, anyway.

As I am a good cook, I suggest the following menu for Mr. Adams. I know it will please him, as he is so easy to please.

Kerosene Cocktail
Cream of Ptomaine Soup
Bullet-Proof Steak
with
Mustard Plaster
Cactus Salad Soap Chips
Absorbent Cotton Rolls
Individual Mud Pies
Bolts and Nuts
Hot Water

—*A Good Cook.*

It's All in the Point of View

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I am writing in defense of my native country—Australia. Why on earth did Alicia Patterson visit a beautiful country, go out to the plains, the ugliest part of that country, where few white men can live, and then write about it in your April 4 issue as Australia, giving the people of America and the world such an impression?—*Doris G. Knapp.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Alicia Patterson's article, " Kangaroo Hunting in Australia," was ace-high. More like them in the future? I hope so! The knowledge this story imparts is well worth one's while. Yours for more true adventure in foreign lands.—*Edward Hilson.*

CORNS *lift off this way*

Pain stops instantly

Just a tiny drop of SAFE Freezone stops pain instantly. And soon corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers. Buy a bottle. All druggists.

BOYS WANTED
AGE 12 TO 20 YEARS

EARN $5 TO $15 A WEEK
SPARE TIME; MORE FULL TIME

Pleasant work. Showing and taking orders for article that sells at sight. Work to be carried on in connection with extensive National Advertising Campaign, to introduce an exceptional product. Not to be confused with ordinary agent selling. Boys wanted must be ambitious and dependable. Anxious to learn, determined to earn big money. The kind of timber that develops to great men. Boys that must make tuition money or otherwise rustle for their own during summer preferred. An ideal connection for the right boy to distinguish himself and make real cash right in his own community. Firm making this offer one of the oldest, most reliable in its field. Positions open only to limited number of boys. For full information write, H. B. SHERMAN MFG. CO., 18 Barney St., Battle Creek, Mich.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin fleck off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

YOUR FATE

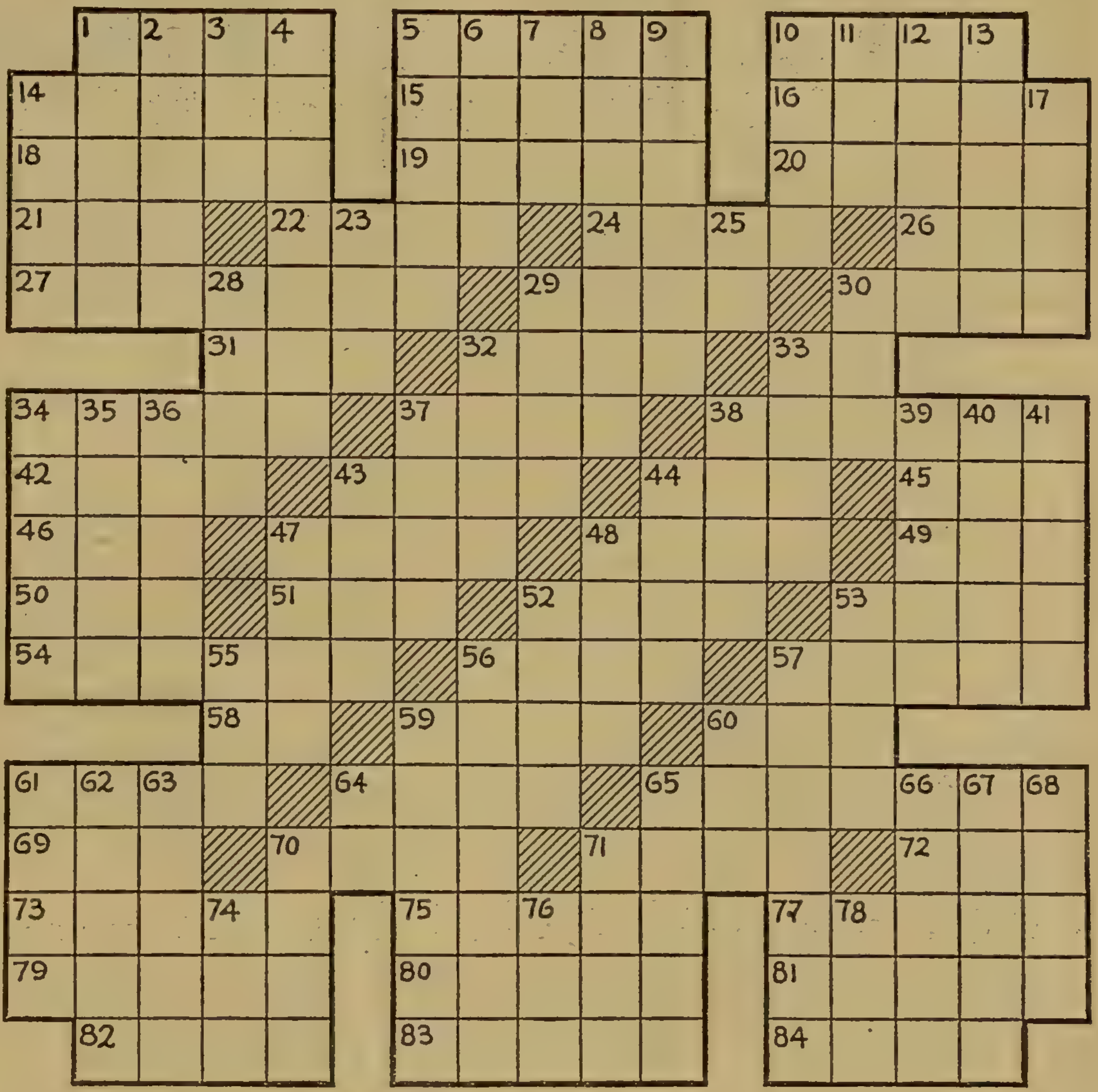
Your destiny in life is not in the hands of the gods of luck and chance. You, with your own hidden mental powers and unawakened forces, can change the course of your life and master your fate. The world's foremost thinkers have proven this and have preserved for us the simple methods whereby every man and woman may live a life of new, JOYFUL, PROPEROUS REALITIES. The Rosicrucians will send you, without obligation, a new book, "THE LIGHT OF EGYPT," that tells how you may start on the path to mastership in all your daily affairs. Only those who are sincere need write.

Librarian P.E.R., Rosicrucian Brotherhood, San Jose, Calif.

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
NO PAIN—

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell "Outgro" in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Two New Puzzles:



HORIZONTAL

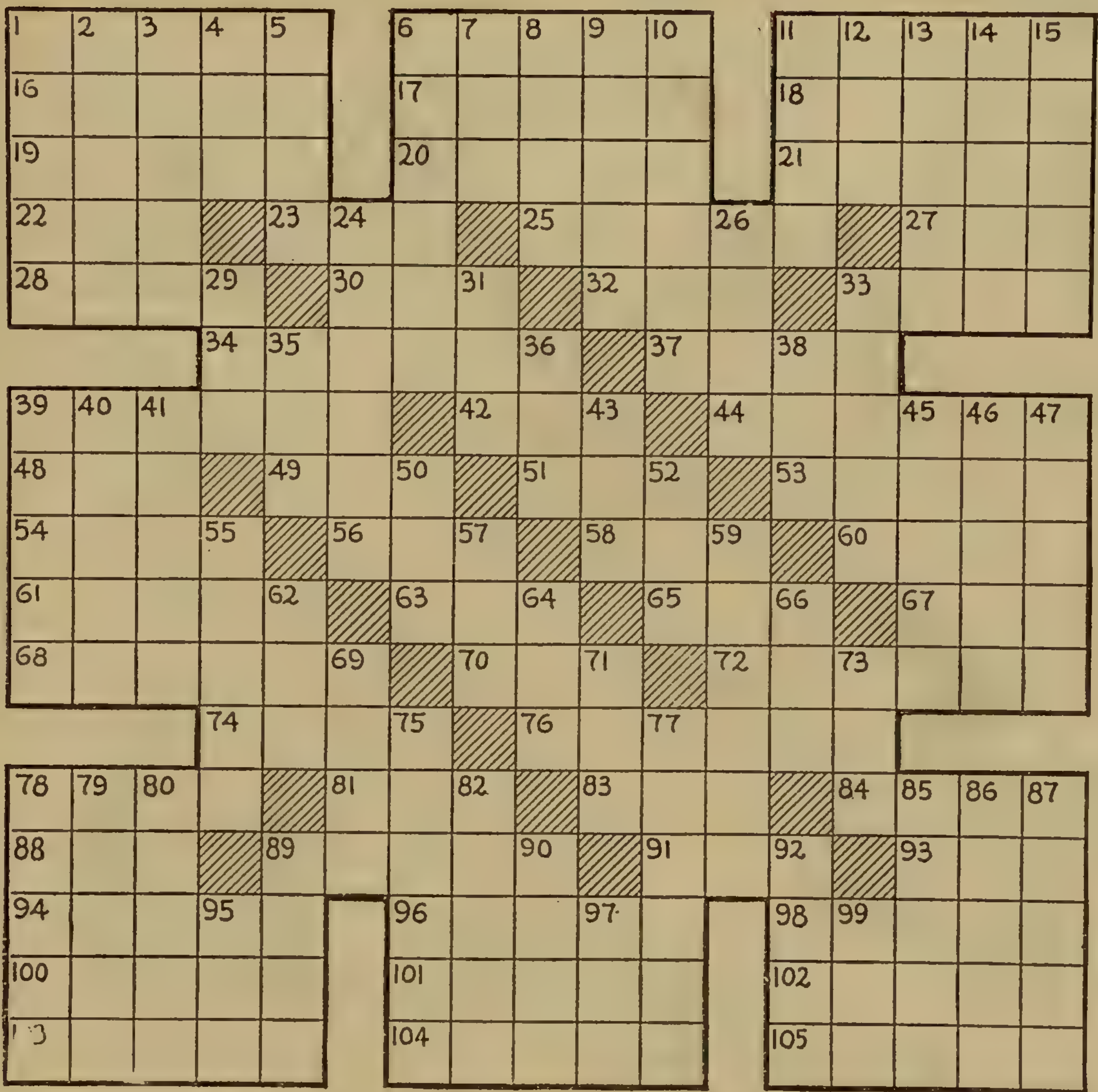
1 Form by braiding
5 Cook, as on a spit
10 Sheep
14 Flat piece of metal
15 Woman's name
16 A size of type
18 Raves
19 Frame on which clothes are dried
20 A prank
21 A pronoun
22 To alter the direction of
24 Hoarfrost
26 Part of a chair
27 Annoys; teases
29 Split
30 A pronoun
31 Bird of prey
32 Burrowing animal
33 That man
34 Church proclamation of a proposed marriage
37 Roil
38 Quails; crouches
42 Periods of time
43 Parasitic insects
44 Pork
45 A deer
46 Noisy quarrel
47 Solitary
48 Foundation; support
49 A weapon
50 Compass point
51 Sooner than
52 Auction
53 A game
54 Make public; report
56 Torn
57 Hinder
58 Part of to be
59 Immerses
60 Large receptacle
61 Portion
64 Garment worn by ancient Romans
65 Devoured eagerly
69 A constellation
70 Greek letter
71 Guitarlike instrument played with a bow
72 Exist
73 Beast of burden
75 Assumed name
77 Cardinal number
79 Over
80 Taut
81 Pamphlet
82 Afresh
83 Domestic slaves among the Anglo-Saxons
84 Preserve in brine

VERTICAL

1 Carpenter's tool
2 Narrow roads
3 A coin
4 Canopy over a bed (plural)
5 Lifts up to an erect position
6 Norse god
7 Melody
8 Barren
9 Prosper
10 A contest
11 A title of respect in Turkey
12 A tree
13 Guide
14 A support
17 Measures of work
23 A vessel
25 Pronoun
28 Cardinal number (plural)
29 Assumed part
30 Chop
32 Rodents
33 Habitat
34 Denuded
35 Past
36 Post on a stairway
37 Russian hemp
38 A container
39 Fungous disease of rye and other cereals
40 Course or way
41 Spanish title
43 Knowledge; learning
44 Stop!
47 Allows
48 Forbids
52 Bristlelike organ
53 Unaspirated consonant
55 River island
56 Entertains in a sumptuous manner
57 Strips or deprives, as of rights
59 Revolve
60 A club
61 Large rodent of South America
62 Oriental cart
63 Man's name
64 An element (symbol)
65 Flowers
66 Of ships of war
67 Upstanding
68 Small hollow
70 Caused to sound, as a wind instrument
71 Expunge
74 Woman's name
76 Hostelry
78 Period

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Take Your Choice



HORIZONTAL

1 Enchant; fascinate
6 Stringed instrument
11 Make obdurate
16 Indian princess
17 City in France
18 Pucker
19 Dwelling place
20 To respond to a stimulus
21 Expiate
22 To invite; request to come
23 Woman's dowry
25 Cover with crumbs preparatory to cooking
27 East Indian weight
28 Boil
30 A radical
32 Terminus
33 Woman's nickname
34 Sojourns
37 A levee
39 Strikes with sudden fear
42 Humor
44 Irksomeness; wearisomeness
48 Malevolent
49 A toy
51 A label
53 Potassium nitrate
54 Star in the constellation Pegasi
56 Unused
58 Compensate
60 Combining form meaning great
61 Of an area
63 A flap
65 A viscid or sticky substance (cant)
67 Confronted
68 Part of a telescope (plural)
70 Sailor
72 Showy in the matter of apparel
74 A molding
76 Drinking cups
78 Soon
81 Portion of a circle
83 Babylonian deity
84 Pickle in brine
88 Exclude
89 Haughty
91 A tree
93 Exclamation of contempt
94 Elliptical
96 Anticipatory fear
98 Funeral oration
100 A parent
101 Avoid by artifice
102 Wanderer
103 Watchful
104 City in Kansas
105 A metric measure

VERTICAL

1 Crustaceans
2 Custom or practice
3 Battery terminal
4 A color
5 Recompense
6 Separated
7 Ill temper
8 An Asiatic
9 Mother-of-pearl
10 Belgian seaport
11 Type of airplane
12 Be still; hush!
13 Irregularly notched
14 Slaves
15 Looks askance
24 Prayer
26 Passage
29 Conflict
31 Condensed moisture
33 Becloud
35 Stake
36 Perch
38 Range of perception
39 Kind of hemp
40 Woman's name
41 American general in the Revolution
43 Strike lightly
45 Separate particulars in an enumeration
46 Impels
47 Pithy
50 Fondle
52 To retch
55 Member of a fraternal order
57 A wit; joker
59 Warbles
62 Part of a tripod
64 Morass
66 Fragment; refuse
69 Scorch
71 Man's nickname
73 Kind of worm
75 Wears away
77 Make vapid
78 Large serpent
79 Of ships of war
80 Declaim
82 A flexure
85 Over
86 Beer
87 At that point
89 Indecorously free, or presuming
90 Extinct; obsolete
92 Pronoun
95 Combining form meaning thrice
97 Woman's name
99 Abraham's nephew

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy-eight

Neuritis

Quick Relief with a Harmless Tablet

Never put up with pain any longer than you can help! Pain racks nerves, saps vitality. At the first sign of any touch of neuritis, rheumatism or lumbago, take a couple of Salicon tablets. Salicon almost instantly relieves any pain from headache to rheumatic limbs without any bad after effects. Does not affect the heart, upset the stomach or establish a habit. Helps also to relax taut nerves and induce sound sleep at night. As a relief for periodic pains women find it a blessing. It's the modern pain antidote and sedative. 25¢ 50¢ and $1.25 at all good drug stores. Doctors freely prescribe it.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, send attached coupon for trial package of SALICON.

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22 Yeoman Street
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Free Trial

Send free trial package of Salicon.

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Salicon

UGLY HAIRS

can *never* grow again!

Now you can be forever free from ugly, unfeminine hair. The Koremlu Cream Method—based on the discovery of a noted French scientist—definitely removes all superfluous hair.

The Koremlu Cream Method is not a temporary corrective of superfluous hair; *it is a permanent cure*—and is backed by a written guarantee. Koremlu is a delightfully fragrant cream. You easily and quickly apply it to the skin, and leave it on all night. The Koremlu Method *removes* the unwanted hair from face, neck, arms or legs, by weakening the follicles that hold the hairs in the roots, destroying them safely but surely. The Koremlu Cream Method, used regularly for a definite period as directed is guaranteed by a signed, money-back guarantee to achieve the permanent results you have always hoped for—*the complete and lasting removal of superfluous hair.*

Rejoice that you can now be rid forever of all unwanted hair. Send coupon *today* for details of the Koremlu Cream Method.

Koremlu Cream is sold at leading department stores. (Ask them for booklet.) If you cannot get Koremlu Cream in your locality, you may order direct from us.

KOREMLU

for *permanent* hair removal

KOREMLU, Inc., 11 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me booklet (in plain envelope) giving full information about Koremlu Cream for the guaranteed removal of superfluous hair.

Name..............................

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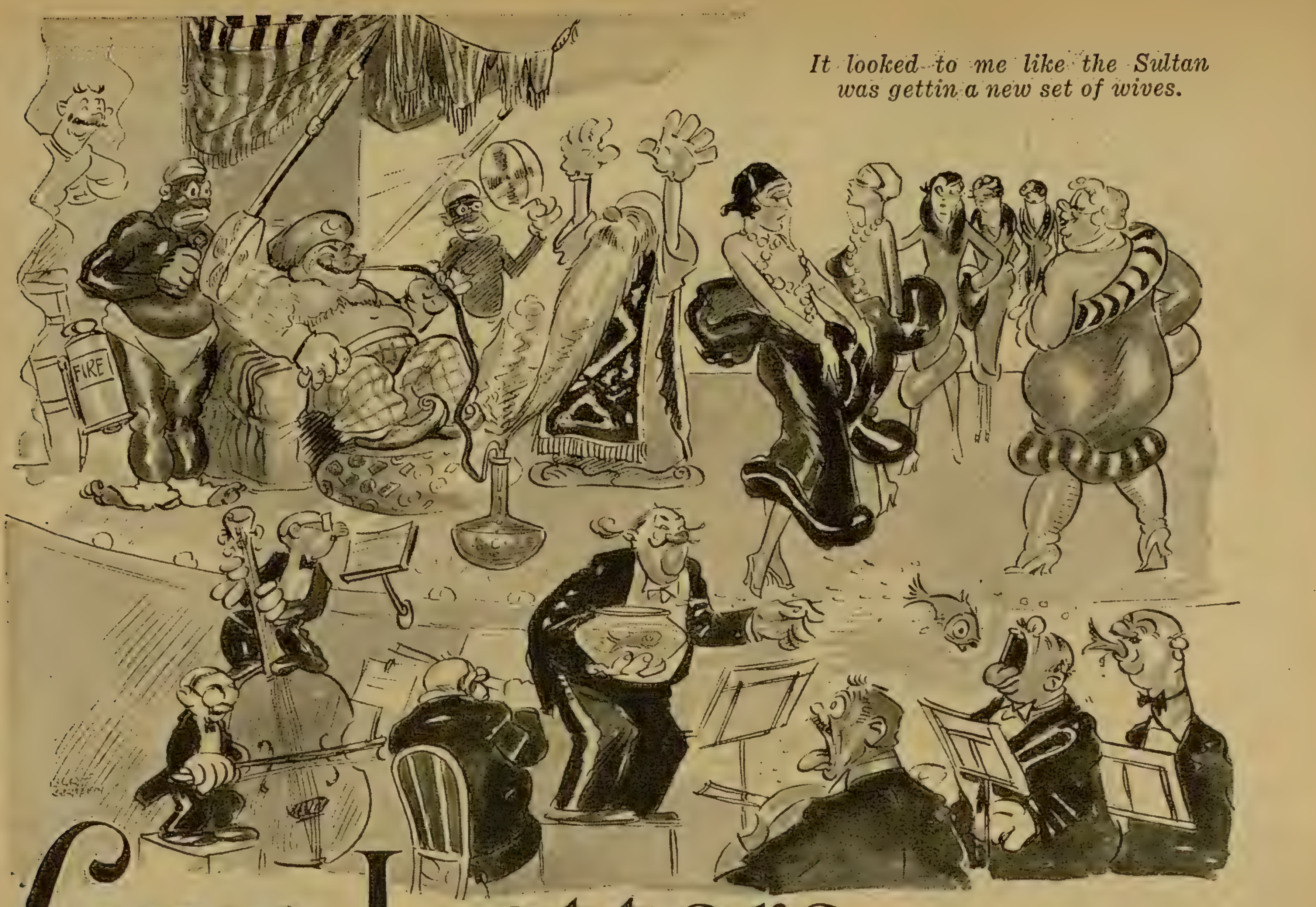
Address..............................



It looked to me like the Sultan was gettin a new set of wives.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

They Call It Gay Paree!

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 9 min. 3 sec.)

Paris, France.

DEAR MARG,

Gosh, when it comes to *women*, this Gay Paree is the nuts! I've seen some catsy frails in my traipsing about, but this town sets *everything* against you. Why, they don't even give you time to use your imagination. They believe in the old sayin what says, He who hesitates is lost! Yeah, an even if you *dont* hesitate, youre lost too. Sister, these dames take their love where they find IT, and they never miss!

Slip a french frail a piece of lace, an old shirt, a berdado bag and a package of pins and in fifteen minutes she'll bat you out a silhouette ensemble that would wilt every collar on ze Prominade. Even the young twists that work in the shops for five or six bucks a week. They got more style to em than most of the well kept ladies in the U. $. A. who scribble the chumps name on the charge account. No foolin. Yes, and they do it on nothin per! The average weekly rap to a girl who fans the underwoods over here is about eight slugs a week, and if you ever saw her with her boy friend on Sunday ankling through the Toodle-oo Gardens youd think she was private secretary to the President of France. Sure, theyre *all* like that. They keep on makin the same dress over until theres nothin left of it but an exclamation point!

The french shops over here, Marg, are the Ritzest things you ever hung your Miscara over. Honest, theyd goal you. Every shop is filled with lacy undies and naughty nighties that drive the dames goofy and keep the sweeties broke. But theres one thing you got to watch out for, and thats the way the shop keeper chisels the Americans. Oh, theyre good! They got three prices—One for the frog, one for the Englishman, and *tops* for the American. When a Yank walks in, hes sunk before he even opens his trap. He pays the rent, the freight, the overhead and usually winds up behind the two ball with a package of blanks. If it aint the blanks he drew, the knick knack most likely has a crack in it.

The only way to beat em is go to a *big store* and read the tag. If its written in English, its okay, but if its written in French—beat it!

Theres one thing here thats oakay though, and thats the *bedrooms!* Oh—Bay-bee! No kiddin, Marg, if you ever quilted yourself down in one of these french flops youd think you were Marline-Coopering in Hollywood. George Washington may have slept in every joint in the country but if he had ever teed off in one of the frog boodwars the Revolution would have been shot without him.

Just to give you some idea what a french bedroom looks like Marg, I'll try to discribe the one I got in this hotel. First of all they aint got no wall paper. They use that for french money—it looks like it anyway.

Instead of wall paper, the walls are covered with poiple silk. Nifty eh? Oh, an the drapes. Oo, la-la! Theyre full of fussy feminine do-dads what make a guy swell up with duck bumps. Alongside the bed they got more push buttons than Ford has bolts. All you have to do is play the buttons and you can change the boodwar lightin from a morning sunrise to a moonlight Sonata. A darb, what?

Oh yes, the *bed*. Don't let me forget *that!!* The beds are the McCoy. On each corner they got a clothes pole and over the top they got a one man top called a

[CONCLUDED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING]

1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's Method . . . an 1870 Tobacco Secret
3 Big Flakes that Burn Slow and Cool
4 Sweet to the End... No Soggy Heel

GRANGER
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO

A cooler smoke...and a drier pipe!

AND what's more, the sweetest, richest fragrance that ever floated from a bowl. Load your favorite briar—with Granger; pinch by pinch, on the "installment plan." Pack it tight, light it *all around*—and you're all set!

Slower-burning, cooler-smoking, clean to the last dry ash — that's Granger Rough Cut. And our own Wellman's Method mellows and "seals in" the flavor as nothing else can!

© 1931, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING]

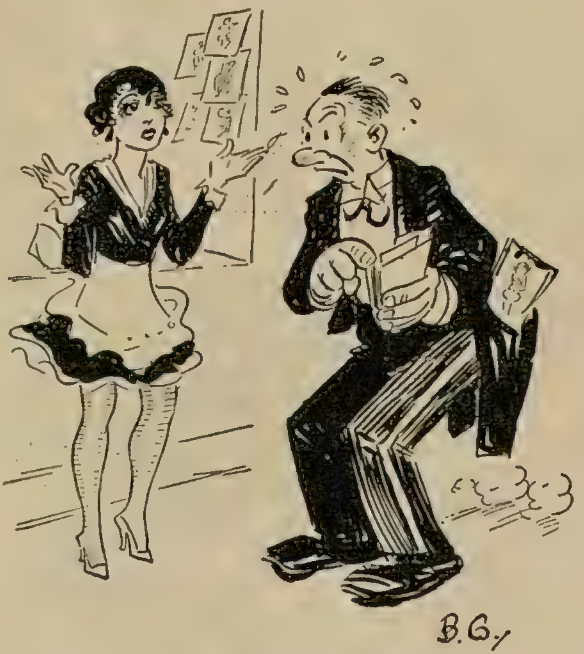
canopee, you know, like a tent. The matress is so high you got to be a pole vaulter to get in to it. But once youre in it, its like takin ether, you just go blah! I'm tellin you right here an now Marg, if you ever parked your curves in one of these 1931 free wheelin outfits, youd never get up to put the egg on.

Then too, they got another gadjet in the boodwar I must tell you about, its a nifty. The frogs call it a Shays-lounge. I used to know a bartender in Times Square once by the name of Shay who musta invented it. Gosh he was a great guy. Anyway, this lounge is a cross between a bath tub and an operatin table, only its filled with heart shaped cushions an forget-me-nits. I dont see why they have it when they got such a swell bed handy.

Another thing, its a good thing your old man cant see the pitchers they got hangin on the wall, because if he did, your old lady would be huntin a new meal ticket. Every time the ladies get their photos took over here they leave their clothes home. Its a swell town, this Paris. I'm for it!

Everything they make over here is for comfort. F'rinstance take the chairs—theyre great big over-stuffed things—just like the frenchmen when they eat. Gosh, when you fold your hips in one of them, its just like droppin the body in a bowl of spinach, its so soft.

Speakin of comfort, I must put you hep to the bathroom. Oh, its the bugs spectacles! First, if you want to take a bath you ring for the maid. One look at the maid and youd think Ziegfeld lost part of his chorous. Anyway, the maid brings in a great big pink quilt affair and fits it in the tub, sure, like a corset cover. You lay on it. Thats to keep you away from the cold tub. Don't you love it? Well, after the fuzzy babe draws the bawth, she sticks around until youre just about ready to go for the plunge. And if you dont watch out, she'll be scrubbin her telephone number on your back. No foolin theyll dry you off too—theyre nice that way. Now listen, you neednt go thinkin Kid, that I had any help durin the workout because I didnt,—but honest, she was an awful cute number.



Danny was buyin French post cards by the dozen and datin up the saleslady.

Well, as soon as you do your Ederlie, you go against the perfume dept. When you stand in the tub you press a button and out comes odor of Lie-locks, odor of Daffydills, odor of Didja-Kiss or odor of Jazz-Mine. No kiddin, if you walked down the boulevard the butterflys would chase you. Heavens above, you feel like a drug store sandwich that had gotten chummy with the lip sticks. Oh, youd like this Paris, Marge.

THE other day, me, Danny Doyle and his shot and shell Gwendolyn were walkin through the Arch de Trump when who did we meat up with but an old pal of Gwendolyns. A Fay Dooley. Fay, it seems had just put her husband in the Muclige works and was Cooks tourin on his insurance money. Fay was a dainty little lass, standin six feet two I should say and sportin a 62 bust. And oh, what a giggling disturbence she turned out to be. I'll bet if you ever saw Fay making her de-butt from a bungalow, youd swear the Los Angeles was leavin her hangar at Lakehurst. Ive seen some trick dames before, but when Gwendolyn picks em, a side show looks like a beauty contest. As a matter of fact, when Fay got married, her husband grabbed the Bridal Sweet on a ferry boat running between New York and Staten Island, thats how dumb she was.

Well, after Gwendolyn had introduced her brand new husband to Fay, Fay says, Oh, dont call me *Mrs. Dooley*, call me *Fay*, he-he-he-he!—But between you and me Marge, Id a called her *late!* Fay looked too cute for words. She wore a printed leopard coat, pig-skin gloves, a horsehair hat, snakskin shoes, an aligator purse and a lizzard pin. No kiddin, she was aces.

Anyway, after the introductions and hot air was over with, Fay invited us over to a Tom Thum Golf course on the Palais de la Concord. Yeah, even the frogs have gone for that racket too. Didja ever play it Marg? No! Well—heres how it goes. First you tee off a balcany and try to drive the ball into a finger bowl up at the other end. As soon as you hit the thing it goes screwey up an alley and lands in front of a mouse trap. You shoot the ball through a cock-eyed tunnel and try to drop it into a soup strainer on the other end but between the tunnel and the soup strainer they got more nutty stuff.

F'rinstance, you got to drive over a mud puddle onto a lilly pad. If you miss the lilly pad and land in the mud puddle its just too bad. Everytime you take a sock at the pill and miss it, it counts *one* and by the time you putt through logs, egg crates, fire hose and stuff like that you can curse better than a teamster whose late for lunch. When you reach the 19th hole, the ball drops down a sewer pipe, returns to the office and you win the game. Minature golf is nothin more than one pill chasin another.

AFTER we finished the golf game, Danny Doyle got big hearted and invited Fay to go with us to the Follies Brazzier that night. That went big with Danny because *I* was elected to escort the lady Zepplin. It was Kayo too, for Danny, because he knew when Fay moved in I would have to sit on my thum. On the level, when she sat down, the orchistra stool next to me looked like a kitchen chair in a doll house.

If youve never seen the French Follies in Paris Marg, you aint seen nothin! Fay never blushed so much since she was stewardess on the Night Boat. Listen Kid, if that show ever played in Boston, there wouldnt be a husband home to supper between Cape Cod and Northampton Mass. Oh, you dont know the half of it dearie.

This particular night, the show was laid in a Hairum. I dont know much about history but it looked to me like the Sultan was gettin a new set of wives. Anyway, the last scene showed the Sultan sittin on a catsy couch smokin a thing what looked like a gas stove while a coupla jigs were fannin him with a fly swatter.

All this time some dancin girls were doin a bally dance while the hindoos beat the hula-hula on their tom-toms. But if you ask me, I think it was a *belly* dance!

The next number on the program was an anersthetic dance. A lady came out in the beginning of the act all dressed up, but every time the apatchee caught her in his arms, he tore part of her clothes off.

When this was finished, in walked an Armenian all dressed up in a carpet. He said somethin in french to the Sultan and the head man grinned all over. The Armenian clapped his hands and who comes anklin in but a perade of red hot mommers dressed in fur Bennys right down to their toes. Sweet oil of juniper, what frails!!

Some of em had on Vermine, some had on sables and a great big fat dame had on a broadtail. I couldn't tell which was the coat. Anyhow, the Sultan and the Armenian began arguin about the dames, and before you could bat an eye, the ladies took the coats off and they didnt have nothin on under em but a handful of beads.

Hot zig!! When Danny saw that, it was curtains! He made one mad rush for the lobby and when Gwendolyn found him he was buyin French post cards by the dozen and datin up the saleslady. Oh, what a riot.

Well, wishin you the same

Your ever lovin pal

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Please excuse me writtin you this sad stuff because I'm fuller re-morse. Hope your mothers toobs are better.

There'll be another letter from Mike in an early issue of Liberty.

Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

"It's a scandal the way men have suffered for years with the old razor pull, and rub and brush and lather. Now, I find Barbasol has eliminated all that—it's so quick and clean and easy. I give it a rousing encore *every morning."*

George White

. . . George White, producer of the annual George White "SCANDALS" and the musical comedy hit, "FLYING HIGH"

* Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

FOR two thousand years, men *had* to shave with that popular substance invented to remove dirt because that's all there *was*—until Barbasol was created for the *sole* purpose of softening whiskers and getting them shaved off *clean* and *easy* without hurting the face.

Barbasol is modern! It does not lather like soap, at all. It was invented and perfected to make tough whiskers in tender skins take a trimming—and *like* it! It softens them like magic; makes them cut easy. At the same time it holds them *straight up to the blade.*

And here's the test of a *real* shaving cream—can you shave *twice a day* with it? Thousands of men write us all the time declaring that two Barbasol shaves a day is fun. That's how fine it makes your face feel. That's why Barbasol Believers have made it the fastest-selling shaving cream in the world.

MAYBE YOU USED IT WRONG—Use it RIGHT, Now . . . *Follow These Directions and You'll Follow the Crowd*

1. Wet your face and leave it wet . . .

2. Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on *evenly* between the hairs . . .

3. Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE— a refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 23, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Barbasol

Listen to Barbasol Ben and His Boys—Laughs—and the songs you can't forget—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Columbia Network: Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WPG.

Bottoms Up 136 *Million Times!*

WE SERVE
Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED MILK
All Flavors Delicious

Last year, America "downed" a glass of Borden's Malted Milk 136,000,000 times! No other malted milk—no other *two* malted milks—can match that record!

To-day, treat yourself to this favorite drink. Have a Borden's Malted Milk in your favorite flavor. To get a Borden's Malted Milk and none other—Be sure to look for those fountains that display the Borden Diamond!

***Wonderful health news!** Experiments in the laboratories of a world-famous university show the superiority of Borden's Malted Milk in Vitamins A, B and G. Has all three vitamins in rich measure. Also contains energy elements, and calcium and phosphorus, for teeth and bones.*

For Home Use, *too*— *Insist on the Richer Malted Milk*

RICHER IN VITAMINS . . . RICHER IN NOURISHMENT . . . RICHER IN TASTE

When you buy malted milk for home use, get Borden's . . . the better malted milk. It's richer in taste, and better for you. Any malted milk *isn't* "just as good." Get Borden's.

Borden's
THE IMPROVED
MALTED
MILK

Take home this package—accept no substitute. If you drink malted milk for health, get the malted milk with the most health *in it. That's Borden's.*

Do you drink malted milk for a quick "pick-up" when you're "ready to drop"? Then remember, Borden's is richer in quick nourishment than most malted milk.

Have you children who need malted milk? Leading investigators in a famous university have proved that Borden's is exceptionally rich in vitamins A, B and G. Also, it's richer in energy elements and supplies phosphorus and calcium, so important for teeth and bones.

Do you drink a hot malted milk at bedtime, to send you off to sleep? Try Borden's. Compare it with other malted milk. See if it does not make a more delicious nightcap.

Is there an invalid or convalescent or some elderly person in your home? Borden's Malted Milk is an ideal food for building up—and easier to digest than plain milk.

Don't accept any malted milk as "just as good." Get the one that has been proved superior in health value. Get the one that is far and away the favorite at fountains all over America. Get Borden's to-day.

Child Underweight? Accept this offer!

Mail coupon and ten cents to-day for liberal 3-serving sample and booklet containing delicious recipes and important information on building up undernourished children.

The Borden Company, Dept. L-3
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me 3-serving sample of Borden's Malted Milk and booklet.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

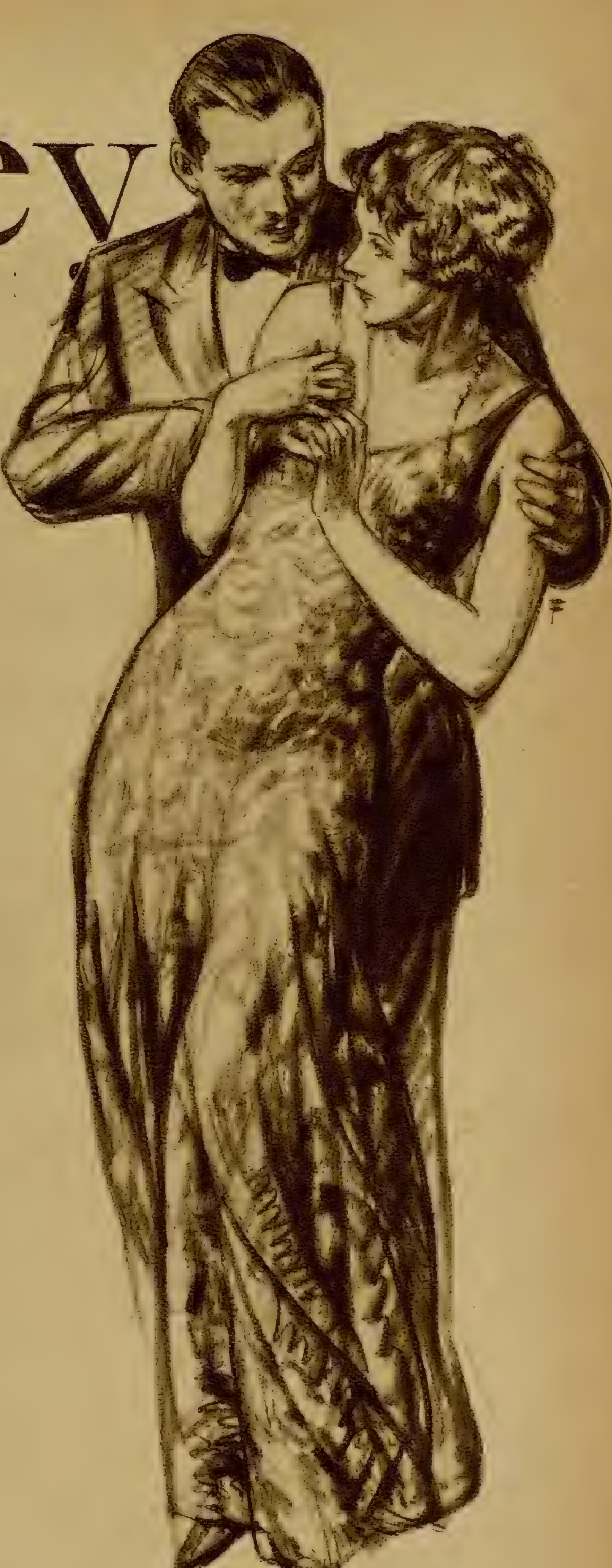
Money Mad

The Story of a Girl's Gamble for Happiness

By

REX BEACH

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER



The host had yielded to an amatory mood.

(Reading time: 32 minutes, 45 seconds.)

THESE are the adventures of Florida Morgan, whose father, a bank official, was sent to prison. She took a position with the Wall Street firm of Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott, hoping to pay her father's debts. "Countess" Wanda, the wife of Wilmer Worth, helped her get the job.

When, at the Worth home, Paradise Harbor, Florida met Wilmer, she was amazed to find him the flyer who, calling himself Falconer, had once made love to her, and had fled.

PART TEN—WALL STREET'S "IT GIRL"

WORTH and Son was an active house, it had promoted numerous enterprises with conspicuous success, and when, perhaps a week after that affair at Paradise Harbor, there came the announcement of still another, this time a merger of foreign power companies, Breckenridge telephoned on behalf of his firm. Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott, he declared, were not wholly satisfied with their allotment of the new shares.

He was surprised to receive an invitation to lunch that noon with Wilmer Worth, the which he accepted without delay, and at five minutes to one he entered the Worth Building, one of the towering architectural triumphs of the financial district.

A silent-running elevator, as richly done as the bronze sarcophagus of some emperor, shot him to the topmost floor, where an attendant in a steel-gray uniform with a gold W upon his collar led him down a private passageway and into a waiting room which commanded a view like that from the cabin of a Zeppelin. It was a quiet, restful room. From the voids below rose the clamor of the city muted by distance into a soothing murmur.

Near one of the windows a table was set for two; from a private kitchen a waiter came and went.

Solomon Worth had begun his career as a tenant of the old rookery which had stood on this site. This tower bearing his name was a monument to his success. Here were quartered the numerous companies he controlled; the two lower floors were occupied by his bank, and the deep foundations of the building itself housed the vaults in which his millions lay.

When young Worth appeared he greeted the broker

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MONEY MAD
Continued from page sixty-nine

cordially and they sat down to lunch. After they had finished their business, Breckenridge said, "I hoped to have the pleasure of seeing your father."

"He's not very well. The capers of this market are beginning to tell on him."

"We're all feeling the strain: our office force is tired out. How long does he think it will last?"

"Six or eight months. Possibly longer."

"And then what?"

Wilmer smiled. "An interviewer once asked him how he had managed to become so rich, and he said it was because he had lived through three great financial panics."

"If we have another one—which seems impossible—I dare say Worth and Son will come out of it bigger and stronger than ever. By rights, old man, you should be a loafer, a weakling, or at least a spendthrift. You ought to be squandering money as fast as he makes it. Why, if the big wizards pass on their money magic to their sons and grandsons, the offsprings of the rest of us will be bus boys."

"NO cause for you and me to worry. I'm no more likely to have a son than you are, Breckenridge. But nature takes care of such things: birth, growth, and decay. She's pretty wise. Necessity is the only spur to ambition, and the Irish have a saying that it's only two generations from clogs to clogs. I suppose ambition is a virtue, but it becomes a vice when it's carried too far. Industry is another. People seem to think they must always be doing something, getting ahead. For heaven's sake, why?"

"You're showing the strain yourself, Worth. Cut out the social stuff and get more sleep. If I don't have eight hours I get a morbid desire to go out in the woodshed and hang myself. That's why I didn't attend your wife's party last week. Hyperacidity made me a bachelor."

"She's pretty well fagged out, herself. She has gone abroad for a rest."

"So I read. I heard a lot about that party from Miss Morgan. She helped the countess arrange it. She's working for us, you know."

"Yes. . . . I asked you to lunch so we could talk about her."

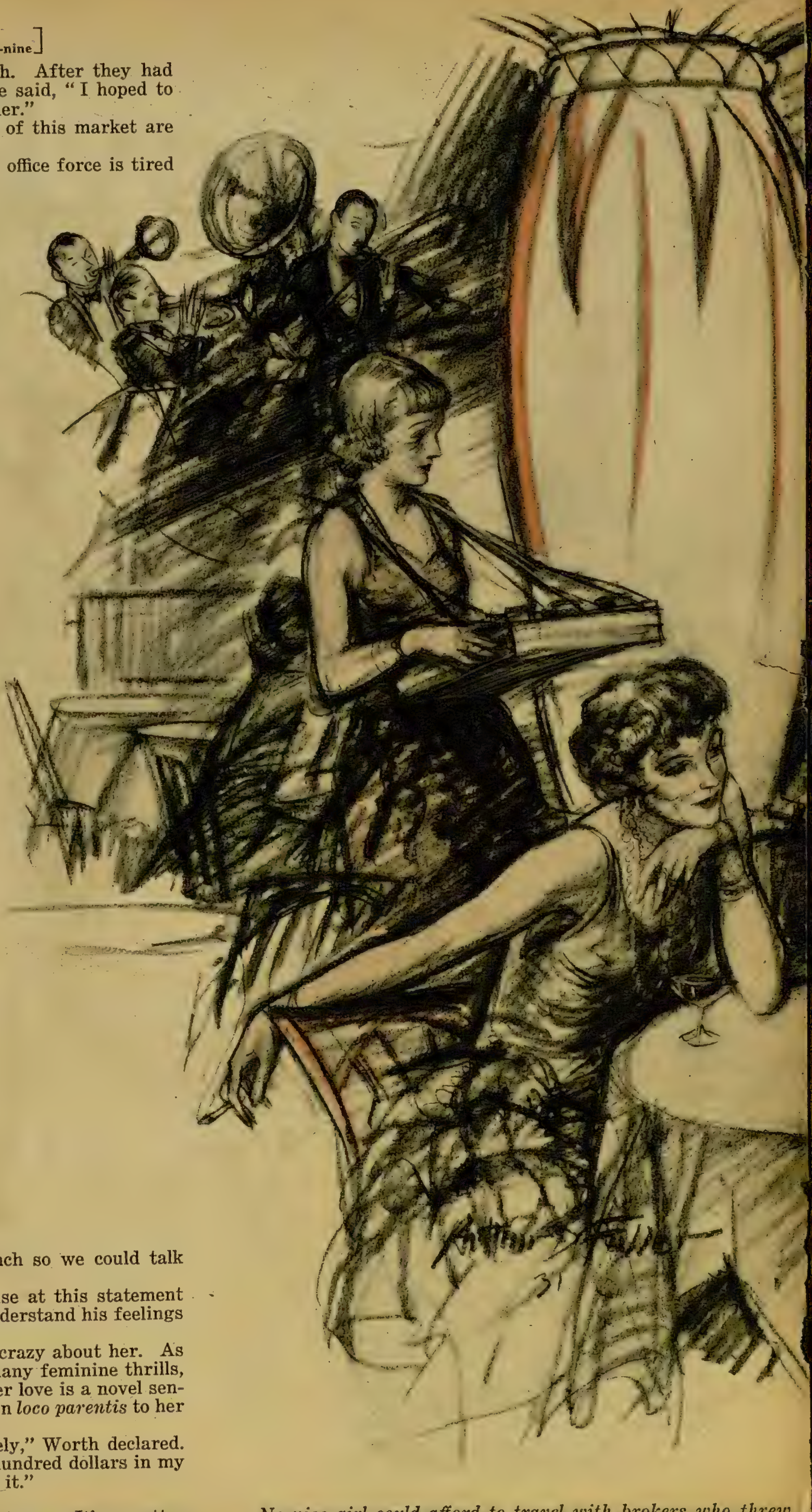
Breckenridge betrayed no surprise at this statement but, in order that his host might understand his feelings toward Florida, he said:

"There's a wonderful girl. I'm crazy about her. As man and boy I've enjoyed a good many feminine thrills, but she gives me a new one. Mother love is a novel sensation. You should try it. I stand in *loco parentis* to her and it's making a new man of me."

"I'm glad. I can talk more freely," Worth declared. "I have her check for forty-three hundred dollars in my pocket and I'm sure she can't spare it."

"Borrowed money?"

"No. But she thinks she owes it to me. It's a matter



No nice girl could afford to travel with brokers who threw

I can't argue with her." After a pause the speaker went on, "Last winter I was flying back from Cuba to Palm Beach, and off the keys I ran out of gas. I smashed up trying to land the ship in rough water and Florida and her father saved my life. They took care of me at their fishing camp and—I assumed they were a couple of beach combers, as they pretended to be. She's a great kidder, you know. I didn't tell them who I was, either. . . . For once I guess I went a little bit mad, or possibly I let myself out for the first time, which amounts to about the same thing. A fellow in my position can't often afford the luxury of being natural. . . . I didn't tell her I was married. . . . I realized all at once that I had to go away. Not trusting myself to say good-by to her, I left a note and all the money I had—forty-three hundred dollars."

Breckenridge had listened with some surprise to this recital, which cast an altogether new light upon that parting between Florida and the countess. He wondered why this man had made a confidant of him when they were little more than acquaintances.

Worth, of course, had left much unsaid, but his hesitancy, his obvious agitation betrayed the whole truth. The broker murmured a weak-sounding word or two of regret and sympathy.

"Thanks! It is a bit tough," Wilmer agreed. "Especially when things might so easily have been—different."

"Does she care for you?"

"Probably not. I must have hurt her pretty deeply. I was a rotter and I've hated myself ever since. Inasmuch as I've told my wife all about it, I'm sharing no guilty secret with you. . . . I've been through hell, Breckenridge. I'm about licked." The speaker rose from the table and moved about the room. When he lit a cigarette his hand shook visibly.

"As a pinch-hitting parent," the former said, "my sympathy is naturally with my borrowed offspring. Assuming that she cares for you as you evidently care for her, what about Reno? The hotels are good—"

Worth shook his head. "I have a wife who has given me no grounds for divorce."

"To a man of my means that would be a—difficulty. To one of yours—"

"To one of mine it's more than that. It's an impossibility." Again there was silence. "I understand she's doing very well. In her work, I mean."

"Florida? Yes."

"For heaven's sake, tell me something about her! I'm dying to hear, and there's nobody else—" The speaker's voice cracked, he made a jerky gesture of appeal. "I don't even know why she came to New York or how she fell in with Wanda; what she does, how she lives— We had a pretty stormy scene, my wife and I; she didn't tell me much."

"You know about her father's trouble?"

"No. Tell me. Don't be afraid to talk. . . . What an ass I'm making of myself! I must be out of my mind to go on like this to you and it's an imposition to subject you to an ordeal of this sort. It's not very pleasant to have a man bare his soul. Miserable, writhing things, souls. I apologize. But some nights I lie for hours just repeating her name."

THE broker did as he had been directed and Worth hung upon his words. He was like a man parched with thirst. The recital of Henry Morgan's misfortune amazed and dismayed him. "It's an outrage. He's a fine old fellow," he declared finally. "But how can she hope to pay off a hundred-thousand-dollar debt? Why should she undertake to do so?"

"Family pride, for one thing. You know how she drops her *r*s. Her mother was the daughter of some cast-iron Confederate hero."

"That's absurd!"

"I've been all over that with her. Morgan's lawyer leads her to believe he can enlist support for an appeal for mercy, or a parole or something, once the old gentleman gets off the hook, and maybe he can. After all, a hundred thousand isn't so much. Other girls have made it on the Street and Horace Snow has given her a start."

"Snow?"

"He's only one of several who'd like to do her a good turn."

"Damn it! You know what that means. I'll give it to her if you'll get her out of this mess. She has no business running around with men like Snow and Latham. My wife told me that Ted Roth is crazy about her, and Karpen, too. She must realize what's bound to happen."

"Bosh! You're a man of the world. You

money right and left in night clubs. But Florida was seen everywhere

MONEY MAD
Continued from page seventy-one

know as well as I do that nothing ever happens unless the girl is willing."

"I'm not a man of the world," Worth confessed. "I'm a farmer's son if ever there was one."

"Too rich, too prominent to afford the garden variety of indiscretions, eh? That never occurred to me. Perhaps I should tell you some of the deeper truths about life."

Worth smiled faintly. "Please do."

"FLORIDA is no fool. She's in very little danger from the men she goes around with—after all, they're pretty much like you and me—and she's amply able to care for herself. Fellows like Snow and Latham aren't going to blackjack a girl, now, are they? Take it from one who has had a wide experience with commercial-minded members of the gentler sex, it's the man who needs first aid."

"But—it's no game for a decent girl, panhandling wealthy men."

"What else are you and I doing in our own ways? You have your father's name to go on; she has nothing but her youth, her good looks, and her feminine appeal. Why shouldn't she use 'em? Another thing: forget that old hokum that only the poor are virtuous and the rich are steeped in vice. You picked that up at the Academy of Music. It's melodrama. The dirty dogs in real life don't wear boots and riding breeches. They have calluses and park in dark places.

"You ask me to get her out of 'this mess.'" The speaker wagged his gray head. "She has tasted success, she's getting a kick out of life, she has a purpose. Would it be fair to her, assuming that I could make her quit? I hardly think so. The most I could do would be to fire her. She'd promptly get another position. Money-making isn't a pretty game; life isn't very pretty, either, for women who have to work. But she's not in the chorus, or modeling in a gown shop, or 'behind the ribbons.' That kid's in business. When I started in I capitalized my personality just as every young man does. Why shouldn't she make the most of her charms in every legitimate way?"

"Legitimate, yes. Snow is married."

"Oh, she'll break the wings of her butterflies, of course; she'll lose some of her bloom! Already she's a different girl from the one you met on that enchanted island."

"No doubt." For a while Worth was silent, then he said, "Probably you're right and I'm a fool. Getting back to this affair of her father's. I can accomplish more than any small-town lawyer. We've been watching the banking situation down there pretty carefully and we're about ready to shoot. Morgan was my friend. Perhaps I can fix things."

"Say! That would help. That's what drives her frantic. Worth, here's a chance to do that kid a real favor."

For a while longer the two men talked.

When Breckenridge rose to go, Wilmer told him, "I'm glad you came over. And please don't tell her about this banking matter."

II

IN a letter to her father dated early in October, Florida wrote:

"You've probably heard from Uncle Joe that there's something doing in Claiborne. He says somebody is dickering for the stock in the Merchants and Growers and there are rumors that the bank will reopen. I wonder what it means and who's behind it. The Claibornes, no doubt.

"Uncle Joe seems to believe it's good news for us, and I assume it is, although I can't quite see it. However, I'm not very bright, as you know. Furthermore, I've been too busy of late to think much about things back home, and every time I do I get so mad I slam things.

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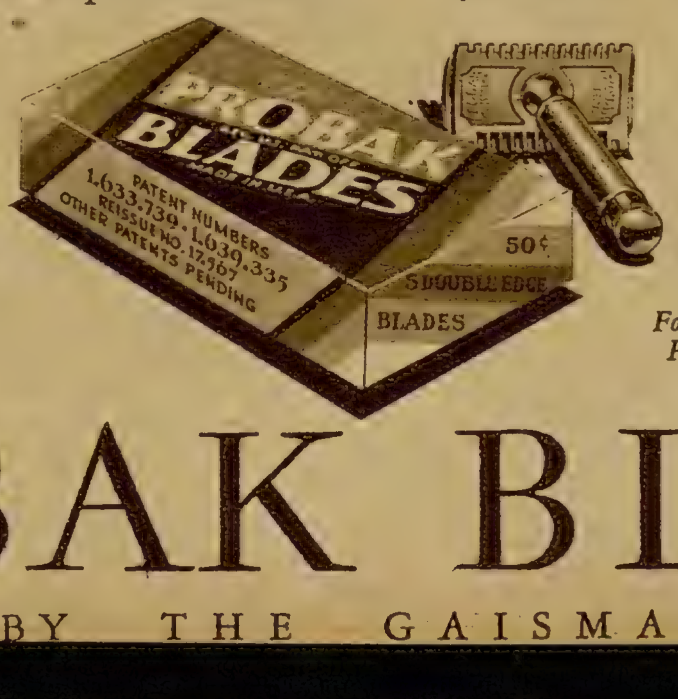

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You always told me I could throw like a boy. Gee! If only Fletcher Claiborne was an umpire and I had a pop bottle!

"What a visit we had, darling. I keep thinking about it. And how I cried, coming back from Atlanta! But a fellow can't be brave all the time, can he? It cheered me up to learn that we had made a profit while I was gone—that money of ours that Mr. Snow put into Electric Appliances. Remember? It may cheer you to know that the stock has nearly doubled and is still going up. Honestly, it doesn't seem possible for *anybody* with good sense to go wrong in this market. Everywhere you hear the most exciting stories and they get more exciting every week. I'm actually beginning to feel like an 'operator' with my stingy little bets here and there. Lord! If I only had money enough to plunge!

"You'd die to see me watching the board when I'm in the office and snatching papers from newsboys when I'm uptown. All I read is the financial page. I don't even know who's President. Some man named Whoopee, I believe. Just the same, I've taken only two losses and both times I got out before I was badly hurt. I'm learning not to say 'ouch' or get frightened at a nosebleed, which is part of the game. I know now why they say women are bad losers. If my stocks sell off I want to bomb the Exchange.

"I MISS Wanda, of course, but I don't feel quite so much like a waif in an orphans' home as I did at first. I seem to make new friends and hold the old ones, so perhaps her trip to Europe will prove a blessing in disguise.

"Pappy, there's something weird about my luck. People actually stop and give me a lift. I'm hitch-hiking my way to success. It's not all easy going, of course. Sometimes the road is bumpy. But fishing is never good in a dead calm, is it?

"Business, in a social way, is as brisk as ever. I try to put ginger into every party and my arches are holding up nicely. The dancing is practically continuous and a hundred supper-club waiters know me. You can't imagine the money that is invested in those clubs, pappy. If a customers' woman dances well, looks pretty, and has a few hot tips she doesn't need desk room at the office. All people talk about at a dance is U. S. Steel and General Electric. When you see two women with their heads together, they're not discussing oil shampoos, they're swapping the lowdown about Standard of New Jersey.

"THE doorman at one café is head over heels in General Motors, and any elevator operator is likely to stop his car between floors and ask your opinion of American Founders.

"I went on a party the other night with some brokers and their wives, sweethearts, and what have you. Mr. Bronson, the man who took me, is running the market on Belt Line Power, which I simply had to know about. These Wall Streeters work hard and play rough, but I've discovered that they usually play fair with a girl who plays fair with them. This one did. He was a little coltish at first, but we're good pals now, and he declared me in on a certain pool he's forming. It's a curb stock I never heard of and it's too early yet to tell what will happen, but good luck dogs me.

"There was one worm in the party—there always is—who tried his personal maggotism on me and I had to flit him. He was a modern Magellan, always making some new discovery. I was it. He assured me that we had been soul mates for years. Once, when I was an Egyptian princess with hair like a raven's wing and he was a stalwart captain in Antony's guard, we had absconded together. I tushed him and asked his opinion about Cities Service. We had been lovers, too, during the Ming dynasty, and antedating even that affair we had been frogs together in the same primordial mud puddle.

"He clove to me. The perfume of my hair intoxicated him—he remembered it from Egypt; it smelled of spices from the Nile. I told him it was probably the embalming

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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MONEY MAD

Continued from page seventy-three

fluid he smelled. Those Egyptians certainly had us beaten on embalming fluids, I declared. And who should know better than I?

"Indeed? And how should I know aught of such repulsive subjects? His spirit was aflame with thoughts of love and I cooled them with a chill breath from the tomb! It made him pout. I was surprised. I supposed, of course, that he knew who and what I was.

"Who was I, other than his own ruddy duck, his leg of lamb, his Egyptian melon, he wished to know.

"I told him that I was a mortician—I confessed it with maidenly blushes. The word meant nothing to him, so I explained that it was high Harvard for undertaker and that I was the assistant embalmer in an uptown funeral parlor. The poor weasel cringed, but I prattled on about my work: about burials, and wreaths, and solid-silver casket fittings, until he turned green and said he must have eaten a bad oyster. Thereafter he shuddered whenever he looked in my direction. He wouldn't have touched me with rubber gloves.

"Pappy-Two is right: a girl can take care of herself anywhere if she'll use her head as well as her complexion."

KNOWING that her father was more vitally interested in her daily doings than in the accounts of her successes and her failures, Florida made it a practice to write him thus about the people she met, the places she went, and the adventures that befell her. These letters were her periodical visits with him and she tried to make them chatty and cheerful. Frequently it involved some effort, because there were times when she felt pretty blue. Complete frankness, of course, was impossible, inasmuch as some of her experiences were not nearly so pleasant as she made them out.

That one with her predestined soul mate, for instance, was neither so casual nor so amusing as she had described it. It had occurred in the man's apartment, whither Bronson had insisted upon going for a final drink. Florida's escort had fallen asleep there, practically without warning, whereupon the host had yielded to an amatory mood. Fortunately, he had been drunk enough to believe her joke and sober enough to react to it, otherwise she might have had a bad half hour with him. Florida had a horror of some time hitting an intoxicated man too hard.

Yes, this new life of hers wasn't all easy sailing. It had been one thing to enjoy the patronage of a wealthy and powerful woman like Wanda Worth; it was quite another to fight her own way. Her contacts were no longer prearranged; she was merely a unit in the army of Wall Street free lances who live by their wits, and she was trading entirely upon her own private capital. That capital consisted largely of her personal appeal.

More than once she found herself in a tight corner, but most men are chivalrous and she made some good friends among those she met.

III

WILMER WORTH led a pretty narrow life. He had numerous acquaintances both in the business and social worlds, but few friends and he touched them only superficially. In spite of that fact, however, he heard more than a little about Florida's doings. People who had met her at his home and knew her to be his wife's particular chum, spoke often about her, and what they said did not in the least please him. She was on friendly terms, it seemed, with a good many of the fastest members of his wife's set—people whom he abhorred, and, furthermore, she was going around considerably with a stock-market crowd of whom he was suspicious. No really nice girl could afford to travel with the high-rolling, loose-living young brokers who threw their money right and left in the night clubs.

Worth had never been in any except a few of the very nicest places, but Florida, he understood, was seen everywhere and seldom twice with the same man. The gossip he heard filled him with misgivings; it awoke in

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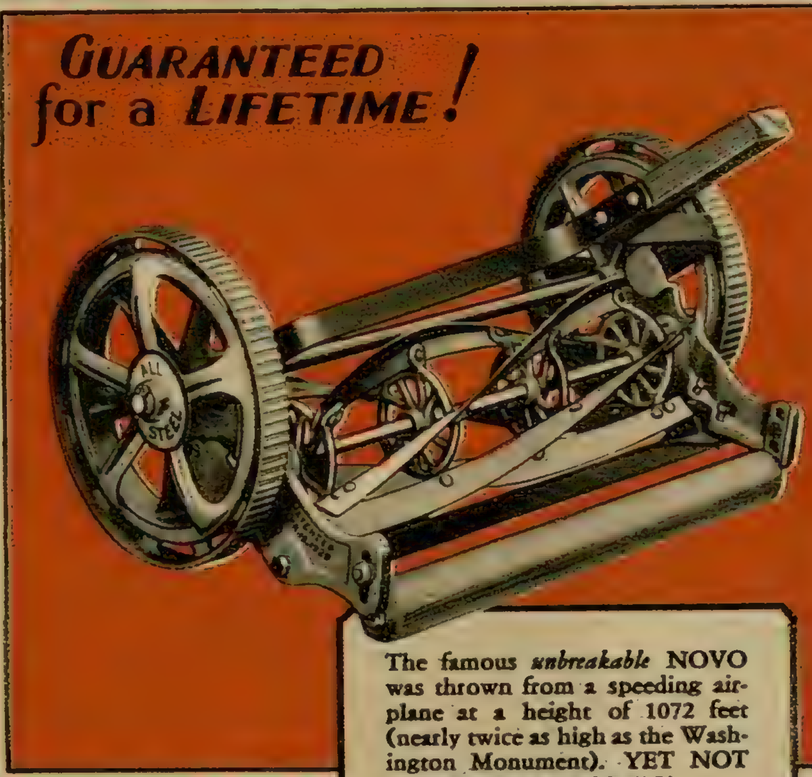

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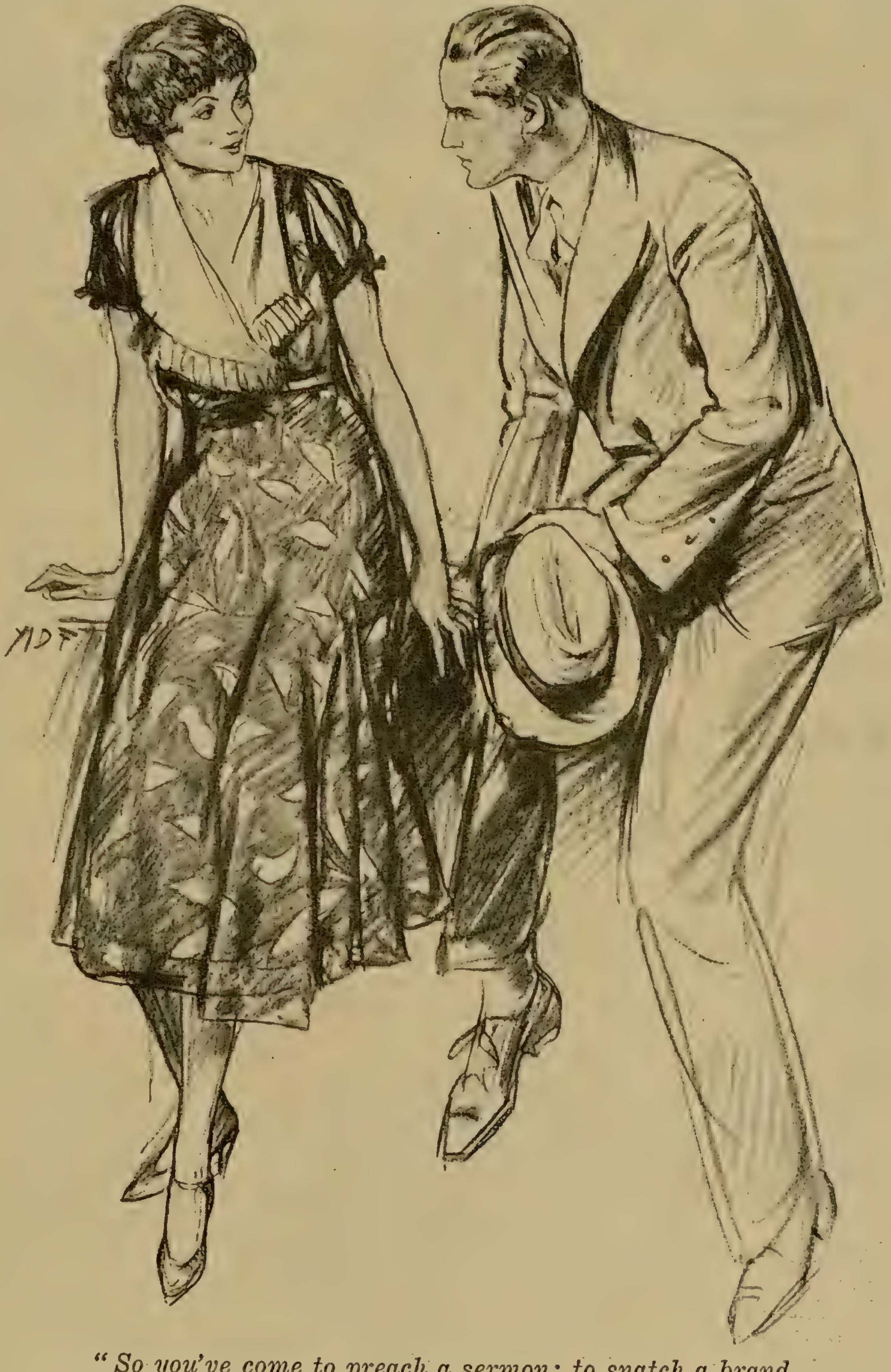
him a certain revolt, too. If the girl was throwing herself away, if she was indeed running wild—well, he was the loneliest man in New York. Why shouldn't he snatch a moment's happiness? He owed nothing to Wanda. . . . Such thoughts as these, even though he was ashamed of them, were distracting.

One morning he read a front-page story that startled him, caused his heart to sink. It was headed:

"Broker's Yacht Burns. Owner Rescued by Girl Companion. Ralph Bronson Unconscious after Collision off Stamford. Saved by Southern Beauty."



"So you've come to preach a sermon; to snatch a brand from the burning."

Florida's name leaped out of the page. Dizzily Worth read how she and Bronson had been picked up by a coast-guard cutter after the broker's yacht had been rammed by a rumboat. The accident had occurred about three o'clock on Monday morning, as the owner was returning from a week-end cruise.

A WEEK-END cruise! Three o'clock in the morning! Feverishly he read on, but there was no mention of other guests. Bronson and Florida had been flung into the sea. He would have drowned except for her efforts. The crew—two men—had also been picked up. All four had received medical attention at a near-by hospital. No serious injuries. The owner had refused to make any statement. He and Miss Morgan had left the hospital before they could be interviewed. According to members of the coast guard—

Wilmer crushed the paper and flung it aside with an oath. He knew Bronson—a married man. He could read between the lines. During the morning he phoned Breckenridge, but the latter was out of town, fishing at Montauk. Miss Morgan would not be in the office for several days.

A week later Wilmer called at Breckenridge, Barry, and Lott's and inquired for Florida. He was ushered into the tiny private office which she now used. She was plainly startled, but she greeted him coolly, almost defiantly.

"I hope you're fully recovered from your accident," he told her.

"Oh, yes! Quite. How did you hear of it?"

"I read about it."

"I suppose everybody did. The water is cold at this time of year, but fortunately those revenuers were close by and the flames lit things up. It was quite dramatic. I'll never make up any more horrid stories about the coast guard. They're very nice fellows."

"I suppose you were looking for a thrill and got one. How did it happen?"

The girl flushed faintly. "There was a fog and that other boat was running without lights. When she hit us Ralph was thrown down and struck his head. A moment or two later there was an explosion in the engine room and—the men went overboard. I couldn't leave Ralph. I managed to get a life preserver."

"Of course!" The speaker's voice was harsh. "I can vouch for your presence of mind and your bravery in an emergency. Mrs. Bronson will probably thank you—"

"Mrs. Bronson, I dare say, is sorry he didn't drown. She's divorcing him, you know. She won't even need me as a corespondent."

WORTH sat for a moment staring somberly at the speaker, then he said, "I had a talk with Breckenridge the other day about that check you sent me."

"May I ask what induced you to discuss my affairs with a—stranger?"

"He's no stranger. It struck me that you must need that money—"

"I'd thank you to mind your own business."

"Please! . . . There was a good deal I had to know. Wanda didn't tell me very much about you."

"Why should you have to know anything? Why did she go away without a word to me? I wrote her a note that morning after the party. It didn't explain very much—not enough perhaps—"

"I explained. She knows everything."

Florida uttered a sound; the color left her cheeks. "So! You told her. You must have told Mr. Breckenridge too. Why not hire a hall or buy time on the radio? I hate being discussed. . . . Poor Wanda. Of course she thinks I deliberately took advantage of her—"

"No. She's under no misapprehensions whatever. But I didn't come here to talk about that. When I read that story about you and Bronson it seemed to me that I owed it to you and to your father to—to take a hand."

"Oh, indeed?" Florida eyed the man with increased hostility, and her face hardened. "You're quite a busybody, aren't you?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[MONEY MAD
Continued from page seventy-five]

"Don't be rude. I hear on all sides the way you're carrying on, and—it kills me. It's so senseless and—"

"What a story *this* would make for the scandal sheets," she jeered. "'Wall Street Prince Warns Wayward Girl.' So you've come to preach a sermon; to snatch a brand from the burning. Think of the wealthy Wilmer Worth doing welfare work!"

Doggedly the man went on, "Breckenridge says you're determined to pay up your father's obligations 'at any cost.' Those were his words. I took it to be a mere figure of speech, but—"

"Indeed it isn't." In her present resentful mood the girl would not permit her caller to finish any thought. "I appear to have what your wife calls an 'inflammatory appeal,' and circumstances force me to make the most of it. I thought you paid pretty high for a few kisses—forty-three hundred dollars—but I didn't know how much they're really worth. I was on the curb then; I'm on the big board now. A hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money. I've got to run my market up. I'm speculating on the 'Love Exchange'— . . . 'The Love Exchange!' How is that for a musical-comedy title?"

"Spit your venom and then I'll talk," Worth growled, but his words went unnoticed.

"You thought you were liberal, but you were a piker. Forty-three hundred dollars for an entire evening with Wall Street's 'It Girl'—that's what one fellow called me. It's dirt cheap. . . . You don't owe me anything. On the contrary, you brought me to New York and set me up in business. A kiss for a tip. The hotter the tip, the hotter the kiss. What are a few kisses between strangers, anyhow? They didn't hurt us."

Worth leaped to his feet. "They hurt me. They hurt you, too, or you wouldn't be talking like this and—going around with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. I'll kill that Bronson!"

THERE was a moment's silence, then Florida said, "You remind me of Tom Claiborne, the young man I was engaged to when I met you. He always believed the worst—and, by the way, I told him about our affair. My escapade with Ralph Bronson shocks you because every man is always ready to believe badly of a girl, and he can't bear to think well of another man. It would be a waste of breath to tell you that Ralph is a nice fellow or that he'd take a girl out on his yacht for the mere pleasure of her company. Such a quaint idea! Yachts are immoral contraptions. No girl can remain virtuous after midnight."

"I haven't accused you of doing anything wrong. But, for heaven's sake, don't take any more silly chances. You don't have to. I'm straightening out your father's affairs and—"

"You're—*what?*"

"I'm buying up his notes, getting that bank stock together, and—"

"How *dare* you interfere in our affairs?" she cried furiously. "*You! Your* money again! Another humiliation! One creditor in place of several!"

She stamped her foot, she doubled her fists as if to strike him. "All right! I'll pay you back. I'll get the money somehow."

Worth advanced a step, he seized her by the shoulders and shook her roughly. "You little fool!" he cried. "I'm trying to do something for your father and you resent it."

"No. I don't. I'll get him out myself. I won't be in your debt."

"Very well. Pay me back, if you feel that way—"

"I WILL. Watch me get the money. . . . Money! Money! Money! God! It buys everything. Kisses for sale! A kiss for a tip on the market. Come on, boys, who wants to bid for the red-headed It Girl, the whirling ball of flame? She's expensive, but we must have her." These words were spilled, jerked from Florida's lips by reason of the fact that while she spoke Worth continued to shake her.

"I'll strangle you if you don't shut up," he promised in a savage undertone. "You know damned well that I love you, and always will. I'm not *making* love to you. I'm only telling you. I can't make love to you because I'm in a trap. I can't move. But you're in my thoughts every hour; my brain is fagged out from thinking, yearning. But you shan't torture me by this talk about other men. You're lying and you know it."

Of a sudden Florida wilted, resistance ran out of her, and she plucked feebly at Worth's lapels. She bent her head upon his breast. "I don't want you to believe me," she quavered. "I'm as good as I can be."

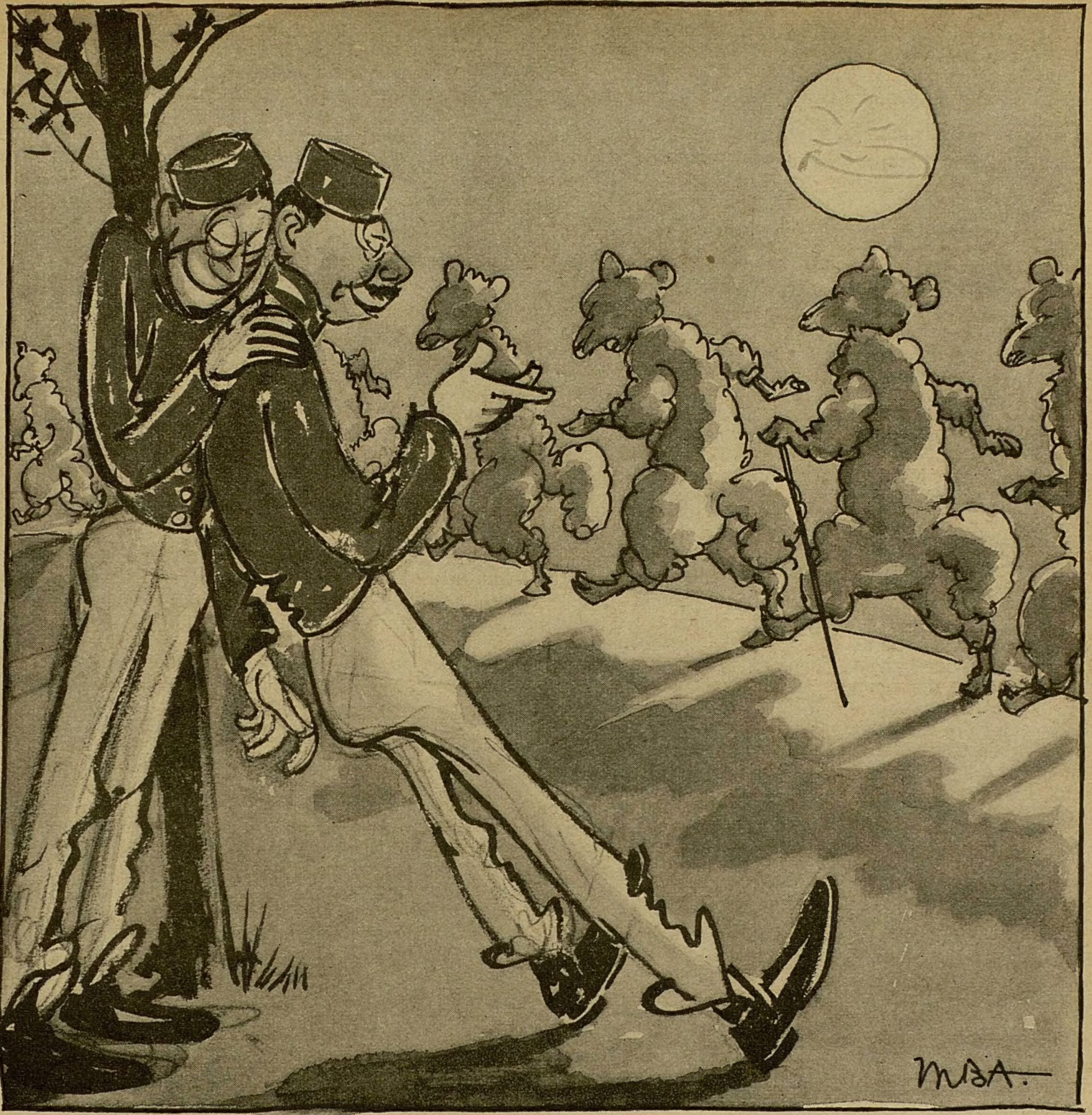
"Oh, my dear! My—darling," he whispered chokingly and put his arms around her.

"D-don't—kiss me," she said in a muffled voice. "I d-don't care a snap for anybody b-but pappy and—Wanda. They're the only p-people in the world I love."

The customers' room outside was crowded when Wilmer Worth passed through it a few moments later. There was a group at the ticker, the chairs were filled, and people were standing behind them several rows deep. Most of them had their attention glued upon the board or upon the illuminated translux screen. Some of those in the rear, however, noticed the tall, white-faced young man who blindly shouldered his way past. His pallor, his fixed, forsaken look, the beading of sweat on his lips and forehead induced one customer to nudge his neighbor and whisper:

"There's one poor devil who has been closed out."

In next week's installment of Money Mad, Wilmer Worth watches Florida live through an adventure more extraordinary than any her imagination had conceived.



Picture by M. B. Aleshire

The two finally decided that they had been a crowd of sheep, walking on their hind legs.

Can We Believe Our Eyes?

(Reading time: 5 min. 28 sec.)

By Robert Benchley

IT is pretty generally agreed by now that Seeing is not Believing. Along with those exploded saws (watch out for exploding saws!) that Old Friends Are Best and the Longest Way Round is the Shortest Way Home (I could kill the guy who made that one up—it cost me eight dollars and a half in taxi fare once), the old dictum about seeing and believing has been shown to be just another flash in the pan.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

In fact, according to scientists, if your eyes tell you that a thing is so, it is a very good reason for believing the opposite.

This will eventually make for a lot of trouble in the world.

However, all you have to do is to read the Sunday papers to see what little monkeys your eyes really are. Even the advertisements are getting into the game of confusing us with pictures showing large arrows and small arrows with captions like:

"Which is the larger of these two arrows?" Of course, it is perfectly obvious which is the larger, but when you come to measure them you find that, through some trickery, they are both the same size.

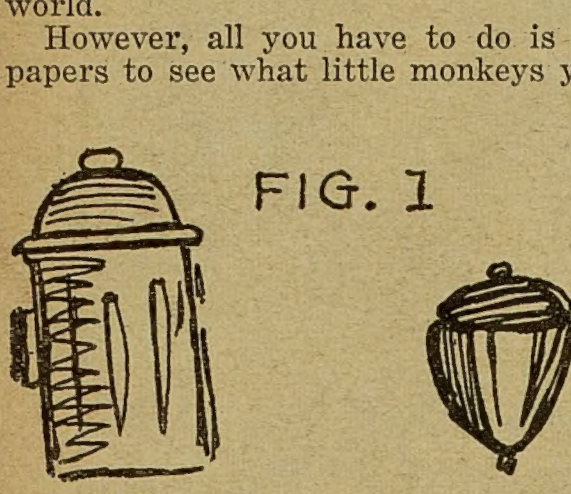


FIG. 1

I will put up with just so much of this sort of thing, and then I will stop measuring.

This unreliability on the part of visual images is only one part of Nature's way of making saps out of us, her children.

You may see two girls at a party, or two wire-haired fox terriers in a dog-shop window, and you say, pointing deliberately to one:

"The one on the right is the one for me. I can tell just by looking that this is what I have been searching for all my life." If you want to know what this leads to all you have to do is read the divorce notices or the list of wire-haired fox terriers for sale "cheap."

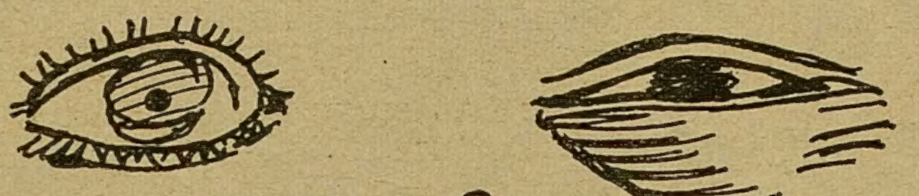


FIG. 2

For example, take Figure 1 of the accompanying illustrations. Which of these acorns would you say was the taller? (One is a hydrant, but you are not supposed to know that.) You would naturally say that the acorn on the left was at least twice as tall as the one on the right. Taller and handsomer.

Well, you would be right. But, when you see two objects like these in an eye test, you *think:* "There is a trick here! I am supposed to say that the one on the left is taller, so it can't be. I will say the one on the right, much against my better judgment." And so you lose five dollars.

THIS is only one of the fascinating things that you can do with your eyes. Another is to wink one of them very slowly at a young lady sitting at the next table in a restaurant, and, the first thing you know, the other eye will be all blue and bulging and *very* sore, owing to her escort having shown you that optical illusion isn't everything. (See Figure 2.)

In Figure 3 we have another common form of self-deception. If you will take these concentric circles and rotate them slowly in front of your eyes, you will soon be dizzy enough to be quite ill. (In order to rotate the circles it will be necessary for you to buy another copy of this magazine and cut out the diagram with a pair of scissors. If you try rotating the whole magazine, you will find, not only that you will get tired quickly, but that you will be unable to read the type matter. And as in the type matter are contained the directions for *stopping* the rotary movement, you may go on twirling the paper for hours without knowing what to do next.) But after you have rotated the concentric circles for some time, you will find yourself believing that the thing is *actually turning itself!* After a while you will think that you are on a bicycle and will start working your feet on the pedals. If you keep the thing up much longer, you will faint.

Thus we see that our eyes play their pranks—as well as our other senses—and that the best thing to do with them is to keep them shut entirely.

There is a well known case of optical illusion recorded in the files of the British War Office at the Old Vic. It seems that during the Crimean War a detachment of British troops was isolated in a lonely village in a clump of trees. (The natives were tree dwellers, silly as it may seem.)

They had nothing to do but drink a sort of mixture of heartsease (absinthe) and wormword (absinthe) which the local doctor put up for people who had rather be dead.

Thus the days wore on.

ONE night when three subalterns were sitting around a fire and sipping at this strange mixture (no longer strange to them however, more like a mother), one, a seargeant (British spelling), Villiers, turned to his companions and said:

"Don't look now, boys, but there go the Devonshire Reds, all but O'Day."

(The Devonshire Reds was a regiment which was stationed in Ottawa at the time, and O'Day was the only man in the regiment whom Villiers knew.)

"I rather doubt if the Devonshire Reds are over here in the Crimea right at this minute," said Athoy, one of the three, "but I see what you mean. It is a body of moving figures going quickly, in a swaying motion, from left to right, but it is my guess that they are penguins.

"See! See! There is a penguin now—leading the band!"

The third member of the party, a Leftenant Merley, who had said nothing up until this time, still said nothing. It was later discovered that his mouth had, in some unaccountable way, sunk into his cartridge belt, making it impossible for him to talk. Furthermore, he didn't care.

But the two who had seen the passing regiment (of either Devonshire Reds or penguins) argued far into the night over the phantom marchers, and finally decided that they had been really nothing but a crowd of rather ungainly sheep, walking on their hind legs.

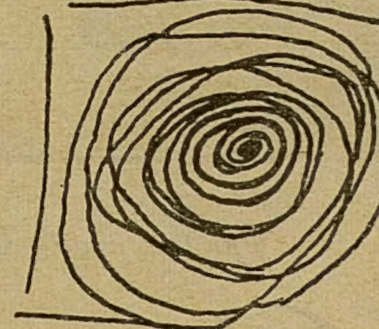


FIG. 3

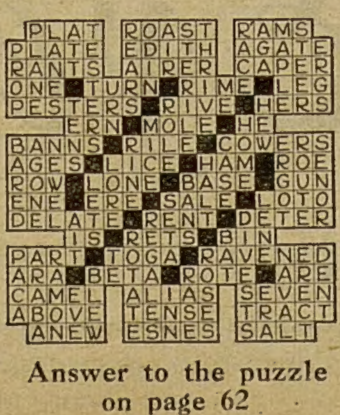
In the morning, however, it was found that, as far as the sentries knew, *nobody had passed through the camp at all!*

This, one of the most famous examples of optical illusion, is only one item in the testimony to back up the contention that we cannot believe our eyes. And if we cannot believe our eyes, what *can* we believe?

The whole thing becomes frightening once you start to think of it.

So don't think of it.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue of Liberty.



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P	A	R	T	■	T	O	G	A	■	R	A	V	E	N	E	D
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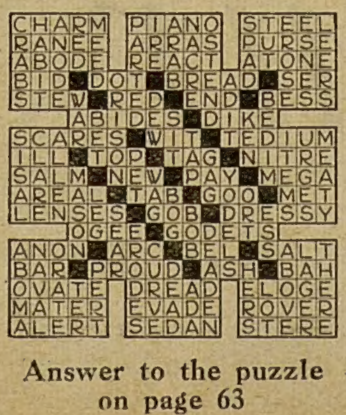
Answer to the puzzle on page 62



C	H	A	R	M		P	I	A	N	O		S	T	E	E	L
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S	T	E	W	■	R	E	D	■	E	N	D	■	B	E	S	S
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S	C	A	R	E	S	■	W	I	T	■	T	E	D	I	U	M
I	L	L	■	T	O	P	■	T	A	G	■	N	I	T	R	E
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A	R	E	A	L	■	T	A	B	■	G	O	O	■	M	E	T
L	E	N	S	E	S	■	G	O	B	■	D	R	E	S	S	Y
			O	G	E	E	■	G	O	D	E	T	S			
A	N	O	N	■	A	R	C	■	B	E	L	■	S	A	L	T
B	A	R	■	P	R	O	U	D	■	A	S	H	■	B	A	H
O	V	A	T	E		D	R	E	A	D		E	L	O	G	E
M	A	T	E	R		E	V	A	D	E		R	O	V	E	R
A	L	E	R	T		S	E	D	A	N		S	T	E	R	E

Answer to the puzzle on page 63

keeps teeth white

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

A winning smile is like a short cut to success. It wins friends.

That's why teeth—WHITE teeth are a priceless possession. They give your smile its winning charm.

Then guard your teeth with Dentyne—the delicious gum especially made to keep teeth white. It also helps to keep gums firm because its extra chewy quality gives them extra healthful exercise. No finer chewing gum is made today.

Chew DENTYNE *..and smile!*